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THE
EVANGELICAL
H Y M N - B O O K.

COMPILED BY
JOHN H. RUTHERFORD,
MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL.

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"Stand up, and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever."—*Nehemiah* ix. 5.

"My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise. Awake up, my glory; awake, psaltery and harp."—*Psalms* lvi. 7, 8.

"Be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—*Ephesians* v. 18, 19.

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another; in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—*Colossians* iii. 16.

"At midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them."—*Acts* xvi. 25.

"I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the UNDERSTANDING also."—*Paul*.



PREFACE.

GRATITUDE is the soul of praise. Only he who has been taught by the Holy Spirit to thank God for "his unspeakable gift" can make "melody in his heart unto the Lord." It is only when contemplating the perfectly holy, benevolent, and lovely character of God, that man becomes a worshipper "in spirit and in truth." In gazing upon the rugged masses of mountain scenery, and in studying the architecture of the heavens, the mind may become oppressed by an almost overwhelming sense of the Creator's greatness; in listening to the hoarse voice of the ocean, and to the deeper bass of the thunder, it may realise his almighty power; while musing on the beauties of nature and the blessings of providence, it may perceive striking evidences of wisdom and of goodness; and from all these sources it may find abundant materials for the spirit of poetry, and for praise; but not till that "miracle of time"—God's own Son making atonement for man's sin—becomes the object of its calm attention, of its unwavering faith, and of its continued meditation, does it yield its deep, full, adoring homage to the God of love, longing for a golden harp to celebrate his praise, and calling upon the whole universe, animate and inanimate, to unite in its rapturous song. He who would appreciate the hymns of the church, must climb other steepes than those of Parnassus; he must ascend Tabor and Calvary—the former, to see Christ in the glory of his person, the latter, to see him in the mellowed but more attractive glory of his love. When at the Cross, beholding Jesus "made a curse" for us, we learn to say, 'He loved me, and gave himself for me;' we are also taught to sing the new song, and, by the Spirit of God, our hearts are attuned to the harmonies of heaven. There, "Worthy the Lamb" is the universal chorus, and if in heart we do not join in it here, though we were permitted to enter within its hallowed precincts, irksome would be its engagements, and its enjoyments would afford no pleasure.

The seer of Patmos records a most sublime vision:—"I beheld, and, lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God who sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." All divisions healed! All contentions ended! All jealousies and strifes forgotten! All differences lost in perfect harmony! The Holy Universal Church at worship! All hearts centring around one object, all voices swelling one song! Doubtless there will be the solo; and the stranger-spirit that has just escaped from its house of clay may hear, beneath the vaulted roof of that spacious temple, one voice, shrill and clear, giving forth strains of melting melody, somewhat worthy of the theme. There will be the duet;—"one crying to another," and each striving with a holy emulation to outdo the other in praising the Saviour-God. There will be groups of three and four, and still larger companies, instructing and stimulating each other in the delightful work. And then there will be the grand concert, loud as the sound of many waters, where all voices will be blended in one sweet and glorious symphony, in which men of mightiest genius and scraps of loftiest mental grasp will

mingling their shouts of triumph with the notes of those "babes and sucklings" out of whose mouths on earth God has so often perfected praise. The truth as it is in Jesus will be the Spirit's bond of unity, by which he binds all together, and makes them one in sympathy and one in song.

And thus it is, to a great extent, even now on earth. The true, the living Church, is really one in Christ, and one in its worship. Nowhere is that unity more apparent than in its service of song. The dross of sectarianism is consumed in the flame of praise. Almost every section of the Church militant is represented in its hymnology, and in listening to some of its more rapturous strains we could almost believe that we have come to the "general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven." If our hymn-writers have differed from each other in their views of church polity, and of some minor doctrines, in their hymns of praise to the Saviour, there has been abundant evidence that "by one Spirit they have all been baptised into one body, and have all been made to drink into one Spirit." And were the people of God of every name fully to sympathise with them, the church would soon present to the world the delightful spectacle of a united, happy family, pervaded by one Spirit, rendering its undivided and grateful homage to the "one Father of whom it is named," and to the one Saviour by whom it is redeemed from sin and from hell.

As the propitiation of Jesus for the sins of the world is the central sun around which all revealed truth seems to revolve, shedding light, and beauty, and glory on it all, so all the hymns of the church should be in perfect harmony with the "song of the Lamb." To Jesus all the law and the prophets give witness: the testimony of Christ is the spirit of prophecy; the crucified One was the object of apostolic glorying, as well as the theme of apostolic preaching; therefore great prominence should be given to gospel hymns. The number of hymns of praise to the Saviour in this selection, along with the catholicity of the whole, will, it is hoped, prove the appropriateness of its title.

In the infancy of the Christian Church, the inspired compositions of David and Asaph were not adopted as the only vehicle of praise. Under the dispensation of the Spirit, we have a fulness and richness of statement in reference to the character and work of Jesus, and to the privileges and prospects of God's people, which we find but in embryo in the lofty strains of "the sweet singer of Israel." And if the songs of the New Testament Church are not so sublime as the ancient songs of Zion, it is not because the themes are less inspiring; it must be that less of the incense of genius has ascended with the sacrifice of praise. All honour, however, to those men who have redeemed devotional poetry from the charge of failure, and who have shown that Christianity presents to the true poet subjects worthy of his noblest powers. History informs us that the first Christians met together to sing by turns hymns to the praise of Christ, as God; and one of these compositions has been handed down to us from that early age. None can question the propriety of expressing our feelings of gratitude and adoration in the language of poetry; and, if the sentiments are scriptural, there is no reason why these hymns should not be sung in the loud praises of the sanctuary, in the united worship of the family, and in the gentler breathings of the closet.

Vast is the responsibility of the editor of a hymn-book. If acceptable, his labours may affect the eternal destinies of thousands of his fellow-men—may give an impulse to the minds of unborn millions.

By attending to the scripturalness of all that is admitted into his work, he may, under God, touch keys in the human heart that will give forth for ever the music of heaven; or, by admitting erroneous views of the character of God, of the work of Christ, and of the way of salvation, he may lead multitudes astray. Poetry takes a deep hold of the mind. Its words committed to memory in youth often cling to it in life's latest hours. The hymn-book is the companion of the Christian's solitude. He turns to it to find expression for his feelings of joy; and, when sorrow flings its dark shadow over his spirit, it is balm to his Bible to console and to cheer him. Admitted to a companionship with that blessed book in the exercises of the sanctuary, it becomes the "poetical liturgy" of the Church, the expression of its views of gospel truth, the medium of its highest worship, and the index of its spiritual state.

With such solemn considerations before him, how necessary that he should implore the guidance of the unerring Spirit, that his work may be in harmony with the word of truth, may honour God, and prove a blessing to man. With what holy jealousy should he watch, with what unwearying importunity should he pray, and with what painstaking ardour should he labour, that the mind of God may receive its full expression, and the heart of man its perfect repose.

These thoughts I have endeavoured to realise—with what results the churches must judge. My earnest desire has been to make this hymn-book truly evangelical. All available resources have been freely but carefully used. Thanks are due to Christian brethren of different denominations for generously placing their compositions at my disposal. Impartiality has been studied. In every instance, the character and suitableness of the hymn, and not the name of its author, have led to its adoption.

As many hymns in their original state are too long to be sung in public worship, when it could be done without injuring the sense and breaking the continuity of thought, they have been curtailed.

Anxious to have every line in perfect harmony with scriptural views of truth, I have alighty changed some hymns, but justice to their respective authors has led me to introduce alterations as sparingly as possible.

I had once thought of affixing the authors' names to their several compositions; but, after mature reflection, it seemed to me best to withhold them. Prejudice and partiality cannot be kept too far from our hearts in the worship of God.

In most collections, there is a great lack of hymns of praise to God. Much care has been bestowed on making the selection on that subject varied and comprehensive.

The hymns on the work of the Holy Spirit will be found suitable for prayer-meetings, as well as those ranged under that head.

In seasons of genuine revival, there has always been an outpouring of the spirit of praise as well as of prayer. When the eye is fixed upon the Sun of Righteousness, the soul, rising above the region of clouds and storms, to bask in its blissful radiance, in the fulness of its gladness and gratitude, pours forth its strains of sweetest melody. For such seasons, there will be found under different heads a great variety of appropriate hymns. There is no reason why every believer and every church should not enjoy permanent and increasing prosperity, and to such a result many of the hymns will be found eminently conducive.

During times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, it may

be expected that the Church will make special and protracted efforts for the diffusion of the gospel, and that its ministers will not neglect the apostolic, Christ-honoured, Spirit-sanctioned practice of preaching beneath the open canopy of heaven, and that its invitations to the perishing will thus be sweet and thrilling like the voice of one who has discovered in the wilderness a gushing spring, crying, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." There will be found a large number of hymns of invitation and entreaty suitable for such occasions.

Some persons object to any hymns that do not contain direct addresses to God, and I acknowledge that I once sympathised with such objections, but a more diligent study of the inspired model of such compositions in the Psalms of David has convinced me that, in its hymns, the church is warranted to warn sinners, and especially to re-echo the glorious and universal messages from God to man. Thus it may not only be a blessing to a ruined world, in reflecting in its sacred songs God's heart of love, but may have its own zeal and compassion kindled at that holy altar. A division of the hymns under this head has been so arranged that, if sung in the presence of awakened persons, they cannot fail to direct them to the only source of true and lasting peace, and if read throughout by any inquirer, may prove the Spirit's guide-post to point him to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The hymns on Christian Experience cannot be sung with the understanding without filling the believer's heart with deeper gratitude to God for his matchless mercy, and intenser desire to be entirely consecrated to his service, and assimilated to his image.

There will be found under the head, The Gospel—its Diffusion, a collection of hymns suitable for Missionary Societies, and presenting heaven-given encouragements for engaging and persevering in the arduous but honourable work of bearing the lamp of life to those who are "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death."

I had selected so many hymns for the Family, the Closet, and the Social Circle, that I could have filled a space nearly as large as that occupied by Hymns for the Sanctuary. The few Christian melodies inserted at the end of the volume will, I trust, be acceptable to those who would rob Satan of some of those beautiful airs, many of which have hitherto been sung to words frivolous, if not polluting.

It will be seen that though there are hymns on all subjects in peculiar metres, that congregations who have not learned suitable tunes for these will have no difficulty in finding a sufficient variety of hymns on all subjects in the more ordinary metres in which they are accustomed to sing.

It was at first my intention to annex a collection of hymns for the Sabbath School, but I have decided upon making this a separate publication, which will be issued in the course of a few months.

Compiled amid arduous revival effort, and finished in somewhat declining health, I am deeply sensible that this hymn-book is not free from imperfections, which will ever attach to the work of man; yet, such as it is, I humbly present it to God as a free-will offering, with the prayer, that in infinite condescension he may accept it through the sacrifice of his Son, and to the churches redeemed by his blood, with the hope that they may receive it as a suitable vehicle for their united praises.

J. H. R.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Jan., 1853.

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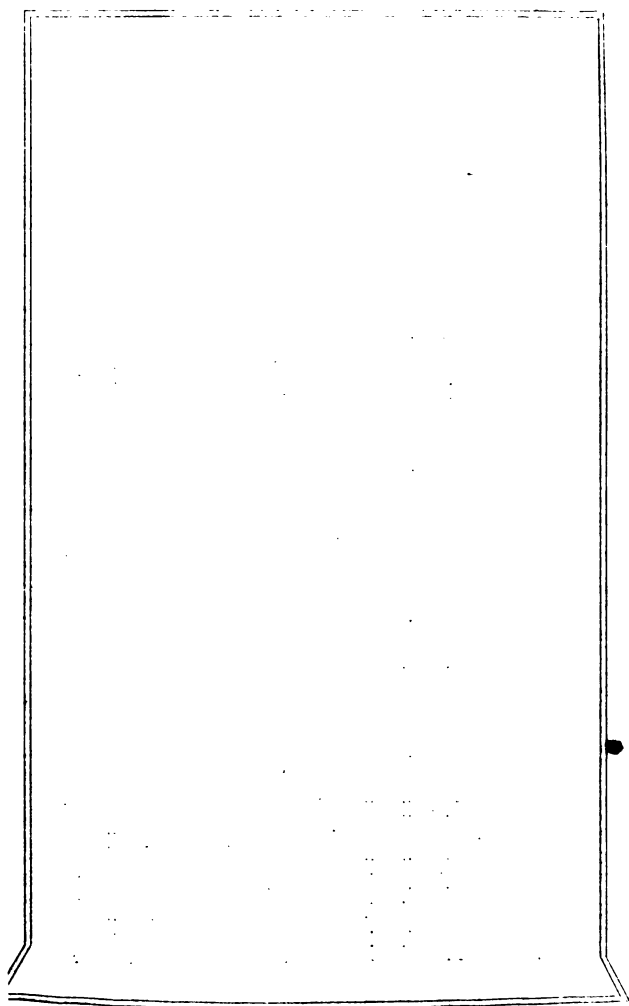
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HYMNS FOR THE SANCTUARY.

GOD, THE FATHER—HIS PRAISE.

1. PRAISE TO GOD. 6 Lines, 5's.

1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind;
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2. PRAISE TO GOD. 7's & 6's.

1 MEET and right it is to sing,
In ev'ry time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord—
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Vying with that happy choir,
Who chant thy praise above,
We on eagles' wings aspire,—
The wings of faith and love:
Thee they sing, with glory crown'd;
We extol the slaughter'd Lamb;
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

3 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify:
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turn'd to heaven.

3. PRAISE TO GOD. L. M.

1 O God, my God, my All thou art:
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enliv'ning power, display.

2 More dear than life itself, thy Love
My heart and tongue shall still employ;
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

3 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away:
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly, with lifted hands, I'll pay.

4 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravish'd heart o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.

4. PRAISE TO GOD. L. M.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

5. ADORATION OF GOD. L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

6. ADORATION OF GOD. L. M.

1 ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God,
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 Thee, while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our maker too!
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lip thy name;
But O! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

- 5 God is in heaven and men below;
Be short our tunes, our words be few,
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

7.

PRAISE TO GOD.

6-8's.

- 1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,
The Lord thy God delight to praise;
His gifts I will for him improve,
To him devote my happy days;
To him my thanks and praises give,
And only for his glory live.
- 2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,
My every pulse shall beat for him;
And when my voice is lost in death,
My spirit shall resume the theme;
The gracious theme, for ever new,
Through all eternity pursue.
- 3 He, then, is blest, and only he,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God;
Who can to him for succour flee,
That spread the earth and heaven
That still the universe sustains, [abroad;
And Lord of his creation reigns.
- 4 The Lord thy God, O Sion, reigns,
Supreme in mercy as in power,
The endless theme of heavenly strains,
When time and death shall be no more;
And all eternity shall prove
Too short to utter all his love.

8.

PRAISE TO GOD.

L. M.

- 1 Ye sons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light;
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruit and shade;
View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns.
- 4 But oh! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns Incarnate Love!
God's only Son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made!
- 5 Thither, my soul with rapture soar;
There in the land of praise adore:
This theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

9.

ADORATION OF GOD.

7's & 8's.

- 1 Thou, the great, eternal God,
Art high above our thought!
Worthy to be fear'd, adored,
By all thy hands have wrought:
None can with thyself compare;
Thy glory fills o'er earth and sky;
We, and all thy creatures, are
As nothing in thine eye.
- 2 Thou, oh God, art wise alone;
Thy counsel doth excel;
Wonderful thy works we own,
Thy ways unsearchable:
Who can sound the mystery,
Thy judgments' deep abyss explain?
*Thine, whose eyes in darkness see,
And search the heart of man!*

10.

PSALM LXXIII.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest:
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me bless'd.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With fainting heart, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Faint for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Should I from thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford:
My joy, the sense of pard'ning love;
My guard, the presence of my Lord.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the circle of my days.

11.

EXHORTATION TO PRAISE.

L. M.

- 1 SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age for evermore.
- 2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest,
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.
- 3 He hears the uncomplaining moan,
Of those who sit and weep alone;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in him that trust.
- 4 Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age for evermore.

12. "IT IS HE THAT HATH MADE US." C-7's.

- 1 Oh, give thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.
- 2 Oh, give thanks to Nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing;
His, our living, sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame.
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!
- 3 Oh, give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame—
Temple of the Deity—
Came for rebel man to die;
In the path himself hath trod
Leading wanderers back to God!

13.

PRAISE TO GOD.

8's & 7's.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord! ye heav'n's, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

- 2 Praise the Lord ! for he hath spoken,
 Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
 Laws that never shall be broken
 For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord ! for he is glorious,
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation !
 Hoests on high, his pow'r proclaim !
 Heav'n, and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify his name.

14.

PRAISE TO GOD.

L. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
 Your hearts and voices in his praise ;
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
 His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound—
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Sing to the Lord ; exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds along the sky :
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the dews descend in vain.
- 4 His saints are lovely in his sight,
 He views his children with delight ;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And looks and loves his image there.

15.

"MAGNIFY HIS HOLY NAME." S. M.

- 1 TROUOH high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear God's holy name,
 And laud, and magnify ?
- 2 O for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought !
- 3 There with benign regard
 Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
 Though unrequit'd to mortal sense,
 The spirit feels him near.
- 4 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours.
 Then be his love in Christ proclaim'd
 With all our ransom'd powers.
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,
 The Lord your God adore ;
 Stand up, and bless his glorious name
 Henceforth for evermore.

16.

PSALM CXVII.

8, 7, 4.

- PRAISE Jehovah, every nation !
 All ye people, join to praise !
 Praise him for his great salvation ;
 Truth and mercy God displays—
 Praise Jehovah !
 Praise him in eternal lays !

17.

JEHOVAH ALONE TO BE ADOR'D. L. M.

- 1 THEE we adore, the sov'reign Lord
 Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown ;
 All were created by thy word,
 They all depend on thee alone.
- 2 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
 Fountain of peace, and joy, and love !

For none but thou canst make us blest,
 On earth below, or heaven above.

- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs ;
 Worship to thee alone we give :
 Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
 And to thy glory we would live.
- 4 Spread thy great name through heathen
 Their idol deities dethrone ; [lands,
 Subdue the world to thy commands,
 And reign, as thou art God alone.

18.

UNIVERSAL ADORATION.

L. M.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Lord !
 We praise thy name with one accord ;
 Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
 Through all the world do worship thee.
- 2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
 And ceaseless raise their songs on high ;
 Cherub and seraph, height o'er height,
 The heavens, and all the powers of light.
- 3 The apostles join the glorious throng ;
 The prophets swell the immortal song ;
 The martyrs' noble army raise
 Eternal anthems to thy praise.
- 4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
 Thee, the Lord God of Hosts, they sing ;
 Through earth below, and heaven above,
 Resound thy glory and thy love.

19.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

C. M.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! on every height
 Songs to his glory raise !
 Ye angel-hosts, ye stars of night,
 Join in immortal praise !
- 2 O, heaven of heavens ! let praise far swell—
 From all thine orbs be sent ! [ing
 Join in the strains, ye waters, dwelling
 Above the firmament !
- 3 For his the word which gave you birth,
 And majesty, and might ;
 Praise to the Highest from the earth,
 And let the deeps unite !
- 4 Judges of nations ! kings, whose hand
 Waves the proud sceptre high !
 O youths and virgins of the land !
 O age and infancy !
- 5 Praise ye his name, to whom alone
 All homage should be given,
 Whose glory from the eternal throne
 Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven.

20.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

8's & 7's.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator !
 Praise be thine from every tongue ;
 Join my soul with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
- 2 Father ! source of all compassion !
 Pure, unbounded grace is thine ;
 Hail, the God of our salvation !
 Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise :
 There, enraptured, all before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

21. UNCEASING PRAISE. L. M.

1 God of my life, through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

6 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live:
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

22. "O, PRAISE THE LORD." L. M.

ALL nations, praise the Lord above,
All realms with melody adore,
For mighty o'er us is his love—
The Lord's high truth is evermore.

23. "PRAISE HIM, ALL YE PEOPLE." 7's.

1 HALLELUJAH, praise the Lord!
Praise him every heathen land;
Praise him all with one accord,
Through the earth each scatter'd band.

2 Mighty is the tender love
Which for us his will hath stored;
No decay his truth shall prove—
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

24. UNIVERSAL PRAISE. 7's.

1 ALL thy works, with one accord,
Magnify thee, mighty Lord;
While the heavens thy glory show,
Earth extols thy love below.

2 Here the lips of infancy
Sweet hosannahs sing to thee;
Youth and age, in louder lays,
Joyful hallelujahs raise.

3 While adoring seraphim
Thine eternal Godhead hymn,
Saints redeem'd, with victory crown'd,
Calvary's cross-won triumphs sound.

4 May thy church from age to age,
In her house of pilgrimage,
Train for thee her covert throngs,
And thy statutes be their songs.

25. ADORATION OF GOD. 6-8's.

1 Lo! God is here; let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel his power,
And silent bow before his face;
Who know his power, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

2 Lo! God is here; him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;

To him enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own:
Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;
Be thou by all thy works adored.

4 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

26. THE VOICE OF PRAISE. L. M.

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of thy indulgence, love, and power.

2 The birds that rise on quivering wing
Appear to hymn thy Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To thee a general psalm raise.

3 And shall my voice, great God, alone
Be mute 'midst nature's loud acclaim?
No! let my heart, with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.

4 And nature's debt is small to mine,
Thou badest her being bounded be;
But, matchless proof of love divine,
Thou gavest immortal life to me.

5 The Saviour left his heavenly throne,
A ransom for my soul to give;
Man's suffering state he made his own,
And deign'd to die that I might live.

6 But thanks and praise for love so great,
No mortal tongue can e'er express;
Then let me, bow'd before thy feet,
In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

27. PRAISE TO GOD. L. M.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?

3 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace:
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

28. "BLESS THE LORD." 8's

1 BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver;
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

2 Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keep'st:

God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity—
God of life, that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

29. PRAISE TO GOD. 6, 6, 8, 4.

- 1 THE God of Abr'am praise,
Who reigns enthroned above—
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love!
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abr'am praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I'd all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 The God of Abr'am praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.
- 4 He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

30. "THY SAINTS BLESS THEE." L. M.

- 1 We praise, we worship thee, O God!
Thy sov'reign power we sound abroad;
All nations bow before thy throne,
And thee, the great Jehovah, own.
- 2 Loud hallelujahs to thy name
Angels and seraphim proclaim:
By all the powers and thrones in heaven,
Eternal praise to thee is given.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Thou God of hosts, by all adored!
Earth and the heavens are full of thee,
Thy light, thy power, thy majesty!
- 4 Glory to thee, O God most high!
Father, we praise thy majesty!
The Son, the Spirit, we adore—
One Godhead, blest for evermore.

31. "O LORD I WILL PRAISE THEE." 7^h.

- 1 I WILL praise thee every day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away:
Sweet and soothing thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Here, in the fair Gospel field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.
- 3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength.

And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

- 4 Praise ye, then, his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame;
Still his worth your praise exceeds:
Excellent are all his deeds.

- 5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion, shout, for this is He:
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

32. PRAISE FOR DIVINE MERCY. 10's & 11's.

- 1 O HEAVENLY King, look down from above;
Assist us to sing thy mercy and love:
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the
store,
Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.
- 2 Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou;
Preserved by thy word, we worship thee
The bountiful donor of all we enjoy! [now,
Our tongues to thine honour, and lives we
employ.
- 3 But O, above all, thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall which saves the
lost race; [deem,
Thy Son thou hast given, the world to re-
And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in him.

33. PRAISE FOR MERCIES. S. M.

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

34. PRAISE FOR MERCIES. 7^h.

- 1 MEET and right it is to praise
God, the giver of all grace:
God, whose mercies are bestow'd
On the evil and the good.
He prevents his creatures' call—
Kind and merciful to all,
Makes his sun on sinners rise,
Showers his blessings from the skies.
- 2 Least of all thy creatures, we
Daily thy salvation see:
As by heavenly manna fed,
Through a world of dangers led,
Through a wilderness of cares,
Through ten thousand thousand snares.

More than now our hearts conceive,
More than we could know, and live.

- 3 Here, as in the lion's den,
Undeavour'd we yet remain,
Pass secure the watery flood,
Hanging on the arm of God.
Here we raise our voices higher,
Shout in the refiner's fire,
Clap our hands amidst the flame,
Glory give to Jesu's name.

35. GOD PRAISED FOR MERCIES.

7th.

- 1 Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
2 He, with all-commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
4 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Look'd upon our misery,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
5 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

36. PRAISE FOR MERCIES. I. M.

- 1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Call'd forth this universal frame,
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same:
2 Thou, by thy word, upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is show'd;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.
3 Thee, sovereign Lord, let all confess,
That move in earth, or air, or sky—
Revere thy power, thy goodness bless,
Tremble before thy piercing eye.
4 All ye who owe to him your birth,
In praise your every hour employ:
Jehovah reigns, be glad, O earth,
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

37. PRAISE FOR MERCIES. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 PARENT of good, thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight;
Thy name is all divine.
There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heaven itself, that's good or fair,
But what is wholly thine.
2 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
My God, through my remaining days,
Or how thy name adore?
To thee I consecrate my breath;
Let me be thine in life and death,
And thine for evermore.
3 And through a blest eternity
I'll raise a humble song to thee,
In yon divine abode.
O, hasten on the happy day!
Ye tedious hours, fly swift away,
And bring me to my God.

38. PRAISE FOR MERCIES. C. M.

- 1 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspire;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardour fired!
2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute, as it flies,
With benefits unsought!
3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.
4 Lift up to God the voice of praise
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights through darkest shades of
To realms of endless day. [death,

39. PRAISE FOR SALVATION. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed,
From my example, comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name!
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
4 O make but trial of his love!
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

40. PRAISE FOR SALVATION. I. M.

- 1 God of salvation! we adore
Thy saving love, thy saving power;
And, to our utmost stretch of thought,
Hail the redemption thou hast wrought.
2 We love the stroke that breaks our chain,
The sword by which our sins are slain:
And, while abased in dust we bow,
We sing the grace that lays us low.
3 Perish each thought of human pride;
Let God alone be magnified;
His glory let the heavens resound,
Louded from earth's remotest bound.
4 Saints, who his loving-kindness know,
Salute, who but taste it here below,
Join every angel's voice to raise
Continued, never-ending praise.

41. PRAISE FOR ADOPTION. 2-6's & 4-7's.

- 1 THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing!
Hear, well-pleased, the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven receive:
Lost—I now in Christ am found;
Dead—by faith in Christ I live.
2 Father, behold thy son—
In Christ I am thy own:
Stranger long to thee and rest,
See the prodigal is come:
Open wide thine arms and breast;
Take the weary wanderer home.

8 Thine eyes observed from far,
Thy pity look'd me near;
Me thy lowly years'd to see;
Me thy mercy ran to find,
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still thy gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
"Haste, for him the robe prepare;
His be righteousness divine!"

42. PRAISE FOR SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS. C. M.

1 PRAISE to the radiant source of bliss,
Who gives the blind their sight,
And scatters round their wondering eyes
A flood of sacred light!

2 In paths unknown, he leads them on
To his divine abode,
And cheers the weak and trembling soul
Through all the heavenly road.

3 The rugged and deceitful way,
He renders smooth and plain,
And strengthens every feeble knee
The holy prize to gain.

4 His praise I will not cease to sing,
Till I the Mount ascend,
Where toil and storms are known no more,
And anthems never end.

43. GRATEFUL PRAISE. 6-7s.

1 CHEERFULLY my soul shall praise
God, whose mercy crowns my days,
Who forgiveth all my sin,
Cleanseth me from stains within,
Hears my plaints, regards my sighs,
And my daily need supplies.

2 He with loving-kindness brings
Life and healing in his wings;
O my soul, beneath their shade,
Thou shalt find eternal aid;
There reposing, ever praise
God, whose mercy crowns thy days.

44. PRAISE FOR SPIRITUAL BENEFITS. 8, 8, 6.

1 LET songs of gratitude arise
To Him that rules the earth and skies,
The Infinite Unknown!
His goodness shines around the sphere,
And richly crowns the rolling year
With blessings from his throne.

2 But he has richer gifts in store,
For which our grateful hearts adore
The source of every good:
He gives us rebels, lost in sin,
Pardon, and peace, and life divine,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

3 When destitute of help and hope,
His sovereign mercy raised us up,
And snatch'd us from despair;
So free, so boundless is his love,
He calls us to the realms above,
And soon shall bring us there.

45. THANKSGIVING TO GOD. 7, 7, 6, 7.

1 Father of earth and heaven,
Whose arm upholds creation,
7

To thee we raise the voice of praise,
And bend in adoration:
We praise the power that made us,
We praise the love that blesses,
While every day that rolls away
Thy gracious care confesses.

2 Though trial and affliction
May cast their dark shade o'er us,
Thy love doth throw a heavenly glow
Of light on all before us.
That love has smiled from heaven,
To cheer our path of sadness,
And lead the way through earth's dull day
To realms of endless gladness.

3 That light of love and glory,
Has shone through Christ the Saviour,
The holy guide that lived and died,
That we might live for ever.
And since thy great compassion
Thus brings thy children near thee,
May we to praise devote our days,
And love as well as fear thee.

4 And when Death's final summons
From earth's dear scenes shall move us,
From friends, from foes, from joys, from
From all that know and love us; [woes.
O then let hope attend us!
Thy peace to us be given!
That we may rise above the skies,
And sing thy praise in heaven.

46. "HALLOWED BE THY NAME." 7s.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame:
Father, hallow'd be thy name.

2 Though estranged from thee in heart
Doubtless thou our Father art;
From thy hand our spirits came:
Father, hallow'd be thy name.

3 Nor by nature's tie alone,
Thou art as our Father known:
Nearer now, in Christ, our claim:
Father, hallow'd be thy name.

4 Whether, then, in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same:
Father, hallow'd be thy name.

47. PSALM CX. G. 8, 7, 4.

BRUATH in praise of your Creator;
Every soul his honour raise;
Magnify the Lord of nature,
Magnify the God of grace:
Hallelujah!
Fill the universe with praise.

48. SONGS OF PRAISE. 7s.

1 SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun;
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awake the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born:
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day.

God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise will hail their birth.

- 4 And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

GOD—HIS WORKS.

49. ALL THINGS CREATED BY GOD. L. M.

- 1 Let all that breathe Jehovah praise,
Almighty, all-creating Lord!
Let earth and heaven his power confess,
Brought out of nothing by his Word.
- 2 He spake the word, and it was done!
The universe his Word obey'd:
His Word is his eternal Son;
And Christ the whole creation made.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord and God most high,
Maker of all mankind and me!
Me thou hast made to glorify,
To know, and love, and live to thee.

50. THE GREAT CREATOR. C. M.

- 1 BORN, my soul, the lofty strain;
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's almighty King.
- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of my song.
- 3 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away:
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.
- 4 Long let it warble round the spheres,
The great Creator sing;
And join in loud, triumphant lays
To heaven's eternal King.

51. THE CREATION. C. M.

- 1 We sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er we turn our eyes;
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies.

52. NATURE'S TESTIMONY TO GOD. L. M.

- 1 The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

53. GOD SEEN IN HIS WORKS. 6-8's.

- 1 Thou art, O Lord, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are thine.
- 2 When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we could almost think we gase,
Through golden vistas into heaven:
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

GOD—HIS ATTRIBUTES.

54. JEHOVAH'S ATTRIBUTES. L. M.

- 1 O God, thou bottomless abyss,
Thou to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice
Thy countless attributes to show?
Unfathomable depths thou art;
O plunge me in thy mercy's sea!
Vold of true wisdom is my heart;
With love embrace and cover me!
While thee all-infinite I set
By faith before my ravish'd eye,
My weakness bends beneath the weight;
O'erpower'd, I sink, I faint, I die!
- 2 Eternity thy fountain was,
Which, like thee, no beginning knew.
Thou wast ere time began his race,
Ere glow'd with stars th' ethereal blue,
Greatest unspeakable is thine;
Greatest, whose undiminish'd ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall
shine,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
Essential life's unbounded sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy word;
It lives, and moves, and is from thee!

55. THE ETERNITY OF GOD. C. M.

- 1 THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space.
- 2 Ere men adored or angels knew,
Or praised thy wondrous name,
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life,
And glory were the same.
- 3 And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin, break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck,
- 4 For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

56. THE ETERNAL GOD. L. M.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord of earth and heaven,
The King of Israel and his God,
Who hath for all a ransom given,
And bought a guilty world with blood:
I am from all eternity;
To all eternity I am:
There is none other God but Me,
Jehovah is my glorious name.
- 2 Fear not, my own peculiar race;
I have to you my counsel show'd,
The word of sure prophetic grace,
And told you all the mind of God.
Ye are my witnesses; to you
My name and nature are made known;
Ye only can your seal set to
That I am God, and God alone.

57. OMNIPRESENCE. L. M.

- 1 FATHER and Friend, thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works we see;
Thy glory fills the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallow'd part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustain'd by this delightful thought,
Since thou thy God art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

58. JEHOVAH UNRESEARCHABLE. C. M.

- SHALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man
Beyond archangels go,
The great almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?
His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.
- 2 The brightness of thy glories leaves
Description far below:
Nor man nor angel's heart conceives
How deep thy mercies flow.

Thy love is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above:
They gaze, but cannot count or tell
The treasures of thy love!

59. THE ALL-SEEING GOD. L. M.

- 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me
through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

60. THE EVER-LIVING AND TRUE GOD. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within thyself possess;
Controull'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 Spread thy great name through ev'ry land;
Each idol deity dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command,
And reign unrivall'd, God alone.

61. THE MAJESTY OF GOD. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God, eternal King,
Ruler of heaven and earth beneath!
From thee our hopes, our comforts spring:
In thee we live, and move, and breathe.
- 2 Thy sway is known below, above,
And full of majesty thy voice!
And as it speaks in wrath or love,
The nations tremble or rejoice.
- 3 The final, awful hour is near;
Time paces on with ceaseless tread.
When opening graves that rock shall
And render up the sleeping dead.
- 4 O! in that great decisive day,
May we be found in Christ, and stand,
While flaming worlds shall melt away,
Accepted, own'd, at thy right hand.

62. THE MIGHTY GOD. L. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord! What tongue can
An honour equal to his name? [france
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise!
- 2 The world's foundations by his hand
Were laid, and shall for ever stand;
The swelling billows know their bound,
While to his praise they roll around.

3 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord !
All nature rests upon thy word ;
And clouds, and storms, and fire obey
Thy will and all-controlling sway.

4 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine:
Thy praise shall still our breath employ,
Till we shall rise to endless joy.

63. "THE LORD REIGNETH." 8, 7, 4.

1 God the Lord a King remaineth,
Robed in his own glorious light,
God hath robed him, and he reigneth,
He hath girded him with might:

Hallelujah !

God is King in depth and height.

2 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have lift their roar:
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore:

Hallelujah !

For the ocean's sounding store.

3 With all tones of water blending,
Glorious is the breaking deep:
Glorious, beautiful, without ending,
God, who reigns on heaven's high steep:

Hallelujah !

Songs of ocean never sleep.

4 Lord, the words thy lips are telling,
Are the perfect verity;
Of thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall innately be:

Hallelujah !

Pure is all that lives with thee.

64. THE UNCHANGEABLE GOD. L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY and eternal King,
Whose will the universe obeys,
Vouchsafe to hear us when we bring
The feeble tribute of our praise.

2 We own that thou art good and great;
Thy high and glorious name we bless;
The wonders of thy heavenly state
No mortal language can express.

3 While earth, through all her changeable
Is mouldering by a slow decay, [frame,
Thou art unchangeably the same;
Thy years shall never pass away.

4 And as thy love in ages past,
Was swift to hear and answer prayer,
We trust it will for ever last,
To guard us with unwearied care.

GOD—HIS CHARACTER.

65. GOD'S GRACE AND TRUTH. L. M.

1 BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell !

2 My heart is fix'd: my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the farthest sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When worlds dissolve, and creatures die.

10

66. HIS MAJESTY AND CONDESCENSION. L. M.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this sov'reign Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend ?
Then let my song with angels join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

67. "GLORIOUS IN HOLINESS." L. M.

1 HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none !
Thy holiness is all thy own;
A-drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours—a drop derived from thee.

2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And, humbled into nothing, own
Holy and pure is God alone !

3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored;
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty:

4 Thy power unparallel'd confess,
Establish'd on the Rock of Peace;
The Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty Love !

68. HOLINESS OF GOD. 8-7's.

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
God of hosts ! when heaven and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth,

All thy works around thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore.
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world by thee redeem'd,
Sing we here, with glad accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

3 Holy, holy, holy ! all
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransom'd nations fall
At the footstool of thy King:
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices, swell one hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord !

69. "ALL THESE WAIT UPON THEE." C. M.

1 SWEET is the men'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His bounty to the skies;
Through the whole earth his goodness
And every want supplies. [shines,

- 2 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

70. JUSTICE AND MERCY. L. M.

- 1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand
By thousand through the skies. [signs,
2 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms;
3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

71. THE GOODNESS OF GOD. 6-5's.

- 1 FAR as creation's bounds extend,
Thy mercies, heavenly Lord, descend;
One chorus of perpetual praise;
To thee thy various works shall raise;
Thy saints to thee in hymns impart
The transports of a grateful heart.
2 From thee, great God, while every eye
Expectant waits the wish'd supply,
Their bread proportion'd to the day
Thy opening hands to each convey;
In every sorrow of the heart,
Eternal mercy bears a part.

72. GOODNESS OF GOD. L. M.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns,
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.
2 Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine;
And grace erects our ruin'd frame
A fairer temple to thy name.
3 Let nature burst into a song:
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise.

73. GOODNESS. C. M.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring, whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore!
2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest,
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.
3 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There, like a sun, thy mercy shines
Without a cloud between.
4 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesu's name, are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

74. CONDESCENSION. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Power, Almighty God!
Who can approach thy throne?
The purest light is thine abode,
To angels' eyes unknown.
2 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?

- To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?

- 3 How strange, how boundless is thy love!
With gladness we adore;
Not all the exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.

75. LOVE OF GOD. P. M.

- 1 COME, let us all unite and sing,
God is love.
While heaven and earth their praises bring,
God is love.
Let every soul from sin awake,
Their harps now from the willows take,
And sing with me, for Jesu's sake,
God is love.
2 O! tell to earth's remotest bound,
God is love.
In Christ I have redemption found!
God is love.
His blood has wash'd my sins away;
His Spirit turns my night to day;
And now my soul with joy can say,
God is love.
3 What though my heart and flesh shall fall,
God is love.
Through Christ I shall o'er death prevail;
God is love.
4 Through Jordan's swell I will not fear,
My Jesus will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear;
God is love.
5 In Canaan's land I'll sing again,
God is love.
And this shall be my highest strain,
God is love.
While endless ages roll along,
I'll triumph with the shining throng,
And this shall be my happy song,
God is love.

76. THE LOVE OF GOD. R. S. A.

- 1 MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thy eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.
3 But in thy gospel see it shine
More bright, more glorious, more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven;
There mercy, smiling, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.
4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

77. THE LOVE OF GOD. C. M.

- 1 TO us our God his love commends,
When by our sins we're bound;

That he might spare his enemies,
He would not spare his Son.

2 He sent this well-beloved Son
To veil his glorious face;
To take our mortal flesh, and feel
The pains of human race.

3 Our sorrows and our sins to bear,
Our heavy cross sustain,
Upon the tree of shame to die,
That we might life obtain.

4 This life is hid in God with him
Who fell a sacrifice,
And dying, conquer'd death for us,
That we like him might rise.

78. OUR GOD IS LOVE. 8, 8, 8, 4.

1 We cannot always trace the way
Where thou, our gracious Lord, dost
But we can always surely say, [move,
That thou art love.

2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling
O'er earth, our souls to heaven above,
As to their sanctuary, spring,
For thou art love.

3 When myst'ry shrouds our darken'd path,
We'll check our dread, our doubts re-
In thine our soul sweet comfort hath, [prove,
That thou art love.

4 Yes, thou art love; a truth like this
Can ev'ry gloomy thought remove;
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;
Our God is love.

79. OCEAN LOVE. C. M.

1 Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou walkest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

80. EVERLASTING LOVE. L. M.

1 FATHER, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave;
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save:

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathom'd, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The only Saviour of mankind.

3 The world he suffer'd to redeem:
For all he hath th' atonement made;
For those that will not come to him,
The ransom of his life was paid.

81. "GOD IS LOVE." C. M.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord,
To sing that "God is love."

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
12

Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears,
To show that "God is love."

3 Thousands once vile and base as we
Surround the throne above;
The grace that changed, has tuned their
To sing that "God is love." [hearts,

4 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that "God is love."

82. THE CORDS OF LOVE. C. M.

1 O God! what cords of love are thine,
How gentle, yet how strong!
Thy truth and grace their strength combine
To draw our souls along.

2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And when the fight of faith begins,
Our strength is as our day.

3 Comfort, through all this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows;
And glory of unnumber'd years,
Eternity bestows.

4 Drawn by such cords, we'll onward move,
In love and union sweet,
Till, fill'd with perfect joy above,
Around thy throne we meet.

83. PRAISE FOR THE GIFT OF CHRIST. C. M.

1 BLESSED be God, for ever blest
And glorious be his name;
His Son he gave, our souls to save
From everlasting shame.

2 Nothing was precious in God's sight,
But Christ's own precious blood;
Were that not shed, my guilty head
Must bear wrath's awful load.

3 The Eternal Life his life laid down,
Such was the wondrous plan;
And Christ, our Saviour-God, was made
A curse for cursed man.

4 Bless, then, Jehovah's blessed name,
And bless our blessed King,
And songs of glad deliverance
For ever, ever sing!

84. LOVE OF GOD. C. M.

1 Amid the splendours of thy state,
My God, thy love appears,
With the soft radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

2 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders thy dreadful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

3 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.

4 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above—
The joyful, the transporting news,
That God the Lord is Love.

85. MERCY OF GOD. 11's.

1 Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my
song, [tongue;
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the
last, [last;
Hath won my affections, and bound my soul

- 2 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell.
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
Who open'd the channel of mercy for me.
- 2 Great Father of mercies, thy goodness I own,
And the infinite love of thy crucified Son;
All praise to the Spirit, whose whisper divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness

86. "WHO IS A GOD LIKE UNTO THEE?" G-S's.

- 1 GREAT God of wonders, all thy ways
Are worthy of thyself—divine!
But the bright glories of thy grace,
Beyond thine other wonders shine.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Such deep transgressions to forgive,
Such guilty, daring worms to spare,—
This is thy grand prerogative,
And in the honour none shall share.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Pardon—from an offended God!
Pardon—for sins of deepest dye!
Pardon—bestow'd through Jesu's blood;
Pardon—that brings the rebel nigh.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 O may this glorious, matchless love,
This godlike miracle of grace,
Teach mortal tongues, like those above,
To raise this song of lofty praise;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace so rich and free?

87. RICHES OF GOD'S GRACE. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL depth of love divine,
In Jesus, God with us, display'd;
How bright thy beaming glories shine!
How wide thy healing streams are spread!
- 2 To thy sure love, thy tender care,
Our flesh, soul, spirit, we resign;
O fix thy sacred presence there,
And seal th' abode for ever thine!
- 3 O King of glory, thy rich grace
Our feeble thought surpasses far;
Yea, even our crimes, though numberless,
Less numerous than thy mercies are.
- 4 Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heavenly zeal:
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the powers of earth and hell.

88. MATCHLESS MERCY. G-S's.

- 1 WHAT art I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to thee,
That thou such mercies hast bestow'd
On me, the vilest rebel, me!
- 1 take the blessing from above,
And wonder at thy boundless love.
- 2 Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
And stoop'd, my ruin to retrieve;
Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sound, "Live!"
- Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.
- 2 Honour, and light, and thanks, and praise,
I render to thy pard'ning God,

- Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad—
That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.
- 4 Jesus, I bless thy gracious power,
And all within me shouts thy name:
Thy name let every soul adore,
Thy power let every tongue proclaim;
Thy grace let every sinner know,
And find with me their heaven below.

GOD—HIS RELATIONSHIP TO HIS PEOPLE.

GOD OUR HELP AND HOME. C. M.

89. 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a dream,
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home!

90. THE GOD OF BETHEL. C. M.

- 1 O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Our vows, our pray'rs, we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

91. GOD OUR REFUGE. L. M.

- 1 THOU only sov'reign of my heart,
My Refuge, my Almighty Friend!
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?
- 2 Whither, ah! whither should I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 2 Eternal life thy words impart:
On these my faltering spirit lives,

Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than the whole round of nature gives.

- 4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie:
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

92. THE ONLY PORTION. C. M.

- 1 My God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all!
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 In vain the bright, the burning sun,
Scatters his feeble light:
'T is thy sweet beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 't is night.
- 3 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

93. JESHURUN'S GOD. 7's & 6's.

- 1 None is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high;
Lo! he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky.
Israel is his first-born son:
God, th' Almighty God, is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine.
- 2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee th' eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend.
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.
- 3 Blest, O Israel, art thou;
What people is like thee?
Saved from sin, by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be.
Jesus is thy seven-fold shield,
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth, and hell, and sin shall yield
To God's almighty word.

94. OUR ALMIGHTY FRIEND. C. M.

- 1 Our Father dwells in heaven above;
O, what a cheering thought!
From that pure source of light and love
Are all our blessings brought.
- 2 May we not look for glorious things
From such a holy place;
And deem that mercy's heavenly springs
Will pour rich streams of grace?
- 3 Why should we murmur or despair
In sorrow's darkest hour,
When to a gracious Father's care
Is join'd a monarch's power?
- 4 Long as we run this earthly race,
O teach us to depend
On the unfailing strength and grace
Of our Almighty Friend.

95. GOD OUR DEFENCE. C. M.

- 1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fear, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

96. GOD ALL AND IN ALL. S. M.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'T is paradise when thou art here,
If thou depart, 't is hell.
- 3 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss:
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 4 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll,
The circle where my passions move,
The centre of my soul.

97. HIS PEOPLE'S TREASURE. C. M.

- 1 THE sacrifice of righteousness
Upon God's altar lay,
And fresh supplies of promised grace
Implore from day to day.
- 2 Let earthly minds seek earthly good;
Lord, thou my treasure art!
Unveil thy face, and shed abroad
Thy love within my heart.
- 3 More gladness do thy smiles bestow,
When on my soul they shine,
Than fills their heart whose pleasures flow
From stores of corn and wine.
- 4 I'll lay me down in peace, and sleep
On thy paternal breast;
'For thou alone my soul wilt keep
And make me dwell at rest.

98. THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. L. M.

- 1 GREAT Source of being and of love!
Thou wast' rest all the worlds above;
And all the joys which mortals know,
From thine exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred spring, at thy command,
From Zion's mount, in Canaan's land,
Beside thy temple cleaves the ground,
And pours its limpid stream around.
- 3 This gentle stream, with sudden force,
Swells to a river in its course;
Through desert realms its windings play,
And scatter blessings all the way.
- 4 Close by its banks, in order fair,
The blooming trees of life appear;
Their blossoms fragrant odours give,
And on their fruit the nations live.

99. GOD OUR SAFEGUARD. 7's & 6's.

- 1 O mountains and in valleys,
Where'er we go, is God;

- The cottage and the palace
Alike are his abode,
2 In sinking and in soaring,
Thought finds him ever near—
Where angels are adoring,
Where fiends believe and fear.
3 With watchful eye abiding
Upon us with delight;
Our souls, in him confiding,
He keeps both day and night.
4 Above me, and beside me,
My God is ever near,
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.
5 Though other friends may fail me
In sorrow's dark abode;
Though death itself assail me,
I'm ever safe with God.

100. THE PRESENCE OF GOD. C. M.

- 1 Thy gracious presence, O our God,
Our ev'ry wish contains;
With this, beneath temptation's load,
The heart no more complains.
2 This can our ev'ry care control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it all is night.
3 O happy scenes of pure delight,
Where thy full beams impart
Uncoloured beauty to the sight,
And gladness to the heart.
4 Our part in those fair realms of bliss,
Our spirits long to know;
Our wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.
5 Nor can these wishes of our heart
Be told in vain to thee;
We know, O Lord, that where thou art
We shall for ever be.
6 Here would our cheerful spirits sing
The darkest hours away,
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

101. SWEETNESS OF GOD'S PRESENCE. C. M.

- 1 TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.
2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art there.
3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice,
My bounding heart shall own thy way,
And echo to thy voice.
4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
T' attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.
5 Let this my ev'ry hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

102. GOD AN UNCHANGEABLE REFUGE. L. M.

- 1 GREAT FORTRESS of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name,

And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

- 2 Before thine infinite survey,
Creation rose as yesterday;
And as to-morrow shall thine eye
See earth and stars in ruin lie.
3 But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;
4 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see;
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

103. JEREMAH OUR SHEPHERD. L. M.

- 1 THY Lord's my Shepherd—He'll provide;
In pastures green he makes me rest;
He leads me where still waters glide,
And soothes my soul with care oppress.
2 When, like a wand'ring sheep I take
The downward course of sin and pain;
He lends me for his own name's sake
To paths of righteousness again.
3 Yea, though I tread the valley drear,
Where shades of death and darkness roll
I dread no ill—for thou art near;
Thy rod and staff sustain my soul.
4 For me a table thou hast spread
In presence of my deadly foes,
With oil thou dost anoint my head,
My cup of blessing overflows.
5 Thy goodness shall my wants supply,
Thy life, and sin, and pain be o'er;
Then in my Father's house on high,
I'll dwell in bliss for evermore.

104. THE CAPTAIN OF ISRAEL'S HOST. G-S's.

- 1 CAPTAIN of Israel's host, and Guide
Of all who seek the land above,
Beneath thy shadow we abide,
The cloud of thy protecting love:
Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
Our end, the glory of the Lord.
2 By thine unerring Spirit led,
We shall not in the desert stray;
We shall not full direction need,
Nor miss our providential way;
As far from danger as from fear,
While love, almighty love, is near.

105. GOD OUR TREASURE. C. M.

- 1 O Thou who wilt not fail to grant
To sinful men below,
Whatever needy souls can want,
Or boundless love bestow,
2 Help us thy gracious hand to trace
In all the gifts we share;
And give to each its proper place,
Lest they should prove a snare.
3 For us no joys can health procure,
Except thy face we see;
Pleasure is pain, and wealth is poor,
When separate from thee.
4 Thou art the treasure of our heart
Thy grace our richest gain;
Whatever comforts may depart,
O let thy love remain!

106. JEHOVAH APPROACHABLE. C. M.

- 1 Thou, God, art a consuming fire;
Yet mortals may find grace;
From toil and tumult to retire,
And meet Thee face to face.
- 2 Between the cherubim of old,
Thy glory was exprest;
Dut God, through Christ, we now behold,
In flesh made manifest.
- 3 Through him who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare;
Through him in whom thy fulness dwelt,
We offer up our prayer.
- 4 Touch'd with a feeling of our woes,
Jesus our High-priest stands;
All our infirmities he knows;
Our souls are in his hands.

107. THE HEARER OF PRAYER. C. M.

- 1 What shall we ask of God in prayer?
Whatever good we want;
Whatever man may seek to share,
Or God in wisdom grant.
- 2 Father of all our merities—Thou,
In whom we move and live—
Hear us in heaven thy dwelling, now,
And answer, and forgive.
- 3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in Thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 4 When aches advances, may we grow
In faith, and hope, and love;
And walk in holiness below,
To endless joy above.
- 5 When flames these elements destroy,
And worlds in judgment stand,
May we lift up our heads with joy,
And meet at thy right hand.

108. GOD OUR ROCK. PSALM XVIII. 2. L. M.

- 1 Just are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode;
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives (and blessed be my Rock!),
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame.

109. OUR STRENGTH AND SONG. 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 JEHOVAH is our strength,
And he shall be our song;
We shall o'ercome at length,
Although our foes be strong:
In vain doth Satan then oppose;
The Lord is stronger than his foes.

2 The Lord our portion is,
What can we wish for more;
16

As long as we are his,
We never can be poor:
In vain do earth and hell oppose,
For God is stronger than his foes.

- 3 The Lord our shepherd is,
He knows our ev'ry need;
And since we now are his,
His care our souls will feed:
In vain do sin and death oppose,
For God is stronger than his foes.

110. HIS PEOPLE'S SHIELD. PSALM III. L. M.

- 1 LORD! how my foes unnumber'd roll
Against me like a swelling stream!
And taunting say, to shake my soul,
In God there is no help for him.
- 2 But God's my shield; in him I boast;
He lifts my head o'er ev'ry ill:
To him I cried, nor vain my trust;
He heard me from his holy hill.
- 3 I laid me down; I slept; I rose;
In God a sleepless guard I found:
I care not if ten thousand foes
Beset me fiercely round and round.
- 4 'Gainst God with impious mouth they spoke:
On me with whetted teeth they rush'd;
He stopp'd their mouth, their teeth he
broke, [crush'd].
And all their schemes of vengeance
- 5 Arise, O Lord, their fury quell;
'Tis thine to bid the tempest cease;
Quench in thy love each brand of hell,
And crown thy saints with lasting peace!

GOD—HIS PROVIDENCE.

111. UNIVERSAL BOUNTIFULNESS OF GOD. L. M.

- 1 PARENT of Good, thy bounteous hand
Incessant blessings down distills,
And all in air, or sea, or land,
With plenteous food and gladness fills.
- All things in thee live, move, and are;
Thy power infused doth all sustain;
E'en those thy daily favours share,
Who thankless spurn thy gentle reign.
- Thy sun thou bidd'st his genial ray
Alike on all impartial pour;
To all who hate or bless thy way,
Thou bidd'st descend the fruitful shower.
- 2 Yet while, at length, who scorn'd thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown how bright,
Of those who to thy love aspire!
- All creatures praise thy eternal name!
Ye hosts thut to his court belong,
Cherubic choirs, seraphic flames,
Awake the everlasting song!
- Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is thine;
And, when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

112. KINDNESS OF GOD IN PROVIDENCE. 7's.

- 1 HAPPY man whom God doth aid!
God our souls and bodies made;
God on us, in gracious showers,
Blessings every moment pours;
Compresses with angel-tones,
Bids them bear us in their hands;

Parents, friends, 't was God bestow'd;
Life and all descend from God.

- 2 He this flow'ry carpet spread,
Made the earth on which we tread;
God refreshes in the air;
Covers with the clothes we wear;
Feeds us with the food we eat;
Cheers us by his light and heat;
Makes his sun on us to shine:
All our blessings are divine!
- 3 Give him, then, and ever give,
Thanks for all that we receive!
Man, we for his kindness love;
How much more our God above!
Worthy, thou, our heavenly Lord,
To be honour'd and ador'd:
God of all-abounding grace,
Take the everlasting praise!

113. SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL MERCIES. S.M.

- 1 O Bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And add my tongue to bless his name
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies be
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign power to save.

114. REVIEW OF PROVIDENCE. C.M.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless step I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.
- 6 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

115. "OUR TIMES ARE IN THY HAND." S.M.

- 1 OUR times are in thy hand;
Our God, we wish them there:
Our life, our souls, our all, we leave
Entirely to thy care.

- 2 Our times are in thy hand,
Whatever they may be,
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.
- 3 Our times are in thy hand;
Why should we doubt or fear?
A Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.
- 4 Our times are in thy hand,
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand our many sins have pierced,
Is now our guard and guide.
- 5 Our times are in thy hand;
We'll always trust in thee;
Till we possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

116. "OUR BREAD IS GIVEN." C.M.

- 1 THE tender-mercies of our Lord,
And his long-suffering grace,
The loving-kindness of his word
We ev'ry moment trace.
- 2 Our bread is given, our water sure,
Body and soul sustain'd;
O may we to the end endure,
Till heaven itself is gain'd!

117. PROVIDENCE. C.M.

- 1 SINCE all the varying scenes of time,
God's watchful eye surveys;
O, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our days!
- 2 Good when he gives, supremely good;
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 And shall we doubt a Father's love,
So constant and so kind?
No! to his ever-gracious will
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

118. PROVIDENTIAL CARE. L.M.

- 1 THROUGH all life's dark and rugged way,
What scenes of love does God display!
How wise, how kind his holy will!
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 2 Through storms and tempests, snares and
death,
He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath;
His faithful promise to fulfil,
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 3 'Tis all to humble thee, and prove
His wisdom, goodness, power, and love;
To try thy heart, and bow thy will,
Remember how he leads thee still.
- 4 Bless him, my soul, for all that's past;
Trust him to bring thee home at last,
Where, freed from sin and ev'ry ill, [still.
Thou'lt praise that God who leads thee

119. "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE." 10, 11, 11.

- 1 THROUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Though friends should all fall,
And foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever befalls:
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

- 2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread.
His saints what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.
- 3 No strength of our own
Or goodness we claim;
Yet, since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this strong tower
For safety we hide—
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.
- 4 When life sinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting,
With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

120. GRACE AND PROVIDENCE. I. M.

- 1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wondrous hand
Supports the weight of sea and land,
Whose grace is such a boundless store,
No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;
My soul is nourish'd by thy word—
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praise, however poor—
An angel's song can do no more.

121. MERCIES ACKNOWLEDGED. S. M.

- 1 Less than the least of all
Thy mercies, Lord, are we;
Yet for the greatest we may call,
The greatest are most free.
- 2 Thy Son thou didst not spare,
Yet us thou sparest still;
Him didst thou send our guilt to bear,
Our righteousness fulfil.
- 3 The world we would forsake,
Our all to thee resign;
O save us for thy mercy's sake!
O save us, we are thine!
- 4 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,
Who seek our home above,
Thee may we serve with holy fear,
And love with child-like love.

122. THANKSGIVING TO GOD.

7's.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:
- 3 These to thee, my God, we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow;

12

- And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ling flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;
- 5 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

123. THOUGHTS OF LOVE. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 In ev'ry period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each circling year.
- 3 In all these mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

124. JEHOVAH'S CARE. S. M.

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his unchanging love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

125. DIVINE PROVIDENCE. C. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On ev'ry hand we see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
- 2 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 3 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see!
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee.
- 4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

126. THE GOD OF PROVIDENCE. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God of Providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal sight;
Wrapt in impenetrable shades,
Or clothed with dazzling light.
- 2 But in the world of bliss above,
Where thou dost ever reign,

These mysteries shall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

- 8 The Sun of Righteousness shall there
His brightest beams display;
And not a hovering cloud obscure
That never-ending day!

127. KIND PROVIDENCE. O. M.

- 1 I'll praise thee with my heart and tongue,
O Lord, my soul's delight;
Declaring to the world, in song,
Thy glory, praise, and might.

- 2 Thou count'st thy children's sighs and tears,
And know'st well why they mourn;
No tear too mean to thee appears
To put into thy urn.

- 3 Then murmur not, but be resign'd
To his most holy will;
Peace, rest, and comfort thou wilt find,
My soul, in being still.

128. GRATITUDE FOR GOD'S CARE. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows;
That mercy crowns it till its close.

- 2 By day, by night—at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

129. BOUNTIFUL GOODNESS. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 Still as the wheels of nature roll,
Our safeguard thou from pole to pole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light and evening shade.

130. TRUST IN GOD'S HELP. C. M.

- 1 ETERNAL God! we look to thee;
To thee for help we fly!
Thine eye alone our wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

- 2 Lord! let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide;
That love will all vain love expel,
That fear, all fear beside.

- 3 Not what we wish, but what we want,
O let thy grace supply;
The good, unask'd, in mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

131. ITS MYSTERIES. C. M.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
12

He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bad may leave a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

GOD—HIS PROMISES.

132. "GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISES." 11's.

- 1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word:
What more can he say than to you he hath
said,

You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

- 2 When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie, [ply,
My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy sup-
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de-
sign [fine.
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-

- 3 Fear not—I am with thee—O be not dis-
may'd, [aid;
I—I am thy God, and will still give thee
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,

- Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
4 'E'en down to old age, my people shall prove
My sov'reign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

- 5 The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for re-
pose,
I will not, I will not give up to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour
to shake,

- I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake.
133. STRENGTH AS THY DAY. L. M.

- 1 AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

- 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

- 3 When call'd by him to bear the cross,
Reproach, affliction, pain, and loss,
Or deep distress and poverty,
Still "as thy day thy strength shall be."

- 4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name.
In fiery trials, thou shalt see
That "as thy day thy strength shall be."

- 5 When death at length appears in view,
Christ's presence shall all fear subdue;

He comes thy spirit to set free,
And "as thy day thy strength shall be."

134. FIDELITY TO HIS PROMISES. 4-6's & 2-8's.

1 The promises I sing,
Which sov'reign love hath spoke;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke:
They stand secure
And steadfast still;
Not Zion's hill
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay
That measure mortal years:
But still the same,
In radiant lines,
The promise shines
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres:
'Midst all the shock
Of that dread scene,
I stand serene,
Thy word my rock.

135. FAITHFUL TO HIS PROMISES. C. M.

1 BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the unchanging God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men:
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The faithful promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

JESUS—HIS HISTORY.

136. THE ANGELS' SONG. 7's.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness;
Light, and life, and joy he brings,
Rises with healing on his wings.

4 Lo! he lays his glories by:
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

5 Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, and man forgiven."

137. "UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN." 4-6's & 2-8's.

1 We'll sing in spite of scorn;
Our theme is come from heaven:
"To us a Child is born,
The sweetest news that ever came [blame].
We'll sing, though all the world should

2 The long-expected morn
Has dawn'd upon the earth;
The Saviour Christ is born,
And angels sing his birth.
We'll join the bright seraphic throng,
We'll share their joys, and swell their song.

3 Give praise to God on high,
With angels round his throne;
Give praise to God with joy,
Give praise to God alone.
'Tis meet his saints their songs should raise,
And give the Saviour endless praise.

138. GOD INCARNATE. 7's & 6's.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
And peace on earth descend;
God comes down: he bows the sky,
And shows himself our friend.
God the invisible appears!
God the blest, the great I AM,
Sojourns in this vale of tears,
And Jesus is his name.

2 We, the sons of men, rejoice,
The Prince of peace proclaim,
With heaven's host lift up your voice,
And shout Immanuel's name:
Knees and hearts to him we bow;
Of our flesh, and of our bone,
Jesus is our brother now,
And God is all our own.

139. CHRIST'S NATIVITY. L. M.

1 WHEN Jordan hush'd his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion hill,
When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the
Watch'd o'er their flocks by starry light:

2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps, and sung:

4 O Zion! lift thy raptured eye:
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

5 See, mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

6 He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Hides Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

140. THE STAR IN THE EAST. C. M.

- 1 THE world lay hush'd in slumber deep,
And darkness veil'd the mind,
When rose upon their shadowy sleep
The star that saves mankind.
- 2 Led by the solitary star
To glory's poor abode,
Lo! wondering wisdom from afar
Brings incense to her God.
- 3 Humility on Judah's hills,
Watching her fleecy care,
Turns to an angel voice, that fills
With love the midnight air.
- 4 Sweet voices, through yon bursting cloud,
Announce the glorious plan,
Hymning, in adoration loud,
"Peace and good-will to man."

141. THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM. L. M.

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks:
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode:
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind, that toss'd my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose:
It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all:
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's
It led me to the port of peace. [thrill]
- 6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem.

142. "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST." C. M.

- 1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Love, joy, and gratitude combine
To hail the auspicious day.
- 2 Down through the portals of the sky,
The pealing anthem ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Peace and salvation swell the note
Of all the heavenly throng.
- 4 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Good-will and peace are now complete:
Jesus was born to die."
- 5 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail
Redeemer, brother, friend!

Though earth, and time, and life should
Thy praise shall never end. [fall]

143. THE ADVENT. 7's.

- 1 BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power, and majesty, and wear,
On his vesture and his thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel he
The incarnate Deity,
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings, and Prince of peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet;
From his manger to his throne,
Homage due to God alone.

144. THE ADVENT. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth,
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship:
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherd, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship:
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship:
Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship:
Worship Christ the new-born King.

145. THE BIRTH OF CHRIST. 8's & 7's.

- 1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy.
"Glory in the highest—glory!
Glory be to God most high!"
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd and man forgiven:
Lo! our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed,
For your prophet, priest, and king.
- 5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!"

- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

146. THE NATIVITY. L. M.

- 1 WAKE, O my soul, and hail the morn,
For unto us a Saviour's born;
See, how the angels wing their way,
To usher in the glorious day!
- 2 Hark! what sweet music, what a song,
Sounds from the bright, celestial throng!
Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
Joy to each raptur'd, list'ning heart.
- 3 Come, join the angels in the sky,
Glory to God who reigns on high;
Let peace and love on earth abound,
While time revolves and years roll round.

147. JACOB'S WELL. C. M.

- 1 SWEETER, O Lord, than rest to thee,
While seated by the well,
Was thine own task of love, to all
Of grace and peace to tell.
- 2 One thoughtless heart, that never knew
The pulse of life before,
There learn'd to love—was taught to sigh
For earthly joys no more.
- 3 Friend of the lost, O Lord, in thee
Samaritan's daughter there
Found one whom love had drawn to earth,
Her weight of guilt to bear.
- 4 Through all that sweet and blessed scene,
Dear Saviour, by the well,
More than enough the trembler finds
His guilty fears to quell.
- 5 There, in the full repose of faith,
The soul delights to see,
Not only one who deeply loves,
But *Loves itself* in thee.

148. THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA. C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the hour, O Lord, to thee
At Sychar's lonely well,
When a poor outcast heard thee there
Thy great salvation tell.
- 2 Thither she came; but O, her heart,
All fill'd with earthly care,
Dream'd not of thee, nor thought to find
The Hope of Israel there.
- 3 There Jacob's erring daughter found
Those streams unknown before—
The water-brooks of life that make
The weary thirst no more.
- 4 And, Lord, to us, as vile as she,
Thy gracious lips have told
That mystery of love reveal'd
At Jacob's well of old.
- 5 In spirit, Lord, we've sat with thee
Beside the springing well
Of life and peace, and heard thee there
Its healing virtues tell.
- 6 Dead to the world, we dream no more
Of earthly pleasures now:
Our deep, divine, unfailing spring
Of grace and glory, thou.

149. HIS LIFE A PATTERN. L. M.

- 1 *My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;*

But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here,
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

150. THE HOUR OF DARKNESS. L. M.

- 1 THE morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face,
Nor form nor comeliness is there.
- 2 Last eve, by those he call'd his own,
Betray'd, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.
- 3 No guile within his mouth is found;
He neither threatens nor complains:
Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
Dumb 'midst his murderers he remains.
- 4 But hark! he prays—'t is for his foes;
He speaks—'t is comfort to his friends;
Answers, and paradise bestows;
He bows his head—the conflict ends.
- 5 Truly this was the Son of God!
Though in a servant's mean disguise,
And bruised beneath the Father's rod,
Not for himself, for man he dies.

151. HIMSELF HE CANNOT SAVE. S. M.

- 1 "HIMSELF he cannot save."
Insulting foe, 't is true:
The words a gracious meaning have,
Though meant in scorn by you.
- 2 "Himself he cannot save."
This is his highest praise:
Himself for others' sakes he gave,
And suffers in their place.
- 3 It were an easy part
For him the cross to fly;
But love to sinners fills his heart,
And makes him choose to die.
- 4 'T is love the cause unfolds,
The deep mysterious cause,
Why he, who all the world upholds,
Hangs upon yonder cross.
- 5 Let carnal Jews blaspheme,
And worldly wisdom mock:
The Saviour's cross shall be my theme,
And Christ himself my rock.
- 6 I leave the world for this;
Let others share its toys:
I envy not their fancied bliss—
The cross yields purer joys.

152. CALVARY. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a sacred, hallow'd spot,
Oft present to mine eye;
By saints it ne'er can be forgot—
'T is much-loved Calvary.

- 2 **Endeared mount, for earthly joys**
Let others pass thee by;
Earth's transient scenes and fading toys
I'll leave for Calvary.
- 3 **When'er I feel temptation's power,**
On Jesus I'll rely,
And in the sharp conflicting hour
Repair to Calvary.
- 4 **When the dread scene of death, the last**
Important hour, draws nigh,
Then with my dying eyes I'll cast
A look on Calvary.

153. THE CRUCIFIXION. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 **HARK!** the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 "It is finish'd!" O, what pleasure
These triumphant words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
"It is finish'd!"
Saints his dying love record.
- 3 **Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs!**
Strike them to Immanuel's name;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph, to proclaim,
"It is finish'd!"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

154. "IT IS FINISHED." L. M.

- 1 "It is finish'd!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head, and died.
"It is finish'd!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 "It is finish'd!"—all that Heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd
In me, the Saviour of mankind.
- 3 "It is finish'd!"—this my dying groan
Shall sins of all mankind atone:
Millions shall be redeem'd from death
By this, my last expiring breath.
- 4 "It is finish'd!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
"It is finish'd!"—let the echo fly (and sky,
Through heaven and hell, through earth

155. WHY DID JESUS DIE? C. M.

- 1 **See, world, upon the shameful tree,**
Thy life there sinks in death;
Cover'd with stripes and wounds for thee,
Thy Saviour yields his breath.
- 2 **Thou, Prince of glory, knew'st no sin;**
What caused thee, then, thy pain?
Thou harmless, undefiled, and clean,
What caused thee to be slain?
- 3 **My sins, as numerous as the sands**
Upon the ocean shore,
Have been the cruel murderous hands
That wounded thee so sore.
- 4 **My debt to thee, thou God of love!**
Weak words cannot express:
I cannot here, if there above,
Show proper thankfulness.

156. VICTORY BY DEATH. L. M.

- 1 **He dies!** the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you—
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 **Here's love and grief beyond degree—**
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see—
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
Our rising Lord forsakes the tomb:
Up to his Father's throne he flies!
Cherub legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 3 **Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell**
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.
Say, Live for ever, wondrous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting,
And where's thy victory, boasting grave!

157. RESURRECTION OF JESUS. 6-7's.

- 1 **Met around the sacred tomb,**
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
'Midst this sad, sepulchral gloom,
Shall your faith give way to fears?
He will soon, even as he said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.
- 2 **Now with tears of love and joy,**
We remember all his pain,
Sighs, and groans, and dying cry,
For the Lamb for us was slain;
And from death our souls to save,
Once for us lay in the grave.
- 3 **Hither, sinners, all repair,**
And with Jesus Christ be dead:
All are safe from Satan's snare
Who to Jesu's tomb have fled;
Here the weary and oppress'd
Find a never-ending rest.
- 4 **In thy death is all my trust:**
I have thee my refuge made;
And when once consign'd to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then, with saved souls above,
I will praise thy dying love.

158. THE LORD IS RISEN. 7's.

- 1 "CHRIST the Lord is risen to day,"
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 **Vain the stone, the watch, the seal:**
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise:
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 3 **Lives again our glorious King:**
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save:
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

159. MATT. XXVIII. 6. L. M.

- 1 **Come, see the place where Jesus lay,**
For he hath left his gloomy bed:

What angel roll'd the stone away !
What spirit brought him from the dead ?

- 2 By his omnipotence he rose,
By his own spirit lived again,
To crush for ever all his foes,
To raise for ever ruin'd men.
- 3 Those who his image here partake,
Though worms in dust their flesh consume,
Shall sleep in Jesus, and awake
To life eternal, from the tomb.

160. CAPTIVITY LED CAPTIVE. 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 THE happy morn is come !
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save :
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.
- 2 Christ hath the ransom paid—
The glorious work is done ;
On him our help is laid,
By him our victory won :
Captivity is captive led,
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

161. HIS RESURRECTION.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, resign thy mighty prey ;
See the Saviour quit the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
- 2 Saints on earth, lift up your eyes ;
Now to glory see him rise :
Troops of angels on the road
Hail and sing the incarnate God.
- 3 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
Praise and sweep your golden lyres ;
Shout, O earth, in rapturous song :
Let the strains be sweet and strong !
- 4 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell !
Where is hell's once dreaded king ?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting ?

162. "THE LORD HAS RISEN." 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 Yea, the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
Hath raised his conquering head.
In wild dismay,
The guards around
Fell to the ground,
And sunk away.
- 2 Lo ! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
Joyful they come,
And wing their way,
From realms of day,
To such a tomb.
- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear ;
Hark ! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air !
Their anthems say,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead ;
He rose to-day."

- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell ;
Transported cry,
"Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead,
No more to die !"

- 5 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'st us with thy blood !
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the skies.

163. DEATH CONQUERED. C. M.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread
Since our Immanuel rose :
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your song
To our incarnate God.
- 4 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

164. WHO IS THE KING OF GLORY ? L. M.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high :
The powers of hell are captive led—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits ;
And angels chant the solemn lay :
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right ;—
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory, who ?"
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 "Who is the King of glory, who ?"
The Lord of boundless power possess ;
The king of saints, and angels too !
God over all, for ever blest !

165. PSALM XLVII. 5. 7's & 6's

- Go up with shouts of praise !
Go up, high-priest, to heaven,
Who hast the ransomed race
Upon thy heart engraven ;
Though seated on thy throne,
Thou deign'st to hear our prayer,
Nor art ashamed to own
That we thy brethren are.

166. ASCENSION OF CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King !

- Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising through the sky,
With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song,
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

167.

ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

7a.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise:
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes;
Christ awhile to mortals given
Re-ascends his native heaven.
There the mighty conqueror waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of glory in."
- 2 Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home!
Then may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee!

JESUS—HIS LOVE.

168.

JESUS HASTING TO SUFFER.

C. M.

- 1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame
His holy soul possess'd,
When onwards to Jerusalem
With firm resolve he press'd!
- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engross;
He longs to be baptised with blood;
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his sufferings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
"T was love that urged him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can!
Our hearts shall sound abroad,
Salvation to the Son of man,
Who brought us back to God!
- 5 And while thy matchless sufferings here
Engage our wond'ring eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

169.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

L. M.

- 1 OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb;
O, that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!
- 2 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground
To ransom guilty worms from death.

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- 3 The law proclaims no terrors now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.
- 4 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

170.

CHRIST'S COMMISSION.

C. M.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to abounding grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was his love
That piti'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God.
- 4 Now, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

171.

REDEMPTIVE LOVE.

C. M.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and O, amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O, for his love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

172.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

P. M.

- 1 YE ransom'd of Jesus,
Come, sing of his love,
He stoop'd down to raise us
To mansions above:
Jehovah on him our transgressions did lay,
And he bore the huge burden, and bore it away.
- 2 Hosanna to Jesus!
He bore all our pains;
The ransom that frees us
Was press'd from his veins:
The blood for our cleansing, the balm for
our smart, [heart].
- Were great drops of agony wrung from his
- 3 Each drop in the garden,
Each stream on the tree,
Proclaims a free pardon,
O sinner, for thee;
Not vengeance—like that which once cried
from the ground—
But an accent of love, a sweet jubilee sound.

4 With love and with pity
Christ's heart overflows;
He wept o'er the city;
He pray'd for his foes:
He could not exclaim, 'It is finish'd!' and
die, [high.]
Till 'Father, forgive them!' was wafted on
5 Then, praise be to Jesus!
Each day let it swell;
He died to release us
From sin and from hell:
May it spread through creation, above and
around,
Till all her vast temple re-echo the sound!

173. THE SAVIOUR'S MISSION. S. M.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.
2 Sing how eternal love
His best-beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abysses of woe.
3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
Justice stood smiling by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

174. THE LOVE OF CHRIST. C. M.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love—immortal flame!—
Warm every heart and tongue.
2 His love, what mortal thought can reach:
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
3 O Lord! while we adoring pray
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
'The Saviour died for me!'
4 O may the sweet, the blasphemous theme
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue:
All nations know thy saving name,
And join the sacred song!

175. THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE. 7s.

1 Love divine, how sweet the sound!
May the theme on earth abound!
May the hearts of saints below
With the sacred rapture glow.
2 Love amazing, large, and free;
Love unknown—to think on me!
Let that love upon me shine,
Saviour, with its beams divine.
3 Better than earth's gilded toys,
Or an age of carnal joys;
Better far than Ophir's gold,
Love that never can be told.
4 Better than this life of mine,
Saviour, is thy love divine;
Drop this veil, and let me see
Rivers of this love in thee.
5 While in Meshech's tents I stay,
Love divine shall tune my lay;

When I soar to bliss above,
Then I'll praise my Saviour's love.

176. THE MYSTERY OF LOVE. S, 8, 6.

1 O thou who hast redeem'd of old,
And bidd'st me of thy strength lay hold,
And be at peace with thee,
Help me thy benefits to own,
And hear me tell what thou hast done,
O dying Lamb, for me.
2 Love, only love, thy heart inclin'd,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from thy throne above;
Love made my God a man of grief,
Distress'd thee sore for my relief:
O Mystery of Love!
3 Because thou lov'd'st and died'st for me,
Cause me, my Saviour, to love thee,
And gladly to resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am;
My life be all with thine the same,
And all thy death be mine.

177. CHRIST'S UNCHANGING LOVE. L. M.

1 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice, and praise
The blessings of redeeming grace;
Jesus, your everlasting tow'r,
Mocks at the angry tempest's pow'r.
2 His love's a refuge, ever high,
His watchfulness a mountain high;
His name's a rock, which winds above
And waves below can never move.
3 His covenant, for ever sure,
For endless ages will endure;
His perfect work will ever prove
The depth of his unchanging love.
4 While all things change, he changes not;
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;
His love's unchangeably the same,
And as enduring as his name.

178. THE GRACE OF CHRIST. C. M.

1 INFINITE, unexhausted love!
(Jesus and love are one);
If still to me thy bowels move,
They are restrain'd to none.
2 What shall I do my God to love?
My loving God to praise?
The length, and breadth, and height to
And depth of sovereign grace? [Prove,
3 Thy sov'reign grace to all extends,
Immense and unconfined;
From age to age it never ends;
It reaches all mankind.
4 Throughout the world its breadth is known,
Wide as infinity!
So wide it never pass'd by one,
Or it had pass'd by me.
5 My trespass was grown up to heaven;
But far above the skies,
In Christ abundantly forgiven,
I see thy mercies rise!

179. CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST. C. M.

1 And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sov'reign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high,
Surprising mercy I love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead
For man's—O miracle of grace!—
For man the Saviour bled.
- 4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatch'd from hell,
And rebels brought to God.
- 5 Jesus, my soul adoring bends
To love so full, so free;
Thy word assures, *that* love extends
Its saving power to me.
- 6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine?
O take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it wholly thine.

180. CHRIST'S DYING LOVE. C. M.

- 1 How condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne:
There's n'er a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan.
- 3 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity n'er withdrew.
- 4 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

181. THE CONDESCENSION OF CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which thy mercy came.
- 2 While all thine own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
The word of such a King.
- 3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou hid'st that glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.
- 4 Bought with thy service and thy blood,
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

182. THE CROSS OF CHRIST. L. M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm'd me most,
I yield them wholly to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Dorrow and love flow mingled down:

- Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

183. LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH. L. M.

- 1 O LET my name engraven stand
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 2 Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown,
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.

184. CHRIST OUR ALL. C. M.

- 1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside,
No comeliness I see:
The one thing needful, O my Lord,
Is to be one with thee.
- 2 The proofs of thine expiring love
Are graven on my heart;
My rest, my joy, my life, my heaven,
My all in all, thou art.
- 3 What e'er consists not with thy love,
O teach me to resign,
For I am bless'd, and rich indeed,
Since thou, O God, art mine.

185. THE TEARS OF JESUS. L. M.

- 1 So fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty e'en in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he died for you;
What more for you could Jesus do?
- 2 Enthroned above, with equal glow,
His strong affections downward flow;
In our distress he bears a part,
And shows his sympathising heart.
- 3 Still his compassions are the same;
He knows the frailty of our frame;
Our heaviest burdens he sustains,
Heals all our sorrows and our pains.
- 4 What pity dwelt within his breast—
Pity, by flowing tears express'd!
O may those tears our griefs remove,
Which speak so loud a Saviour's love!

186. THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST. L. M.

- 1 THY voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds;
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now through the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shows the beauties of his face.
- 3 And when we hear our Jesus say,
"Rise up, my love, make haste away!"
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

JESUS—HIS WORK.

187. JESUS DYING. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

- 2 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul," he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!
- 3 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine.
O, Lamb of God! I was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

188. THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR. P. M.

- 1 All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Our ransom and peace,
Our surety he is;
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his.
- 2 He died to atone
For sins not his own;
The Father hath bruised for us his dear Son;
Our ransom, &c.
- 3 With joy we approve
The design of his love;
Tis a wonder below and a wonder above;
Our ransom, &c.
- 4 When time is more,
Still shall I adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore;
Our ransom, &c.

189. WORLD'S 7^M.

- 1 GLORY be to God high—
God, whose glory fills the sky
Peace—earth to man forgiven—
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.
- 2 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail the everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we praise,
God of power, and God of love.
- 3 Christ our Lord and God we own—
Christ, the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God, for sinners slain;
Saviour of offending man.
- 4 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow;
Hear the world's atonement, thou!
Jesus, in thy name we pray
Thou hast borne sins away.

190. CHRIST'S CURSE. L. M.

- 1 THE burden, for to sustain
Too great, thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou hast borne my pain;
To bless me, thou wast made.
- 2 My Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
- 3 Too much to thee I cannot give,
Too much I cannot do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be.
- 4 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
O may I learn from thee, my God;
And love, with softest pity join'd,
For those that trample on thy blood!
- 5 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
Thou, loose from flesh and earth, I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

191. THE THREE MOUNTS. 7^M.

- 1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Taber's glorious height I climb,
In the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

192. CALVARY. L. M.

- 1 FROM Calvary a cry was heard—
A long, reiterated cry;
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.
- 2 A horror of deep darkness fell
On thee, the Immaculate, the Just;
The congregated hosts of hell
Combined to shake thy filial trust.
- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, and not repine;
But, when Jehovah veil'd his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.
- 4 Let the dumb world her silence break,
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died that we may never die.
- 5 Lord, on thy cross I fix my eye,
If e'er I slight its pure control,
O let that dying, piercing cry
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul!

193. JESUS CRUCIFIED. 8^M.

- 1 YES, we will mourn: for us he died;
Jesus for us was crucified;
For us sustain'd sin's heavy load,
And shed his own most precious blood;
For us, the bitter death endured;
For us, eternal life procured!
- 2 Yes, we will love: but who can know—
What tongue or pen can fully show—
The depth beneath, and height above,
Of suffering and redeeming love?
For souls, from endless death to save,
Himself, his blood, his life he gave.

194. CHRIST'S TRIUMPH IN C. M.

- 1 SING my Saviour's wondrous death:
He conquer'd when he fell;
"Tis finish'd!" said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 "Tis finish'd!" our Immanuel cries;
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise—
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frown.

196. "THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS." L. M.

- 1 Jesus, thy perfect righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in this array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through this I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspeotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, ev'n me t' alone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.
- 6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

196. CHRIST OUR ALL. L. M.

- 1 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 2 Poor, helpless worms in thee possess
Life, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

197. THE ONLY FIRM. C. M.

- 1 GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see,
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.
- 2 How can a soul condemn'd to die
Escape the just decree?
A vile, unworthy wretch am I;
But Jesus died for me.
- 3 Darden'd with sin's oppressive chain,
O how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain;
But Jesus died for me.
- 4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea:
Save me, in thy abounding grace,
For Jesus died for me.

JESUS—HIS OFFICES.

198. THE OFFICES OF CHRIST. 4-6's & 2-5's.

- 1 JOSH all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set our Saviour forth.
- 2 Array'd in mortal flesh,
The covenant Angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands,
Commission'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

- 3 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 4 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd his blood, and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

199. THE OFFICES OF CHRIST. L. M.

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.
- 2 My bright example, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never, never stray,
Nor follow the forbidden way.
- 3 I love my Shepherd; he shall keep
My wandering soul among his sheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.
- 4 Jesus, my great High Priest, has died;
I seek no sacrifice beside:
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

200. THE LAMB GLORIFIED. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the King of Glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 2 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

201. JESUS PRECIOUS. 6-8's.

- 1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
Beloved of the Father, thou!
O let me catch the immortal flame
With which angelic bosoms glow!
As angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.
- 2 My Prophet thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy sweet instructions I will hear;
The words that from thy lips proceed,
O, how divinely sweet they are!
Thee, my great Prophet, I would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.
- 3 My great High Priest, whose precious blood
Did once atone upon the cross,
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless sinner's cause:
In thee I trust, thou would I love,
And imitate the bless'd above.
- 4 My King supreme, to thee I bow,
A willing subject at thy feet;
All other lords I disavow,
And to thy government submit:
My Saviour-King, this heart would love,
And imitate the bless'd above.

202. OUR GREAT HIGH PRIEST. 6-8's.

- 1 ENTER'd the holy place above,
Cover'd with meritorious scars,
The token of his dying love,
Our great High Priest in glory bears:

And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine.

- 2 Light in thy light, O may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove;
Revived, and cheer'd, and bless'd by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

219. THE SURE FOUNDATION. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD, the sure foundation—stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'T is thine own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

220. THE FOUNTAIN OPENED FOR SIN. L. M.

- 1 THOU hast been slain, O Lamb of God I
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood;
Thine arm alone can set me free:
My whole salvation rests on thee.

- 2 I will not build on what's my own,
Or trust to works or duties done;
On thee alone my hopes I place:
My only refuge is thy grace.

- 3 Not mine own arm can me sustain,
No outward washings make me clean;
No works of mine my debt can pay,
No tears can wash my stains away.

- 4 The fountain thou hast ever been,
Whose streams can wash away my sin;
Wash me, O wash me in the flood,
That ever-cleansing stream, thy blood.

221. THE HEAD OF LIFE. C. M.

- 1 JESUS! the Saviour of my soul,
Be thou my best delight,
Ever to me the same remain,
My joy by day and night.

- 2 O, let me never once forget
How poor, how vile I am;
A sinner ransom'd by the blood
Of God's atoning Lamb.

- 3 The wonders of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
And may the flesh and blood of Christ
My daily manna be.

222. THE VINE. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, immutably the same I
Thou true and living Vine I
Around thy all-supporting stem
My feeble arms I twine.

- 2 Quickened by thee, and kept alive,
I flourish, and bear fruit:
My life I from thy sap derive,
My vigour from thy root.

- 3 I can do nothing without thee;
My strength is wholly thine:
Wither'd and barren should I be,
If sever'd from the Vine.

- 4 Upon my leaf, when parch'd with heat,
Refreshing dew shall drop;

The plant, which thy right hand hath set
Shall ne'er be rooted up.

223. THE ROSE OF SHARON. L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

- 2 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes and please my taste.

- 3 Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

- 4 O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down, and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

224. OUR SANCTUARY. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, to thee we call;
Thou art our life, our hope, our all;
And we have nowhere else to flee,
No sanctuary, Lord, but thee.

- 2 In thee we e'er glory view,
Of safety, strength, and beauty too;
'T is all our rest and peace to see
Our sanctuary, Lord, in thee.

- 3 Whatever foes or fears betide,
In thy dear presence let us hide;
And while we rest our souls on thee,
Do thou our sanctuary be.

- 4 He from the grave our dust will raise;
We in the heavens shall sing his praise:
And when in glory we appear,
He'll be our sanctuary there.

225. THE GOOD SHEPHERD. S. M.

- 1 GREEN pastures and clear streams,
Freedom, and quiet rest,
Christ's flock enjoy, beneath his beams,
Or in his shadow, blest.

- 2 Secure amidst alarms
From violence or snares,
The lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears.

- 3 The wounded and the weak
He comforts, heals, and binds;
The lost he came from heaven to seek,
And saves them when he finds.

- 4 Let earth and hell oppose,
Let Satan take the field;
Quench'd are the darts of all their foes—
Their Shepherd is their shield.

- 5 Conflicts and trials done,
His glory they behold,
Where Jesus and his flock are one,
One Shepherd and one fold.

226. THE SHEPHERD SWEETEN. S. M.

- 1 W'LL sing of the Shepherd that died,
That died for the sake of the flock;
His love to the utmost was tried,
And immovable stood as a rock.

- 2 When the blood of the victim must flow,
The Shepherd by kindness was led,
To stand between us and the foe,
And willingly died in our stead.

- 3 Our song then for ever shall be
Of the Shepherd who gave himself thus

No subject so glorious we see,
And none so affecting to us.

- 4 We'll sing of this subject alone;
No other our tongues shall employ;
But better his love will be known
In yonder bright regions of joy.

227. THE SHEPHERD OF SOULS. 7's & 6's.

- 1 O GRACIOUS Shepherd! bind us
With cords of love to thee,
And evermore remain us
How mercy set us free.
O may thy Holy Spirit
Set this before our eyes,
That we thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.
- 2 Grant us henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.
Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,
Though we are oft to blame;
O let thy love then make us
Hold fast thy faith and name.

228. THE PHYSICIAN OF SOULS. 7's & 6's.

- 1 How lost was our condition,
Till Jesus made us whole!
There is but one Physician
Can cure the sin-sick soul.
In sin and death he found us,
He snatch'd us from the grave;
To tell to all around us,
His wondrous power to save.
- 2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
How gracious this Physician!
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition,
'T is only *Look and Live*.

229. THE FRIEND. L. M.

- 1 O know, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy misery bore;
Let every idol be forgot,
But, O my soul, forget him not.
- 2 Infinite truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou then, with sin beset, [get?]
Such charms, such matchless charms for-
- 3 Ah! no: till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And hipping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.
- 4 Ah! no: when all things else expire,
And perish in the general fire,
This name all others shall survive,
And through eternity shall live.

230. THE UNCHANGING FRIEND. 8's.

- 1 THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'T is Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

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231. THE FAITHFUL FRIEND. L. M.

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,
I have a rich, almighty Friend;
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his power my foes controll'd;
He found me wandering far from God,
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,
And says that I shall shortly be
Enthroned with him above the skies:
O! what a Friend is Christ to me!
- 4 But ah! my innermost spirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may swim
To think of my perverse returns—
I've been a faithless friend to him.

232. THE BEST FRIEND. 8's & 7's.

- 1 Ours there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed their blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

233. THE PROMISED REED. 7's.

- 1 BATTERED, let us join to bless
Christ our peace and righteousness:
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

- 2 Son of God, to thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only thou,
Thou, the woman's promised seed,
Thou, who didst for sinners bleed.
- 3 Thee, the angels ceaseless sing:
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

- 4 Thee, our Lord, whom we adore,
May we follow more and more,
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join the saints above.

234. OUR JOY. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou fairest, dearest One,
What beauties thee adorn!
Far brighter than the noonday sun,
Or star that gilds the morn.
- 2 The joy of all the saints above,
And hope of all below:
O may I taste thy richest love,
And thine endearments know!
- 3 Here let me fix my wondering eyes,
And all thy glories trace;
Till, in the world of endless joys,
I rise to thine embrace.

C 2

235. THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. C. M.

- 1 O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My sure, my steadfast friend.
- 2 When human cisterns all are dried
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.
- 3 Why should I thirst for aught below,
While there's a fountain near;
A fountain which doth ever flow,
The fainting heart to cheer.
- 4 No good in creatures can be found
Apart, my Lord, from thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
Since thou art all to me.
- 5 He that hath made my heav'n secure,
Will all I need provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside.

236. OUR TREASURE. L. M.

- 1 Jesus, my Lord, my chief delight,
On thee my helpless soul I'll stay,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.
- 2 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed:
The first of all his gifts bestow'd,
And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 3 Now I can say, 'This gift is mine;
I tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at poverty repine,
Nor wish for wealth among the great.'
- 4 This precious jewel, Lord, I'll keep,
And cherish deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart.

237. CHRIST ALL IN ALL. C. M.

- 1 I've found the Pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing with joy;
And sing I must, a Christ I have,
All gold without alloy.
- Christ is a Prophet, Priest, and King—
A Prophet full of light,
A Priest who stands 'twixt God and me,
A King who rules with might.
- 2 Christ is my Saviour, and my friend,
My brother, yet my Lord,
My head, my hope, my counsellor,
My advocate with God.
- My Saviour is the heaven of heaven;
And what shall I him call?
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,
My Christ is all in all.

238. BRIGHTNESS OF GOD'S GLORY. L. M.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song.
Awake my soul, awake my tongue,
Hosanna to the Eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

- 4 O may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

239. THE PULSERS OF CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Almighty King of grace!
Thy uncreated glories shine,
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and songs ascend;
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

JESUS—HIS REIGN.

240. CHRIST'S TRIUMPHS. L. M.

- 1 SHOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs
spread,
And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 God's sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 O, may his conquests still increase,
And ev'ry foe his power subdue!
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glory show.
- 4 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above:
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love!

241. THE REIGN OF LOVE. 7's & 6's.

- 1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun;
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers,
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing, and all blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever,
That name to us is—Love.

JESUS CROWNED. 8. 7. 7. 7.

ten thousand voices sounding,
 wide, throughout the sky;
 voice of joy abounding;
 lives, no more to die:
 e saints, your tribute bring,
 Him everlasting King.
 ves, his conflict over,
 to claim his great reward;
 round the victor hover,
 ling to behold their Lord;
 e saints, your tribute bring,
 Him everlasting King.
 night, they cry before him,
 y, holy, holy Lord,
 powers of heaven adore him,
 they his sov'reign wor-
 saints, your tribute bring,
 Him everlasting King.

CHRIST'S

8's & 7's.

long-expected Jesus
 to set thy people free;
 fears and sins release us;
 find our rest in thee.
 strength and consolation,
 of all the earth thou art;
 sire of every nation,
 ev'ry faithful heart,
 y people to deliver,
 child, and yet a King;
 reign in us for ever,
 by gracious kingdom bring.
 own eternal Spirit,
 all hearts alone;
 all-sufficient merit,
 to thy glorious throne.

THE REIGN OF CHRIST.

L. M.

all reign where'er the sun
 successive journeys run,
 dom stretch from shore to shore,
 shall rise and set no more,
 shall endless prayer be made,
 bes through to his head
 like sweet perfume shall rise
 'ry morning sacrifice,
 ad realms of ev'ry tongue
 his love with sweetest song
 at voices shall proclaim
 rily blessings on his name.
 abound where'er he reigns,
 ner leaps to lose his chains,
 ry find eternal rest,
 the sons of want are blest,
 creature rise, and bring
 honours to our King;
 ead with songs again,
 h repeat the long Amen.

HIS UNIVERSAL REIGN.

8-7's.

! the song of Jubilee,
 u mighty thunder's roar,
 fulness of the sea,
 it breaks upon the shore;
 jah! for the Lord,
 unipotent, shall reign;
 jah! let the word
 ound the earth and main.
 jah! hark! the sound,
 he centre to the skies,

Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies:
 See Jehovah's banners fur'd,
 Sheathed his sword; He speaks, 'tis done,
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With irresistible sway;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have pass'd away,
 Then the end;—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall:
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ is all in all.

JESUS—HIS GLORY

246. THE LAMB ON THE THRONE. C. M.

- 1 Behold the Lamb, with glory crown'd;
 To him all power is given;
 No place too high for him is found,
 Even in the highest heaven.
- 2 This song be ours, and this alone,
 That celebrates the name
 Of him who sitteth on the throne,
 And that exalts the Lamb.
- 3 To him whom men despise and slight,
 To him be glory given;
 The crown is his, and his by right
 The highest place in heaven.

247. THROUGH SUFFERING. C. M.

- 1 'Tis past—the dark and dreary night—
 And, Lord, we hail thee now;
 Our Morning Star, without a cloud
 Of sadness on thy brow.
- 2 Thy path on earth, the cross, the grave,
 Thy sorrows now are o'er;
 And, O sweet thought! thine eye shall
 Thy heart shall break no more. [weep,
- 3 Deep were those sorrows—deeper still
 The love that brought thee low,
 That bade the streams of life from thee,
 A lifeless victim, flow.
- 4 The soldier, as he pierced thee, proved
 Man's hatred, Lord, to thee;
 While, in the blood that stain'd the spear,
 Love, only love, we see.
- 5 Drawn from thy pierced and bleeding side,
 That pure and cleansing flood
 Speaks peace to ev'ry breast that knows
 The virtue of thy blood.

248. HIS HUMILIATION AND GLORY. L. M.

- 1 Now for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son!
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes he wore above;
 How swift and joyful was his flight,
 On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus the God exalted reigns,
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes through the heavenly plains.

249. CHRIST SEEN OF ANGELS. C. M.

- 1 Beyond the glittering starry sky,
 Far as the eternal hills

There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our dear Redeemer dwells.

- 2 Immortal angels, bright and fair,
In countless armies shine;
Before him, in transported lays,
They offer songs divine.
- 3 "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail,
Whose unexampled love
Moved thee to quit these glorious realms,
And royalties above."
- 4 And whilst he stoop'd on earth to dwell,
And suffer'd rude disdain;
They cast their honours at his feet
And waited in his train.
- 5 In all his toils and dangerous paths,
They did his steps attend;
Of paused, and wonder'd how at last
This scene of love would end.
- 6 As on the torturing tree he hung,
And darkness veil'd the sky,
Amazed they saw that awful sight,
The Lord of glory die.
- 7 Anon he bursts the gates of death,
Subdues the tyrant's power;
They saw the illustrious Conqueror rise,
And hail'd the blessed hour.
- 8 They throng'd his chariot up the skies,
And bore him to his throne;
Then swept their golden harps, and sang,
"The glorious work is done!"

250. CHRIST EVER LIVING. L. M.

- 1 THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthroned on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save!
- 2 He lives to still his servants' fears,
He lives to wipe away their tears,
He lives their mansions to prepare,
He lives to bring them safely there.
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears;
With cheerful hope your hearts revive,
For Christ, the Lord, is yet alive!

251. ANGELS CHRIST'S SERVANTS. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord, thy Son;
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heavenly road.

252. JESUS IN HEAVEN. C. M.

- 1 O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.
- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow;
And all the glorious ranks above
In deepest reverence bow.
- 3 This is the Man, the exalted Man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

253. CHRIST PRESENT IN HEAVEN. C. M.

- 1 How great the wisdom, power, and grace,
Which in redemption shine!
Angels and men with joy confess
The work is all divine.
- 2 Myriads of spirits round the throne
Behold, with wondering eyes,
God's holy, undefiled One,
Once made a sacrifice.
- 3 Beneath his feet they cast their crowns,
Those crowns which Jesus gave,
And, with ten thousand thousand tongues,
Proclaim his power to save.
- 4 They tell the triumphs of his cross,
The sufferings which he bore,
How low he stoop'd, how high he rose,
And rose to stoop no more.

254. THE GLORY OF CHRIST IN HEAVEN. L. M.

- 1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things.
- 2 O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 3 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 4 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!
- 5 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?

JESUS—HIS SECOND COMING.

255. HE SHALL COME THE SECOND TIME. C. M.

- 1 LO, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The former seas are pass'd away,
The former earth and skies.
- 2 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing—
Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!
- 3 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode—
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he the loving God.
- 4 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself, shall die. (fears)
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

256. HE SHALL APPEAR, TO YOUR JOY. 3-8's

- 1 FROM far I see the glorious day,
When he who bore our sins away
Will all his majesty display.

- 2 "A Man of sorrows" once he was;
No friend was found to plead his cause,
For all prefer'd the world's applause.
- 3 He groan'd beneath sin's awful load,
For in the sinner's place he stood,
And died to bring him back to God.
- 4 But now he reigns with glory crown'd,
While angel-hosts his throne surround,
And still his lofty praises sound.
- 5 To few on earth his name is dear;
And they who in his cause appear,
The world's reproach and scorn must bear.
- 6 But yet there is a day to come
When he will seal the sinner's doom,
And take his waiting people home.

257. "WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

7's.

- 1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes: it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel!
- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wand'ring cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home:
Traveller, lo, the Prince of peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

258. "THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH." 7's & 6's.

- 1 HEARKEN to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice,
And see the Bridegroom nigh.
Lo! he comes to keep his word;
Light and joy his looks impart:
Go ye forth to meet your Lord,
And meet him in your heart.
- 2 Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth,
Whose lamps are burning bright,
Worthy, in your Saviour's worth,
To walk with him in white.
Jesus bids your hearts be clean,
Bids you all his promise prove;
Jesus comes to cast out sin,
And perfect you in love.
- 3 Wait we all in patient hope,
Till Christ, the Judge, shall come;
We shall soon be all caught up,
To meet the general doom:
In an hour to us unknown,
As a thief in deepest night,
Christ shall suddenly come down,
With all his saints in light.

259. BEHOLD! HE COMETH IN CLOUDS. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favour'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Jesus comes, and comes to reign.
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Clothed in awful majesty;

Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 When the solemn trumpet has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away,
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away.
- 4 Yea, Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Make thy righteous sentence known;
O come quickly!
Claim the kingdom for thine own.

260. CHRIST COMING IN GLORY. 8, 7, 8, 8, 2

- 1 GREAT God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 Great God! what do I see and hear?
The end of things created!
Behold the Judge of man appear
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at his cross, I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

261. "COME, LORD JESUS." 7's & 6's.

- 1 THE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see,
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side:
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come then, Lord Jesus, so we!

262. "REJOICE, FOR HE COMETH." C. M.

1 ISLES of the deep, rejoice, rejoice!
Ye ransom'd nations, sing
The praises of your Lord and God,
The triumphs of your King.

2 He comes, and at his mighty word
The clouds are fleeting fast,
And o'er the land of promise, see
The glory breaks at last.

3 Streams of divine, unfailing joy,
Whose sweetness none can know
But the redeem'd, the blood-bought sou',
Through all creation flow.

4 O, let his praises fill the earth,
While all the blest above,
In strains of loftier triumph still,
Speak only of his love.

5 Sing, ye redeem'd! Before the throne,
Ye white-robed myriads, fall!
Sing, for the Lord of glory reigns,
The Christ, the heir of all.

263. "COME, LORD JESUS." C. M.

1 LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart!
Star of the coming day!
Arise, and with thy radiant beams
Chase all our griefs away.

2 Come, blessed Lord! bid ev'ry shore
And answering isles sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Bid the whole world, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in rapt'rous strains of joy,
In mem'ry of thy love.

4 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of vict'ry thine.

JESUS—HIS PRAISE.

264. "WORTHY IS THE LAMB." C. M.

1 We sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne!
Ten thousand blessings on thy name,
Who worthy art alone!

Thy bruised broken body bore
Our sins upon the tree;
And now thou liv'st for evermore,
And now we live through thee.

2 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine?
Can aught be with it named?
What powerful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflamed!
Ye angels, hymn his glorious name,
Who loved and conquer'd thus;
And we shall likewise laud the Lamb,
For he was slain for us.

265. CHRIST'S DIVINITY. L. M.

1 A THOUSAND seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

2 Yet there is one of human frame:
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

3 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one, [paries
Though they are known by diff're
The Father God, and God the Son.

4 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be adored;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

266. DELIGHTING IN CHRIST. 7's & 8

1 I know the blessed Jesus,
The kindest of my friends;
From all our sins he frees us,
From all our foes defends:
His loving eye doth guide me,
Where streams of pleasure roll;
His faithful breast doth hide me,
When sin pursues my soul.

2 The bright, the glorious Jesus
Has risen on my sight,
As morning's sunbeam chases
Away the shades of night.
The gloom of guilt has vanish'd,
The tyrant's power is gone,
And sin itself is banish'd—
Despair hath left her throne.

3 My voice shall sing of Jesus,
My soul shall bless his name;
Eternity's loud praises
Shall all his love proclaim.
I'll sing when pains assail me,
I'll sing when I'm at rest,
I'll sing when angels hail me,
And bear me to his breast.

4 I soon shall be with Jesus,
My toils and trials o'er;
No rude alarms shall seize us:
We then shall weep no more.
His friendly hand shall greet me,
From him I ne'er shall roam;
His gracious smile shall meet me,
His heart shall be my home.

267. THE FOUNTAIN. C.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor leproy, stain'd ring thou
Lies silent in the grave.

5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

6 'Tis form'd and strung for endless years
And tuned by love divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

268. THE CORONATION OF CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 **ALL** hail the pow'r of Jesu's name!
Ye angels, prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal disdem,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints redeem'd of Adam's race,
From sin and Satan's thrall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 4 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him, Lord of all.
- 5 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him, Lord of all.

269. PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER. 4-6's & 2-5's

- 1 Your hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name,
Your noblest pow'rs combine,
To celebrate his fame!
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him we owe.
- 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What he endured, O, who can tell!
To save our souls from death and hell.
- 3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high the Saviour-God.
- 4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give:
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

270. "WORTHY THE LAMB." P. M.

- 1 **GLORY** to God on high!
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye his name!
Angels his love adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And saints sing evermore,
Worthy the Lamb!
- 2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name:
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound we his fame abroad:
Worthy the Lamb!
- 3 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name;
To him we'll tribute bring,
Hail him our glorious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

271. THE SWEETEST THEME. C. M.

- 1 **TRUST**, dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.
- 3 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all the ransom'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud
And Christ shall be our song.

272. UNIVERSAL PRAISE TO CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 **COME**, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues
But all their joys are one.
- 2 'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
'To be exalted thus';
'Worthy the Lamb,' our lips reply,
'For he was slain for us.'
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

273. JESUS PRECIOUS. C. M.

- 1 **JESUS**, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet,
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 'Tis speak the honours of thy name
With my last labouring breath;
And, dying, clasp thee in my arms—
The antidote of death.
274. GRATITUDE TO THE SAVIOUR. L. M.
- 1 Now let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above:
Thers our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 Jesus, who died upon the tree,
In agonizing pains expired;
Who died for rebels—yes 'tis he!
How bright, how lovely, how admired!

- 4 Jesus, who died that we might live,
Died in the wretched traitor's place;
O! what returns can mortals give,
For such immeasurable grace!

275. A NEW SONG TO THE LAMB. C. M.

- 1 Behold the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Lo! elders worship at his feet;
The church adores around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain,
For ever on thy head!
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

276. PRAISE TO JESUS. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord who died to save us,
Praise his name, for ever dear;
Praise his blessed name who gave us
Eyes to see and ears to hear.
Praise the Saviour,
Object of our love and fear.
- 2 Grace it was, 'twas grace abounding,
Brought him down to save the lost;
Ye above, his throne surrounding,
Praise him—praise him, all his host;
Saints adore him,
Ye are they who owe him most.
- 3 Praise his name who died to save us,
'Tis by him poor sinners live,
And in him the Father gave us,
All that boundless love could give.
Life eternal,
In our Saviour we receive.

277. ADORATION OF CHRIST. 8's.

- 1 O Jesus, to tell of thy love,
Our souls shall for ever delight,
And join with the blessed above,
In praises by day and by night.
Wherever we follow the Lord,
Admiring, adoring, we see
That love which was stronger than death
Flowing out without limit, and free.
- 2 Descending from glory on high,
With men thou delighted'st to dwell,
Contented our surety to die,
By dying to save us from hell;
Enduring the grief and the shame,
And bearing our sin on the cross,
O! who would not boast of this love,
And count the world's glory but loss!

278. THE NAME OF JESUS. C. M.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name! the rock on which we build,
Our shield and hiding-place;

Our never-failing Trea's'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 Jesus our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.

- 5 Weak is the effort of our heart,
Feeble the songs we raise;
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll give thee endless praise.

279. THE ATTRACTIVE OF THE CROSS. L. M.

- 1 We sing the praise of him who died,
Of him who died upon the cross,
The sinner's hope, whom men deride,
For whom we count the world but loss.
- 2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see,
In shining letters, "God is love,"
He hears our sin upon the tree,
And brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,
It takes its terror from the grave,
And glides the bed of death with light.
- 5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heav'n above!

280. LOOKING TO JESUS. 7's & 6's.

- 1 O, Jesus Christ our Saviour,
We only look to thee;
'Tis in thy love and favour,
Our souls find liberty.
While Satan fiercely rages,
And shipwreck oft we fear,
'Tis this our grief assuages,
That thou art always near.
- 2 Yes, though the tempest round us
Seems safety to defy,
Though rocks and shoals surround us,
And swell the billows high;
Thou dost from death protect us,
And cheer us by thy love;
Thy counsels too direct us,
Safe to the rest above.
- 3 O then how loud the chorus
Shall to thy name resound,
From all at rest before us,
From all thy grace hath found.
One joyful song for ever,
Each heart, each lip, shall raise;
The praise of our Redeemer,
Our God and Saviour's praise.

281. THANKSGIVING TO CHRIST. L. M.

- 1 Now in a song of grateful praise
To our dear Lord our voice we'll raise,
With all his saints we'll join to tell,
"Our Jesus has done all things well."
- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess,
His wisdom all his works express;
But O, his love! what tongue can tell!
"Our Jesus has done all things well."
- 3 And since our souls have known his love,
What mercies has he made us prove?

high all our praise excel;
 s has done all things well."
 say a fiery flaming dart
 r levels at our heart,
 we all his rage repel;
 s has done all things well."
 to that bright world we rise,
 he anthems of the skies,
 rest this note shall swell,
 s has done all things well."

FRASE TO JESUS. 7's & 6's.

my God and Saviour,
 ut exulting sings,
 in thy favour,
 thy King of kings.
 state thy glory,
 all thy saints above,
 the joyful story
 redeeming love.
 he morn with roses
 in the dewy east,
 in the sun reposes
 he ocean's breast,
 in adoration,
 thy throne shall rise,
 use for thy salvation,
 sing sacrifice.
 through life supported,
 the dangerous road,
 avensly hosts escorted
 their bright abode.
 at my crown before thee,
 if my conflicts o'er,
 and night adore thee,
 can an angel more?

GLORY BE TO THE SON. 8, 7, 4.

ery everlasting,
 n who bore the cross,
 m'd our souls by tasting
 he death deserved by us;
 ad his glory,
 h saved vile rebels thus.
 —'tis love unbounded,
 measure, without end;
 ought is here confounded,
 not to comprehend;
 as the Saviour!
 the sinner's friend!
 hear the wondrous story
 vior's cross and shame,
 Everlasting glory,
 d and to the Lamb!"
 and angels,
 glory to his name.

THE NAME OF JESUS. C. M.

w much thy name unfolds,
 open'd ear;
 i'd sinner's mem'ry holds
 ver half so dear.
 speaks a life of love,
 rows meekly borne;
 sympathy above,
 s sins we mourn.
 if thy sinless walk
 ship with God;
 r ears, no tale so sweet
 as loving blood.

- 4 This name encircles ev'ry space,
 That God, as man, could show;
 There only can the Spirit trace
 A perfect life below.
 5 The mention of thy name shall bow
 Our hearts to worship thee;
 The chiefest of ten thousand thou,
 The chief of sinners we.

285. FRASE TO CHRIST. 8's & 7's.

- 1 Hail! thou once despised Jesus,
 Hail, thou Galilean King!
 Thou did'st suffer to release us,
 Then did'st free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonising Saviour,
 Bearer of our sin and shame;
 By thy merits we find favour,
 Life is given through thy name.
 2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
 There for ever to abide!
 All the heavenly host adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
 There for sinners thou art pleading,
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
 3 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
 Thous art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays!
 Help to sing your Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

286. FRASE TO THE REDEEMER. 8's.

- 1 My gracious Redeemer I love!
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name.
 To gaze on his glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ;
 To feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless ineffable joy.
 2 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live in the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell.
 To shine with the angels of light,
 With saints and with seraphs to sing,
 To view with eternal delight,
 My Jesus, my Saviour, my King.

287. GRATITUDE TO JESUS. 7's

- 1 SWEETER sounds than music knows
 Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
 All her hopes my spirit owes
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.
 2 When he came, the angels sung,
 "Glory be to God on high!"
 Lord, unless my hammering tongue;
 Who should louder sing than I?
 3 Did the Lord a man become,
 That he might the law fulfil,
 Bled and suffer in my room—
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
 4 No! I must my praises bring,
 Though they worthless are, and weak.
 For, should I refuse to sing,
 Sure the very stones would speak!

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,
I will love Thee without end!

288. THE ANGELS' THEME. 8's & 7's.

- 1 MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee,
May an infant lip thy name?
Lord of men, as well as angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme!
- 2 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 3 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 4 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow, my praise, for ever flow.
- 5 Come, return, immortal Saviour!
Come, Lord Jesus, take thy throne:
Quickly come, and reign for ever—
Be the kingdom all thine own.

289. CHRIST WORTHY OF ALL PRAISE. 7's & 6's.

- 1 O Jesus, Saviour, lead us
To give all praise to thee;
Thou dost with manna feed us,
Thy truth has set us free.
O may we then endeavour
That freedom-strength to use,
So that our hearts may never
Those precious gifts abuse.
- 2 This world is sad and dreary
To those who love thy name;
Our hearts and hands grow weary,
And faint this earthly frame.
Yet only to thy glory
Would we desire to live;
Help us to walk before thee;
Joy, peace, and wisdom give.
- 3 All praise and glory, Jesus,
Be thine for evermore!
Thou dost from sin release us,
Our souls thou dost restore.
And O! the rest transcending,
We shall thy name declare,
When, thou in clouds descending,
We meet thee in the air.

290. ADORATION OF THE LAMB. 6-8's.

- 1 The Lamb was slain! let us adore,
And joyfully his mercy own,
And humbly now, and evermore,
Before his wounded feet fall down:
Serve without dread, with reverence love
The Lord whose boundless grace we prove.
- 2 The Lamb was slain! both day and night
The angelic choir his praises sing;
To him, enthroned above all height,
They round the throne their anthems
As saints on earth we join the song, [bring:
And praise him, though with stammering
tongue.
- 3 Gladly our own poor works we leave,
For him despise wealth, pleasure, fame;
To him our souls and bodies give,
Whose love doth our affection claim;

Henceforth we own him as our Lord,
Alone beloved, alone adored.

- 4 Through him alone we live, for he
Hath drowned our transgressions all
In love's unfathomable sea:
O love unknown, unsearchable!
For ever in our hearts remain [shain.
This precious truth, "The Lamb was

291. REDEEMING LOVE. 7's.

- 1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud to Jesu's name,
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in Redeeming Love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless Redeeming Love.
- 3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancel'd by Redeeming Love.
- 4 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast!
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but Redeeming Love.

292. "THOU ART WORTHY." 8, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 Let us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name!
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's flame:
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threatens hard to bear us down,
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He that wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.
- 3 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted him before us,
Now they praise him all the sky:
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

293. HONOUR DUE TO CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 To thee, my Saviour and my Lord,
A lofty song I'll raise,
While love inspires my glowing heart,
And forms my lips to praise.
- 2 Worthy for ever is the Lamb
That bore our sins away;
But oh! what tribute can we give,
What equal honours pay?
- 3 Millions of saints thy grace proclaim
In noblest strains above;
But not an angel's tongue can tell
The wonders of thy love.
- 4 Bless'd seraphs sing thy matchless grace,
And shout thy high renown;
Archangels at thy sacred feet
Lay their bright glories down.
- 5 Reign, mighty Prince! for ever reign,
Till death himself be dead;
And let eternal ages shower
Their blessings on thy head.
- 6 Thus will I sing, till nature fails,
Till sense and language die,

And then resume the glorious theme,
In happier worlds on high.

294. ADORATION OF CHRIST. 2-6's & 4-7's.

1 High above every name,
Jesus, the great I AM!
Bows to Jesus every knee,
Things in heaven, and earth, and hell,
Saints adore him, demons flee,
Fiends, and men, and angels feel!

2 He left his throne above,
Emptied of all but love:
Whom the heavens cannot contain,
God, vouchsafed a worn 't appear,
Lord of Glory, Son of Man,
Poor, and vile, and abject here.

3 His own on earth he sought,
His own received him not:
Him a sign by all blasphemed,
Outcast and despised of men,
Him they all a madman deem'd,
Bold to scoff the Nazarene.

4 Hail! Galilean King!
Thy humble state I sing;
Never shall thy triumphs end;
Hail, derided Majesty!
Jesus, hail! the sinner's Friend,
Friend of publicans,—and me.

295. ADORING CHRIST. 7's & 6's.

1 SAVIOUR, so full of bruises,
No fall of pain and scorn,
'Mock'd other sore abuses,
'Mock'd with a crown of thorn!
Saviour, erewhile surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bow'd and wounded,
Adored be by me!

2 I give thee thanks unforged,
O Jesus, friend in need,
For what thy soul sustained,
When thou for me didst bleed.
Thou wilt preserve me ever,
Till I before thee stand;
Can aught on earth me sever
From thy most faithful hand?

3 When in the arms of Jesus
My lips shall pallid grow,
Then shall that blood so precious,
Which from his wounds did flow,
Refresh my soul in dying,
Till I shall join the blest;
And, endless life enjoying,
My flesh in hope shall rest.

296. THE NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME. C. M.

1 Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky!
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It softens all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into helpless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see,
The riches of his grace!

The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'T is all my business here below
To cry "Behold the Lamb."

6 Happy if, with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

297. PRAISE TO THE LAMB. 8's & 7's

1 HARK! ten thousand voices crying,
"Lamb of God!" with one accord,
Thousand thousand voices replying,
Wake at once the echoing choral.

2 "Praise the Lamb," the chorus waking,
All in heav'n together throng,
Loud and far each tongue, partaking,
Rolls around the endless song.

3 Grateful incense this, ascending
Ever to the Father's throne,
Every knee to Jesus bending,
All the mind in heaven is one.

4 Joyful, now the full creation
Rests in undisturb'd repose,
Blest in Jesu's full salvation,
Sorrow now, nor thralldom knows.

298. LOOK AND LIVE. O. M.

1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'T is music in the sinner's ears,
'T is life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.

4 Look unto him, ye nations! own
Your God, ye fallen race!
Look and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

5 See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain;
His soul was once an offering made
For ev'ry soul of man.

299. SALVATION FOR ALL. 4-6's & 2-3's.

1 Let earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;

To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus!—transporting sound!—
The joy of earth and heaven!
No other help is found,
No other name is given
By which we can salvation have;
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'T is music to his ears,
'T is life and victory:

New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

- 4 O, unexampled love !
O, all-redempting grace !
How swiftly didst thou move
To save our fallen race !
What shall I do to make that known
Which thou for all mankind hast done ?
- 5 O for a trumpet voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all ;
For all my Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

300. PRAISE TO THE LAMB. S. M.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power,
Sing how he interceded above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing ;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,
" Ye blessed children, come ;"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sing in sweeter notes the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

301. PRAISE FROM THE CHURCH. C. M.

- 1 WE sing to thee, thou Son of God,
Fountain of life and grace !
We praise thee, Son of Man, whose blood
Ransom'd our fallen race !
- 2 Thee we acknowledge God and Lord,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who art by heaven and earth adored,
Worthy o'er both to reign !
- 3 Throughout the world thy churches join
To call on thee, their Head,
Brightness of majesty divine,
Who ev'ry power hast made.
- 4 Among their number, Lord, we love
To sing thy precious blood ;
Reign here, and in the worlds above,
Thou holy Lamb of God !

302. THE CHURCH'S TRIBUTE. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee—
Like the dear hour, when, from above,
We first received thy pledge of love.
- 2 Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

303. SONG OF THE REDEEMED. 4-6's & 3-8's.

- 1 On earth the song begins,
In heaven more sweet and loud,
46

" To him that cleansed our sins
By his atoning blood—
To him," we sing in joyful strain,
" Be honour, pow'r, and praise. Amen."

- 2 Believers, now repeat
What heaven with gladness owns ;
And while before his feet
The elders cast their crowns,
Come, imitate the choir above,
And sing aloud the Saviour's love.
- 3 Alone he bore the cross,
Alone its grief sustain'd ;
His was the shame and loss,
And he the vict'ry gain'd :
The mighty work was all his own,
But we shall share the joy and crown.

304. GLORY TO THE LAMB. C. M.

- 1 ALL glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

305. PRAISE TO THE LAMB. L. M.

- 1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb !
Since all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name.
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain, (died,
The Prince of peace that grunn'd and
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Immortal praises must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn,
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 4 Honour for ever to the Lamb,
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain ;
Let angels bless his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

306. PRAISE TO JESUS. 2-6's & 4-7's.

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's sacrifice !
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself hath join'd,
Thee, my soul, his own to make.
- 2 Hail, everlasting Lord,
Divine, incarnate Word !
Thee let all my powers confess,
Thee my latest breath proclaim ;
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved Emmanuel's name !
- 3 Jesus, to thee I bow !
Th' Almighty's Fellow, thou !
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Pleased he ever is in thee ;
Just and holy thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.

307. GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION. 8's & 7's

- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
- 3 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;

save my soul from danger,
 posed his precious blood,
 grace how great a debtor
 y I'm constrain'd to be!
 at grace, Lord, like a fetter,
 I my wand'ring heart to thee.

ADORATION OF CHRIST. 6-S's.
 A good th' unfathom'd sea!
 ould not give his heart to thee?
 ould not love thee with his might,
 lover of mankind?
 aid not his whole soul and mind,
 all his strength to thee unite?
 t of good, all blessing flows
 se; no want thy fulness knows,
 but thyself canst thou desire?
 -sufficient as thou art,
 t desire my worthless heart:
 nly this, dost thou require.
 l Beauty! in thy sight
 -born fairest sons of light
 their brightest glories fade.
 en to me thine eyes could turn?
 nceived, of woman born,
 n, a leaf, a blast, a shade!
 nles tremble at thy nod,
 nbling, own th' Almighty God,
 m of earth, hell, air, and sky.
 is this that comes from far,
 rments roll'd in blood appear?
 d made man, for man to die.

GOD OVER ALL. 6-S's.
 ou King enthron'd on high,
 angelic hosts draw nigh,
 arts they fill with thankful songs,
 ng from immortal tongues:
 y proclaim, through realms of
 r all, for ever blest." [rust,
 l, like them, thy power proclaim,
 the honours of thy name—
 e whence all our mercies rise,
 each want gives due supplies:
 thou art, adored, confess'd,
 r all, for ever blest."
 r care, while here we stay,
 a thee, who art "the Way;"
 in thee, "the Truth," believe:
 e, "the Life," our life receive—
 is, of all power possess,
 e all, for ever blest."

DIVINE LOVE. P. M.
 BATH Jehovah's love, [flow!
 pring whence all our blessings
 e, the Lord of lords above,
 ved us from eternal wo. [sung
 dear-loved name with pleasure
 ad heaven, by all of ev'ry tongue,
 d by mercy, come and bring
 grateful tribute to your God;
 e goodness of your King,
 rend his nameless love abroad
 atune hearts and tongues to
 ting song to Jesu's praise. [raise

REV. XIX. 5, 6. P. M.
 a voice in the sky
 ming on high,
 all the ethereal plains,

"Ye servants of God,
 Now publish abroad,
 That the Lord, the Omnipotent, reigns!"
 2 O sing to his praise
 In heavenly lays;
 Tune your harps to the loftiest strains!
 To him whom ye fear,
 With rapture draw near:
 The Lord, the Omnipotent, reigns!

312. JESUS REIGNING. 4-7's & 2-5's.
 1 REJOICE, the Lord is King;
 Your Lord and King adore;
 Mortals give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore;
 Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
 Rejoice aloud, in him rejoice.
 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns
 The God of truth and love,
 When he had loos'd our chains,
 He took his seat above.
 Lift up the heart, &c.
 3 His Kingdom cannot fall,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n.
 Lift up the heart, &c.

313. PSALM XLV. 3-6. P. M.
 1 LEVY to the King of heav'n
 Your cheerful voices raise;
 To him your vows be giv'n,
 Fill all his courts with praise!
 Adore, O earth!
 Beaming with grace, to save your race,
 He issues forth.
 2 Truth, meekness, righteousness,
 Thy majesty display,
 And round thy chariot press,
 To spread thy gentle sway
 Through Zion's land,
 O, prosperous ride! none can abide
 Thy strong right hand.

314. DIVINE MERCY. 8, 8, 6.
 1 O on a seraph's golden lyre,
 With chords of light and tones of fire,
 To sing Emmanuel's love!
 To tell redemption's wondrous plan;
 How God descended down to man,
 That man might rise above!
 2 His creatures felt; no pitying eye,
 No mighty arm to save was nigh,
 Or aid our feeble pow'rs:
 He saw, he came, he fought alone,
 And conquer'd evils not his own,
 That we might conquer ours.

315. C. M.
 1 His who earth known,
 And bore grief and pains,
 Now seated the eternal throne,
 The God of glory reigns.
 2 What though the land through which we go
 Be desolate and dry,
 Truth's living streams through Jesus flow,
 Our thirst to satisfy.
 3 O then, while angels sing his praise,
 In heav'nly worlds above,
 Let us on earth prolong the lays
 Of gratitude and love.

- 316. PRAISE TO JESUS. 8, 8, 6.**
- 1 *JESUS, thou soul of all our joys,
For whom we now lift up our voice,
And all our strength exert,
Vouchsafe the grace we humbly claim,
Compose into a thankful frame,
And tune thy people's heart.*
 - 2 *Thee let us praise, our common Lord,
And sweetly join with one accord,
Thy goodness to proclaim:
Jesus, thyself in us reveal,
And all our faculties shall feel
Thy hallowing name.*
 - 3 *With calmly reverential joy,
O let us all our lives employ
In setting forth thy love;
And raise in death our triumph higher,
And sing, with all the heavenly choir,
That endless song above!*

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS WORK.

- 317. SPIRIT OF THE LORD IS UPON ME. L. M.**
- 1 *The Spirit of the Lord our God
(Spirit of Power, and Health, and Love),
The Father hath on Christ bestow'd,
And sent him from his throne above.*
 - 2 *Prophet, and Priest, and King of Peace,
Anointed to declare his will,
To minister his pard'ning grace,
And ev'ry sin-sick soul to heal.*
 - 3 *Sinners, obey the heavenly call;
Your prison-doors stand open wide;
Go forth, for he hath ransom'd all,
For ev'ry soul of man hath died.*
 - 4 *'Tis his the drooping soul to raise,
To rescue all by sin oppress'd,
To clothe them with the robes of praise,
And give their weary spirits rest.*
- 318. THE HOLY SPIRIT A WITNESS. C. M.**
- 1 *ETERNAL Spirit! source of truth!
Our waiting hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.*
 - 2 *'Tis thine to soothe the sorrowing soul,
With guilt and fears oppress'd;
'Tis thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.*
 - 3 *Subdue the power of ev'ry sin,
Whatever that sin may be;
That we in singleness of heart
May worship only thee.*
 - 4 *Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we are sons of God,
Redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.*

- 319. THE DAY OF PENTECOST. C. M.**
- 1 *Let songs of praises fill the sky;
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.*
 - 2 *The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And shows them unto men;
The fallen soul his temple makes,
God's image stamps again.*
 - 3 *Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;*

*Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire!*

- 320. LIFTING UP A STANDARD. L. M.**
- 1 *O SPIRIT of the living God!
Whose heart yearns o'er a dying world,
Against sin's raging, swelling flood,
Thy glorious banner be unfurl'd!*
 - 2 *Roll back the fierce, outbursting tide
Of unbelief, and crime, and woe:
The wanderer to Jesus guide;
Christ's love to ev'ry sinner show.*
 - 3 *Lift up the Cross, till ev'ry soul
Bends to its pure and gentle sway,
Till over earth, from pole to pole, [day
Hell's night gives place to heaven's gla*
- 321. "WORKING TO WILL AND TO DO." S. M.**
- 1 *'T is God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.*
 - 2 *Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way,
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.*
 - 3 *'T is he that works to will,
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act;
His be the glory too.*

HOLY SPIRIT—HIS CHARACTERS.

- 322. "EVEN THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH." C. M.**
- 1 *SPIRIT of Truth! on this thy day,
To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality!*
 - 2 *We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more;
Enough for us to trace thy will,
In Scripture's sacred lore.*
 - 3 *When tongues shall cease and power decay
And knowledge empty prove,
Do thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love.*

323. THE COMFORTER.

- 1 *JESUS is gone up on high,
But his promise still is here,
'I will all your wants supply;
I will send the Comforter.*
- 2 *Let us now his promise plead,
Let us to his throne draw nigh;
Jesus knows his people's need,
Jesus hears his people's cry.*
- 3 *Send us, Lord, the Comforter,
Pledge and witness of thy love;
Dwelling with thy people here,
Leading them to joys above.*

324. THE PLEDGE OF HEAVEN. C. 1

- 1 *Now may the Spirit from above
Impart his holy fire;
And cause our hearts to glow with love
And vehement desire—*
- 2 *The sweet desire of holy things,
That finds its element
In converse with the King of kings,
With nought but this content.*
- 3 *The pledge of sacred joys to come,
Anticipation bliss.*

Of heav'n, our everlasting home,
Of heav'n our place of rest.

325. THE SPIRIT OUR GUIDE. L. M.

- 1 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside!
- 2 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

326. "GRIEVE NOT THE SPIRIT." S. M.

- 1 FORTNID it, Lord, that we,
Who from thy hand receive
The Spirit's power to make us free,
Should s'er that Spirit grieve.
- 2 O keep our faith alive,
Help us to watch and pray;
Lest by our carelessness we drive
The sacred Guest away.
- 3 How can we bear to lose
Our best and kindest Friend,
Life, health, and happiness refuse,
And joys that never end?
- 4 Are Satan's chains so light,
So easy to be borne,
That we thy tender love should slight,
Thy glorious freedom scorn?

327. THE PROMISED COMFORTER. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, we on thy words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here—
'The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
- 2 That heavenly Teacher of mankind,
That Guide infallible impart,
To bring thy sayings to our mind,
And write them on our faithful heart.
- 3 The length and breadth of love reveal,
The height and depth of Deity;
And all the sons of glory seal,
And change and make us all like thee.

328. THE PROMISE OF THE SPIRIT. 7's.

- 1 LOAN, we plead thy promise giv'n,
Let the Spirit come from heav'n;
Ours to ask, and thine to grant,
Lord, supply thy people's want.
- 2 Kindle in our hearts a flame,
Pure and vehement—the same
As of old thy people felt,
Those in whom thy Spirit dwelt.
- 3 Be our bodies thine abode,
Temples of the Lord our God;
Living, dying, let us be,
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

INVOCATION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

329. PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT. L. M.

- 1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay;
Though I have done thee such despite,
Oust not the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.
- 2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received,
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

- 3 Yet O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest,
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.
- 4 For Jesu's sake, my sins forgive;
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into thy rest of love receive;
And let my soul on thee repose.

330. VENE, CREATOR. G-S's

- 1 CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid!
Come, visit every waiting mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human-kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for thee.
- 2 Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heav'n and earth com
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire, (maud
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us, while we sing.
- 3 Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name.
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to thee!

331. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. 4-C's & 2-S's

- 1 THOU Holy Spirit, breathe,
Thy quick'ning power impart;
Thy heavenly unction give,
And warm each waiting heart:
Now let us feel thy sacred fire,
And ev'ry soul with love inspire
- 2 Conquer the powers of hell,
Break down the walls of sin,
And ev'ry lust dispel,
Follousing us within:
Now let us feel thy sacred fire,
And ev'ry soul with love inspire.
- 3 Bli darkness flee away,
Let light and life be given;
O, lead us into day—
The blessed light of heaven!
Now let us feel thy sacred fire,
And ev'ry soul with love inspire.

332. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. S. M

- 1 DESCEND, immortal Dove,
Spread thy kind wings abroad,
And, wrapt in flames of holy love,
Bear all my soul to God.
- 2 Thou dost my Lord reveal
In charms of grace divine;
Thou art thyself the sacred seal,
That Pearl of price is mine.
- 3 Behold my heart expands
To catch the heavenly fire:
It longs to feel the gentle bands,
And groans with strong desire.
- 4 Thy love, my God, appears,
And brings salvation down;
My cordial through this vale of tears,
In paradise my crown.

333. THE SPIRIT'S HOME. 2-S's & 4-7's

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit, come
Into thy meanest home;
From thy high and holy place,
Where thou dost in glory reign.

Stoop in condescending grace,
Stoop to the poor heart of man.

- 2 Our ruin'd souls repair,
And fix thy mansion there;
Claim us for thy constant shrine;
All thy glorious self reveal;
Life, and power, and love divine,
God in us for ever dwell.

334. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. 6-7's.

- 1 FATHER, glorify thy Son;
Answering his all-powerful prayer,
Send that Intercessor down,
Send that other Comforter,
Whom believably we claim,
Whom we ask in Jesu's name.
- 2 Wilt thou not the promise seal,
Good and faithful as thou art.
Send the Comforter to dwell
Ev'ry moment in our heart?
Yes, thou wilt the grace bestow:
Truth hath said it shall be so.

335. PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT. 8-M.

- 1 LEAVE us not comfortless,
O thou, our risen Lord!
But send thy Spirit down, to bless
And guide us with thy word.
- 2 By him thy gifts impart,
Light, peace, and joy, and love;
Seal of adoption in our heart,
Earnest of heaven above!

336. PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT. 7's.

- 1 HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine,
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn the darkness into day.
Let me see my Saviour's face,
Let me all his beauties trace;
Show those glorious truths to me,
Which are only known by thee.
- 2 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.
See, to thee I yield my heart,
Send thy life through ev'ry part;
A pure temple I would be,
Wholly dedicate to thee.

337. PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT. L. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire!

338. THE HEAVENLY FIRE. 6-S's.

ETERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enlivening, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire.
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come!

339. THE SPIRIT IMPLORED. S. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;

Dispel all darkness from our minds,
Till Satan, conquer'd flies.

- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
All selfishness remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 3 'T is thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.
- 4 Dwell therefore in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free,
Then shall we worship, praise, and love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

340. COME, HOLY SPIRIT. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

341. PENTECOST. L. M.

- 1 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thy influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of the sacred day.
- 2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
Let all the list'ning earth be taught
The wonders by the Saviour wrought.
- 3 Best Comforter and heavenly Guide,
Still with the church of Christ abide!
Still let our souls thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

342. PRAYER TO THE SPIRIT. C. M.

- 1 SPIRIT divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come—great Spirit—come!
- 2 Come as the fire—and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an off'ring be,
To our Redeemer's name.
- 3 Come as the dew—and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fertilising power.
- 4 Come as the dove—and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blest as the church above.
- 5 Spirit divine! attend our prayers,
Make a lost world thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
O come—great Spirit—come!

343. THE CHURCH'S PRAYER. S. M.

- 1 LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power:
We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,
The Spirit of all grace.
- 2 Like mighty rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,

Move with one impulse every mind,
One soul, one feeling breathe;
The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

- 9 Spirit of light, explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With lustre shining more and more
Unto the perfect day;
Spirit of truth, be thou
In life and death our guide;
O, Spirit of adoption, now
May we be sanctified!

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

344. LUKE XII. 16. C. M.

- 1 O BREATHE upon this languid frame,
Spirit of heavenly might!
Baptise me with thy vital flame
Of purity and light.
2 Descend like heaven's self-kindled fire
On my heart's sacrifice,
Till self in flames of love expire,
In clouds of incense rise.

345. THE INDEWELLING OF THE SPIRIT. C. M.

- 1 KETTLEDROVES on high, Almighty Lord,
The Holy Ghost send down!
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.
2 Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous power impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we now desire—
Thy Spirit in our heart.
3 His love within us, shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well!
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

346. BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, our best-beloved friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire!
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptise us with thy Spirit's fire.
2 On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be;
Pardon and sanctify us all,
Let earth thy full salvation see.

347. THE OUTPOURING OF THE SPIRIT. L. M.

- 1 O SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
3 Baptise the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord.
4 God from eternity hath will'd,
All flesh shall his salvation see;

So be the Father's love fulfill'd, [thee.
The Saviour's sufferings crown'd through

348. THE SPIRIT OF HEALTH. S. M.

- 1 O COME and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within!
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin.
The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health remove,
Spirit of Christ-like holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.
2 I want to know, O Lord,
That all I do is right,
According to thy will and word,
Well-pleasing in thy sight.
I ask no higher state;
Indulge me but in this,
And soon or later then translate
To my eternal bliss.

349. THE SPIRIT OF HOLINESS. 6-8's.

- 1 O BLESSED Comforter, now come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me thy constant home,
And take possession of my breast,
And fix in me thy loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!
2 Come, Holy Ghost, my heart inspire!
For ever in thy love remain;
Come, and baptise me now with fire,
Nor let thy former gifts be vain:
I cannot rest in sins forgiven;
Where is the earnest of my heaven?

PRAISE TO FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT.

350. THE TRIUNE JEHOVAH. 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 YOUNG men and maidens, raise
Your tuneful voices high;
Old men and children, praise
The Lord of earth and sky:
Him, Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.
2 The universal King
Let all the world proclaim;
Let ev'ry creature sing
His attributes and name!
Him, Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.
3 In his great name alone
All excellences meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
Him, Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.
4 Glory to God belongs,
Glory to God be given,
Above the noblest songs
Of all in earth or heaven!
Him, Three in One, and One in Three,
Extol to all eternity.

351. FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT. S. M.

- 1 FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.
2 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race

Render in thanks their lives to thee
For thy redeeming grace.

- 3 Spirit of holiness,
Let all thy saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thy heart-renewing power.
4 Eternal, Triune Lord!
Let all the hosts above,
Let all the sons of men record,
And dwell upon thy love.

352. PRAYER TO THE THREE-ONE GOD. C. M.

- 1 Jehovah, God the Father, bless
And thy own work defend!
With mercy's outstretch'd arms embrace,
And keep us to the end!
2 Jehovah, God the Son, reveal
The brightness of thy face,
And all thy paragon'd people fill
With plenteousness of grace.
3 Jehovah, God the Spirit, shine,
Father and Son to show!
With bliss ineffable, divine,
Our ravish'd hearts o'erflow!
4 Sure earnest of that happiness
Which human hope transcends,
Be thou our everlasting peace,
When grace in glory ends!

353. CONCOMITATION TO THE TRINE GOD. 6-7's.

- 1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.
2 Take my soul and body's powers!
Take my memory, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart—but make it new!
3 Now, O God, thine own I am,
Now I give thee back thine own,
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Consecrate to thee alone.
Thine I live, thrice happy I;
Happier still if thine I die!

354. PRAYER TO FATHER, SON, AND SPIRIT. C. M.

- 1 Hail, holy, holy, Lord!
Whom One in Three we know,
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy church below.
2 One undivided Trinity,
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.
3 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Son, adore;
Thee, Spirit of truth and holiness,
We worship evermore.
4 Three Persons, equally divine,
We magnify and love;
And both the choirs are long shall join
To sing thy praise above.

355. 4-5's & 2-5's.

- 1 I give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above!

He sent his own eternal Son,
To die for sins that man had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns
And sees the fruit of all his pains.
3 To God the Spirit's name,
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinners live;
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

356. 8's &

- 1 To the Source of every blessing,
Grateful anthems let us raise;
Holy joy our souls possessing,
Swells the tribute of our praise.
2 Glory to the Almighty Father,
Fountain of eternal love,
Who, his wandering sheep to gather
Sent a Saviour from above.
3 To the Son all praise be given,
Who, with love unknown before,
Left the bright abode of heaven,
And our sins and sorrows bore.
4 Equal strains of warm devotion
Let the Spirit's praise employ,
Author of each holy motion,
Source of wisdom, peace, and joy.

357. 8, 1

- 1 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
In earth and heaven adored,
Our hearts, and hands, and Hips we raise
With humble prayer and grateful praise
And own our sovereign Lord.
2 Father, Redeemer, heavenly Guide,
May we by faith in thee abide,
And bless thy constant love,
Till we in heaven thy glory see,
And praise thee through eternity,
With angel-hosts above.

358. 8.

- 1 The Father we adore,
And everlasting Son,
The Spirit of his love and power,
The glorious Three in One.
2 At the creation's birth,
This song was sung on high,
Shall sound through every age on ear
And through eternity.

359. 1.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

360. 8.

- Ys angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

361.

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

362.

L. M.

PRaise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

363.

7's.

PRaise the name of God Most High,
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

364.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

365.

6-8's.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

SINNERS—WARNED.

366.

MERCY'S VOICE.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 LISTEN, sinner! mercy hails you,
With her sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls.
Listen, sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.
- 2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering,
O'er the path you dare to tread;
Hark! the awful thunders rolling,
Loud and louder o'er your head;
Hasten, sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.
- 3 Haste, O haste! to the Saviour,
Find his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over,
Soon your life will pass away.
Hasten, sinner!
You must perish if you stay.

367.

THE VOICE OF WARNING. 7's & 6's.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner! stop and think,
Before you farther go!
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Once again, I charge you, stop!
For, unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose?
Fear you not that iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When be judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame.

31

SINNERS—ENTREATED.

368.

THE HEAVENLY STRANGER.

L. M.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks—has knock'd before;
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertain'd so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell
With whom he condescends to dwell.
- 4 Yet know—not of the terms complain—
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign,
To reign with universal sway;
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.

369.

THE EXPOSTULATION.

7's.

- 1 LET the beasts their breath resign,
Strangers to the life divine;
Who their God can never know,
Let their spirit downward go.
You for higher ends were born:
You may all to God return;
Dwell with him above the sky:
Why will you for ever die?
- 2 You, on whom he favours showers,
You, possess'd of nobler powers;
You, whom he ordain'd to be
Transcripts of the Deity:
You, with finer sense endued,
Creatures capable of God;
Nobler of his creatures, why,
Why will you for ever die?

370.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

L. M.

- 1 O do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart:
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time; O then be wise:
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
- 3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will:
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?
- 4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
O come to Christ, believe and live:
Thou wouldst be saved, why not to-night?

371.

2 COR. V. 20.

L. M.

- 1 God, the offended God Most High,
Ambassadors to rebels sends;
His messengers his place supply,
And Jesus begs us to be friends.
- 2 Us, in the stead of Christ, they pray,
Us, in the stead of God entreat,
To cast our arms, our sins away,
And find forgiveness at his feet.

372.

"WHY WILL YE DIE?"

7's.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why:
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;

D 2

He the fatal cause demands,
As the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thoughtless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why:
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will you slight his grace, and die?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why:
He who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love:
Will you not his grace receive?
Will you still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will you grieve your God, and die?

378. COME TO JESUS.

7's.

- 1 'T is the day of grace and love,
Mercy calls you from above;
Whither, sinner, would you stray?
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 2 Days and years have run to waste,
Life escapes with ceaseless haste:
Wherefore, sinner, would you stay?
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 3 Look around, the world will fade,
All by mortal eye survey'd—
Sinner, these will soon decay:
Come to Jesus while you may.
- 4 There 's a day, 't is on the wing,
Awful tidings it may bring:
Sinner, if you dread that day,
Come to Jesus while you may.

379. THE VOICE OF ENTREATY.

8-7's.

- 1 WHAT could your Redeemer do,
More than he hath done for you?
To procure your peace with God,
Could he more than shed his blood?
After all his matchless love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will you your Lord deny:
Why will you resolve to die?
- 2 Sinners, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Ories, 'Ye will not happy be!
No, ye will not come to me!
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?'
- 3 Can you doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will you not his Word receive?
Will you not his OATH believe?
See, the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
'Why will you resolve to die?'

375. PLEADING WITH SINNERS.

O.M.

- 1 LOVERS of pleasure more than God,
For you Christ suffer'd pain;
Swearers, for you he spilt his blood,
And shall he bleed in vain?

- 2 Misers, for you his life he paid,
Your basest crime he bore;
Drunkards, your sins on him were laid
That you might sin no more.
- 3 The God of love, to earth he came,
That you might come to heaven;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And you shall be forgiven.
- 4 Believe in him that died for thee,
And, sure as he hath died,
The curse is gone, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified.

SINNERS—INVITED.

376. INVITED TO PEACE.

6-

- 1 Ye who in his courts are found,
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow, sin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.
- 2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View the bleeding sacrifice;
He will give your spirits rest;
He will make you fully blest;
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

377. ISRAEL LV.

Q.

- 1 Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring,
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.
- 2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance
In trifles light as air?
- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give;
Incline your ear, and come to me;
Hear, and your soul shall live.
- 4 With you a covenant I will make,
That ever shall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's heart
My mercy hath made sure.

378. GRACE FOR ALL.

10's & 11

- 1 THY faithfulness, Lord, each moment
find,
So true to thy word, so loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
The vilest offender may turn and find grace.
- 2 The mercy I feel, to others I show,
I set to my seal that Jesus is true;
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call
O come to my Saviour, his grace is for all.
- 3 To save what was lost, from heaven I
came:
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus' name:
He offers you pardon; he bids you be free
"If sin be your burden, O come unto me."

379. REV. XXII. 17.

S. I

- 1 THE Spirit, in his love,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come;"
The Bride, the Church of Christ proclaim
To every sinner "Come!"
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for happiness,
To Christ, the fountain, come!

Yes, whosoever will,
Let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
For in Jesus bids him come.

THE STREAMS OF MERCY. 8, 7, 4.

HE! the gospel news is sounding,
Hills hath suffer'd on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding;
Grace for all is rich and free:

Now, poor sinner,
Look to him who died for thee!
See is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
If it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side:

None need perish,
All may live, for Christ hath died.
Rest alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above;
As we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love:

All his fulness
We shall then for ever prove.

"FREELY COME." 8's & 7's

THE invitation ended?
Is the voice of mercy dumb?
If the message is extended,
Will the call be, "Freely come!"
If with sinners Jesus pleadeth
In companion's gentlest tones,
If the Spirit intercedeth,
With unutterable groans.
If the Bride, the Church, would gather
Every wanderer to her fold,
If the everlasting Father
Would with joy each child behold.
If the fount is freely flowing,
Christ hath open'd to redeem,
Gives life on all bestowing,
Who partake its living stream.

THE MESSAGE OF MERCY. 8, 7, 4.

SINNERS, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, oh how tender!
Every line is full of love;

Listen to it—

Every line is full of love.

Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's King proclaim—
To each rebel sinner, pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name!

How important!

Free forgiveness in his name!

Ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:

Rebel sinners

Glad the message will obey.

THE DAY OF SALVATION. S. M.

Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace:
O, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
Now is the accepted time;
The Saviour calls to-day:
To-morrow it may be too late;
O why should you delay?

Now is the accepted time;
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

384. MERCY'S CALL. 10's & 11's.

O ALL that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh;
He utters a cry, Ye sinners, give ear!
From hell to retrieve you, he spreads out
his hands; [stands]
Now, now to receive you, he graciously

If any man thirst, and happy would be,
The vilest and worst may come unto me;
May drink of my Spirit, excepted is none;
Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own.

Whoever receives the life-giving word,
In Jesus believes, his God and his Lord;
In him a pure river of life shall arise, [sings]
Shall, in the believer, spring up to the

385. "TO-DAY." P. M.

CHILD of sin and sorrow
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not far to-morrow—
Yield thee to-day:
Heaven bids thee come
While yet there 's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die!
Come whilst thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love
Which, from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

386. "TAKE MY YOKES." 8's & 7's.

CHILD of dust, corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone,
Willing captive, yet be free,
Take my yoke, and learn of me.
I of heaven and earth the Lord,
God with God, the eternal Word,
I forsook my Father's side,
Toil'd and wept, and bled and died.

CHILD of sin, by guilt oppress'd,
Heaven at last that throbbing breast?
Hast thou felt the mourner's part?
Fear'st thou now thy falling heart?
Bear thee on, beloved of God,
Tread the path thy Saviour trod;
He the tempter's power hath known,
He hath pour'd the garden gown.

CHILD of heaven, by me restored,
Love thy Saviour, serve thy Lord;
Seal'd with that mysterious name,
Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame.
Then, like me, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more,
Partner of my purchased throne,
One in joy, in glory one.

387. THE ONLY SACRIFICE. 6's & 7's.

COME, sinner, hasten to the Lord,
Believe with joy his holy word,
The man shall live who seeks his face,
The man shall die who scorns his grace.
The blood of Christ, and that alone,
Has power sufficient to atone.

Could all the good which has been done
By mortal man, since time begun,
To your account at once be laid,
Your debt to Heaven could ne'er be paid.
The blood of Christ, &c.
If all the sins of all mankind
To death and hell your soul should bind,
Your bonds should burst at Christ's com-
mand,
Your soul complete in judgment stand.
The blood of Christ, &c.

388. MERCY'S WELCOME. 7s.

- 1 Welcome, welcome! sinner, hear;
Hang not back through shame or fear;
Doubt not, nor distrust the call:
Mercy is proclaim'd to all.
- 2 Welcome to the offer'd peace,
Welcome, prisoner, to release;
Burst thy bonds, be saved, be free;
Rise and come—he calleth thee.
- 3 Welcome to the cleansing fount,
Springing from the sacred mount;
Welcome to the feast divine,
Bread of life, and living wine.
- 4 All ye weary and distressed,
Welcome to relief and rest;
All is ready, hear the call—
There is ample room for all.

389. REST AT THE CROSS. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 Come, ye souls, by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the cross behold the crown!
Look to Jesus!
Mercy flows through him alone.
- 2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet:
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransom'd captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-opened eyes,
Or full springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies!
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.
- 4 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all:
Faith believes it, hope expects it,
Love desires it,
But it overwhelms them all.

390. THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. 4-6's & 2-5's.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;

Redemption by his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 5 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love!
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

391. "COME US TO ME." 8, 7, 4

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come—'t is mercy's welcome hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity join'd with power:
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 3 View him prostrate in the garden;
On the ground the Saviour lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
'It is finish'd!'
Sinner! will not this suffice?
- 4 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

392. "YET THERE IS ROOM." 4-6's & 2-5's

- 1 Ye dying sons of men,
Laden with sin and wo,
The gospel's voice attend,
While Jesus speaks to you:
Ye perishing and guilty come,
In Jesu's arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame:
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinner, come,
For ev'ry trembling soul there 's room.
- 3 Believe the heavenly word
His messengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backsliding souls, return, and cease,
Cast off despair, there yet 's room.

- 4 Allured by bleeding love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near;
Christ calls you from above,
His charming accents hear:
Let whosoever will now come;
In mercy's breast there yet is room.

393. "THE FEAST OF FAT THINGS." C. M.

- 1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise the soul to heaven.
- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 Yet are his house and heart so large,
That millions more may come;
Nor could the wide assembled world
O'erfill the spacious room.

394. THE SONS OF FREEDOM. 4-5's & 2-5's.

- 1 FAIR shines the morning star;
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around:
Joy to the slave: the slave is free—
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb
Your portals open fly:
Rise with your Lord: he sets you free—
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 3 Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,
Ransom'd, but not with gold,
He gave himself for you:
The blood of Christ hath made you free—
It is the year of Jubilee.
- 4 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year:
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free—
It is the year of Jubilee.

395. THE KING'S FEAST. C. M.

- 1 Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For ev'ry needy guest.
- 2 See Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before the eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
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Ye longing souls, the grace adore:
Approach, there yet is room.

396. THE OPEN FOUNTAIN. 8's, 7's, & 2-7's

- 1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when our Saviour died.
- 2 Come in poverty and meanness,
Come, deil'd without, within;
From infection and uncleanness,
From the leprosy of sin,
Wash your robes, and make them white;
Ye shall walk with God in light.
- 3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Sign'd when our Redeemer died,
Seal'd when he was glorified.

397. ALL ARE WELCOME. C. M.

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice—
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 3 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die,
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.
- 4 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

398. ISAAH I.V. 1. L. M.

- 1 "Ho! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,"
("T is God invites the fallen race),
"Mercy and free salvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace."
- 2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And find my grace is free for all.
- 3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls:
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye labouring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.
- 4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,
Leave all you have and are behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

399. UNIVERSAL INVITATION. L. M.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:
Come, all the world; come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now.
- 3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the acceptable day;
Come in, this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

400. "ALL THINGS ARE NOW READY." L. M.

- 1 Sinners, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of my Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready—come away!
- 2 Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.
- 4 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Are ready, with their shining host:
All heav'n is ready to resound,
"The dead's alive, the lost is found!"

401. THE ARE OF SAFETY. C. M.

- 1 Come to the ark, come to the ark,
To Jesus come away;
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrow flies by day.
- 2 Come to the ark, the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near!
- 3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the shadow of sin;
Without deep anguish unto deep,
But all is peace within.
- 4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your ling'ring steps oppose;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

402. COMPANIONATE PLEADING. 6-8's.

- 1 Where shall my wond'ring soul begin?
How shall I all to heav'n aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?
- 2 O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with this antepast of heaven?
- 3 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves!
He spreads his arms t' embrace you all;
Sinners alone his grace receives:
No need of him the righteous have;
He came the lost to seek and save.
- 4 Come, O my guilty brethren, come!
Groaning beneath your load of sin;
His bleeding heart shall make you room,
His open side shall take you in:
He calls you now, invites you home;
Come, O my guilty brethren, come!
- 5 For you the purple current flow'd
In pardons from his wounded side;
Largely for you your Saviour-God,
For you the Prince of Glory died:

Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven!

403. BELIEVE AND LIVE. L. M.

- 1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's Word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his life afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

404. "BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD." 6-8's

- 1 See, sinners, in the gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!
Not one of all th' apostate race,
But may in him salvation find! [prove-
His thoughts, and words, and action
His life and death—that God is love!]
- 2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away!
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He sojourns in a house of clay!
His glory is no longer seen,
But God with God is man with man.
- 3 See where the God incarnate stands,
And calls his wand'ring creatures home
He all day long spreads out his hands:
"Come, weary souls, to Jesus come!
Ye all may hide you in my breast;
Believe, and I will give you rest."
- 4 "Ah! do not of my goodness doubt;
My saving grace for all is free;
I will in nowise cast him out
That comes a sinner unto me;
I can to none myself deny:
Why, sinners, will ye perish, why?"

405. BEHOLD YOUR GOD! L. M.

- 1 Ye that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of Grief, condemn'd for you!
The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 See there his temples crown'd with thorn
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfix'd and torn,
The fountain gushing from his side!
- 3 Where is the King of Glory now,
The everlasting Son of God?
Immanuel hangs his languid brow,
My Saviour faints beneath his load!
- 4 Beneath my load he faints and dies;
I fill'd his soul with pains unknown;
I caused those mortal groans and cries,
I kill'd the Father's only Son!

406. "IT IS FINISHED." 8, 7, 4

- 1 "It is finish'd!" Sinners hear it—
"T is the dying Victor's cry;
"It is finish'd!" Angels hear it,
Bear the joyful truth on high;
"It is finish'd!"
Tell it through the earth and sky.
- 2 Justice, from her awful station,
Bare the sinner's peace no more;
Justice views with approbation

What the Saviour did and bore;
Grace and mercy
Now display their boundless store.

SINNERS—CONVINCED OF SIN.

407. ETERNAL LIFE IN JESUS. 6-7's.

- 1 **WEARY** souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of his,
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the life of God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.
- 3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too:
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.
- 4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for ev'ry soul design'd;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity!

408. "AS A LITTLE CHILD." L. M.

- 1 **ACR** but the infant's gentle part,
Give up to love thy willing heart;
No fondest parent's melting breast
Years like thy God's to make thee blest:
Taught its dear mother soon to know,
The tenderest babe its love can show;
Bid thy base slavish fear retire—
This task no labour will require.
- 2 On his sure faithful arm divine,
Firm let thy fastening trust recline;
Sweet light shall from the tranquil skies
Like a fair dawn before thee rise,
Come, backward soul, to God resign!
Peace, his best blessing, shall be thine;
Boldly reclining on his care,
Cast all thy burdens only there.

409. THE SAVIOUR'S CALL. 8, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **JUST** as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O, guilty sinner, come!
- 2 Burden'd with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts oppress'd—
O, weary sinner, come!
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross:
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O, needy sinner, come!
- 4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears:
'T is mercy's voice salutes thine ears—
O, trembling sinner, come!
- 5 *The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come,"*
Rejoicing saluts re-echo, "Come,"

Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come—
Thy Saviour bids thee come!

410. THE SINNER'S RESPONSE. 8, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **JUST** as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark spot—
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 4 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Thy gracious promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 5 Just as I am—thy love I own
Has broken ev'ry barrier down—
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

411. SALVATION IN CHRIST. 6-7's

- 1 **ME**, the vilest of the race,
Most unholy, most unclean;
Me, the farthest from thy face,
Full of misery and sin—
Me with arms of love receive;
Me, of sinners chief, forgive.
- 2 Jesus, on thine only name
For salvation I depend!
In thy gracious hands I am,
Save me, save me to the end,
Let the utmost grace be given,
Save me quite from hell to heaven.

412. MERCY ABUNDING. 7's & 6's

- 1 **TROUB** my sins as mountains rise,
And swell and reach to heaven,
Mercy is above the skies,
I may be still forgiven:
Infinite my sins' increase,
But greater is thy mercy's store:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.
- 2 From th' oppressive power of sin
My struggling spirit free;
Perfect righteousness bring in,
Unspotted purity:
Speak, and all this war shall cease,
And sin shall give its raging o'er:
Love me freely, seal my peace,
And bid me sin no more.

413. LITANY. 6-7's

- 1 **By** thy birth and by thy tears
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die!
- 2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the bitter tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die!
- 3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,

By thy cross and dying cries,
By thy one great sacrifice,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die!

- 4 By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power the lost to save,
By thy high majestic throne,
By the empire all thine own,
Saviour, look with pitying eye;
Saviour, help me, or I die!

414. PRAYER TO JESUS. L. M.

1 Jesus, my Advocate above,
My Friend before the Throne of Love!
E'en now for me prevails thy prayer,
I know that thou art pleading there;
If thou the ardent wish convey,
And sweetly prompt my heart to pray,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thee I come!

2 O Sovereign Love, to thee I cry,
Without thy smile, I sink, I die:
Save me from death, from hell set free!
Death, hell, are but the want of thee.
Quicken'd by thy life-giving name,
Saved, when possess'd of thee, I am:
My life, my only heaven thou art;
O dwell for ever in my heart!

415. JESUS FULL OF GRACE AND TRUTH. 7's & 6's.

1 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
In thee is all I want;
Be the wanderer's resting-place,
A cordial to the faint:
Make me rich, for I am poor;
In thee may I my Eden find;
To the dying health restore,
And eyesight to the blind!

2 Clothe me with thy holiness,
Thy meek humility;
Put on me my glorious dress,
Endue my soul with thee;
Let thine image be restored,
Thy name and nature let me prove;
With thy fulness fill me, Lord,
And perfect me in love.

416. THE WANDERER RETURNING. 6-8's.

1 Jesus, in whom the weary find
Their pure and permanent repose,
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes;
And let my soul on thee be cast,
Till life's fierce tyranny be past.

2 Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wander'd to and fro,
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below:
Back to my God at last I fly,
For O, the waters still are high!

3 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth, for thee I leave;
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace,
Into the ark of love receive!
Take this poor flitting soul to rest,
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast!

4 Fill with inviolable peace,
Establish and keep my settled heart;
In thee may all my wanderings cease,
From thee no more may I depart;

Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love!

417. FORGIVENESS. L. M.

1 Forgiveness!—'t is a joyful sound
To rebel sinners doesn't die to die:
Publish the bliss the world around;
Ye seraphs, shout it from the sky!

2 'T is the rich gift of love divine;
'T is full, outmeasuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change through changing time.

3 O'er sins, unnumber'd as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The waves of matchless mercy rise.

4 For this stupendous love of Heav'n,
What grateful honour shall we show?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

418. JOY IN HEAVEN. L. M.

1 Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew:
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

BELIEVING IN JESUS.

419. "JESUS DIED FOR ME." 6-8's.

1 O Love Divine! what hast thou done?
The Lamb of God has died for me;
The Father's well-beloved Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree:
The Prince of life for me has died,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come see, ye worms, your Saviour die,
And say was ever grief like his!
Come, feel with me his blood applied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true—
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;
Pardon and peace flow from his side:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account but loss,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing think or speak beside:
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

420. AIDFULNESS IN JESUS. C. M.

1 Jesus, in thee all fulness dwells,
And all for wretched man;
Fill every want my spirit feels,
And break off every chain!

2 If thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;

If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,
I shall be free indeed.

- 3 I cannot rest, till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
- 4 From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain,
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe, and not in vain,
Thy blood shall make me whole.

431. RENOUNCING SELF. L. M.

- 1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee
Lost and undone, for all I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms, and take me in!
- 2 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee;
Here, then, to thee, I all resign:
Thine is the work, and only thine.

432. THE CAPTIVE FREED. P. M.

- 1 SINCE first thy word awoke my heart,
Thy brightness beaming o'er me,
Where'er I turn my eyes, thou art
All light and love before me:
And while thy smiling face I see,
All bonds of earth I sever;
Thee, O Lord, and only thee,
I live for now and ever.
- 2 Like him, whose fetters dropt away,
When light shone o'er his prison,
My spirit, touch'd by mercy's ray,
Has from her chains arisen.
And shall a spirit thus made free
Return to bondage?—Never!
Thee, O Lord, and only thee,
I live for now and ever.

433. THE GREAT DELIVERANCE. 8, 6, 6.

- 1 AWAKEN by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt was bound,
And knew not where to go;
O'erwhelm'd with sin, with anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe.
- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove indeed, but strove in vain:
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.
- 4 To heav'n the joyful tidings flew,
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier notes did raise:
Al! hail, the Lamb who once was slain!
Unnumber'd millions, born again,
Will shout thine endless praise.

434. THE SURE FOUNDATION. 6-8's.

- 1 MY hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesu's name:
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the sinking flood;
When every earthly prop gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

3 When I shall launch to worlds unseen,
O may I then be found in him,
Dress'd in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before his throne:
On Christ the solid rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

435. RECONCILED TO GOD. 7's.

- 1 ONCE I WAS estranged from God;
Paths of sin perverse I trod;
To the Blest resolved to be,
Without cause, an enemy.
- 2 Now to God I'm reconciled,
For his love on me hath smiled,
In the death of Christ his Son,
And my stubborn heart is won.
- 3 Soon shall I behold his face,
In his friendship heav'n possess;
Perfect made in purity,
God in holiness to see.
- 4 Blessed be thou, God of love,
Mercy sending from above;
Grateful let me ever be,
And a faithful friend to thee!

436. "JESUS DIED FOR ME." 6-8's.

- 1 FORGIVE!—O, what a word of bliss!
It seems my inmost heart to melt;
O, how can mercy such as this
Be duly praised, or duly felt?
O, it will fill eternity
To tell his love who died for me!
- 2 Forgive!—may, more, surprising grace,
Adopted as a favour'd son,
Foremost among a rebel race,
Yet brought to stand before the throne.
O, blest the hour which made me see
That my dear Saviour died for me!
- 3 Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
O'er every pulse of life to return;
Yes, thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
Of all my love, for thou wast slain.
To set a guilty spirit free,
My Saviour blest and died for me!
- 4 O that this heart might ne'er forget
The ardour of its present glow,
Nor cease to recollect the debt
Which to his unbought love I owe!
O that my constant theme might be,
My gracious Saviour died for me!

437. THE WOUNDS OF JESUS. L. M.

- 1 I TRUST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood,
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever cloed to all but thee;
Shed thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!
- 3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side,
Who life and strength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

- 4 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring,
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 5 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside—
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

428. THE ATTRactions OF THE CROSS. 7th

- 1 Let me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While I see him on the tree
Weep, and bleed, and die for me!
- 2 That dear blood, for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt;
Ah! my soul, he bore thy load:
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.
- 3 Hark! his dying word—"Forgive!
Father, let the sinner live:
Sinner, wipe thy tears away;
I thy ransom freely pay."
- 4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.
- 5 Farewell, world—thy gold is dross;
Now I see the bleeding cross:
Jesus did to set me free,
From the law, and sin, and thee!
- 6 He has dearly bought my soul:
Lord, accept, and claim the whole!
To thy will I all resign,
Now, no more my own, but thine.

429. THE SIN-REAPER. S. M.

- 1 Nor all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Bore all our sins away,
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.
- 3 By faith I lay my hand
On that dear head of thine,
While deeply penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin!
- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

430. TRUSTING IN JESUS. 7th

- 1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:

All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 2 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art:
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

431. FORSAKING ALL. S. M.

- 1 To rescue me from wo,
Thou didst with all things part;
Didst lead a suffering life below,
To gain my worthless heart.
- 2 Though late, I all forsake—
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine!
- 3 Come, and possess me whole;
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 4 My life, my portion, thou,
Thou all-sufficient art;
My Hope, my heavenly Treasure; now
Enter, and keep my heart.

432. THE GREAT DISCOVERY. 6-8s.

- 1 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.
- 2 The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose with healing in his wings;
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.
- 3 Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end;
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.
- 4 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

433. "JESUS DIED FOR ME." 7th & 8th

- 1 Let the world their virtue boast;
Their works of righteousness;
I, a wretch undone and lost,
Am freely saved by grace:
Other title I disclaim;
O this, only this, is all my plea;
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.
- 2 Happy they whose joys abound,
Like Jordan's swelling stream,
Who their heaven in Christ have found,
And give the praise to him:

Meanest follower of the Lamb,
His steps I at a distance see—
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Jesus, thou for me hast died,
And thou in me wilt live;
Now I feel thy death applied,
From thee my life receive:
Yet, when melted in the flame
Of love, this shall be all my plea:
I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.

434. THE ONLY PLEA. L. M.

1 GUILTY I stand before thy face;
On me thy wrath might still abide;
'T is just the sentence should take place;
'T is just—but, O, thy Son hath died!

2 Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath died;
He bore our sins upon the tree;
Beneath our curse he bow'd his head;
'T is finish'd! he hath died for me!

3 See, where before the throne he stands,
And pours the all-prevailing prayer;
Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
And shows that I am graven there!

4 He ever lives for me to pray;
He prays that I with him may reign;
Amen to what my Lord doth say!
Jesus, thou canst not pray in vain.

435. THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. L. M.

1 He came, that torn and wretched man,
Whom sin from home and peace had
But, at his sight, his father ran, (driven,
To speak the wand'rer's guilt forgiven.

2 While yet afar, the father's eye
Discover'd him long loved so well,
And ere he breathed one contrite sigh,
Upon his neck that father fell!

3 "Bring the best robe! let music sound!
And let the fatted calf be slain!
For this the lost one now is found—
Was dead, and is alive again!"

4 "Where is there now such love as this?"
He cries, whom conscious sins appal:
"In him who left the realms of bliss,
To die for thee, for me, for all."

5 He longs to grant the pardon sought,
Ere yet to prayer is utterance given,
And each returning soul, we're taught,
Can give the angels joy in heaven.

436. ACCEPTING SALVATION. L. M.

1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed;
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes,
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

3 Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The peace thy gracious words impart:
We come—we trust thee—we rejoice,
And bless thy kind inviting voice.

BACKSLIDERS.

437. WILL GOD DWELL WITH ME? L. M.

1 And will the offended God again
Return, and dwell with sinful men?

Will he within this bosom raise
A living temple to his praise?

- 2 The joyful news transports my breast:
All hail! T'ery, thou heavenly guest!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of glory in.
- 3 Enter, with all thy heavenly train,
Here live, and here for ever reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my passions away,
Let love command, and I'll obey.
- 4 Reason and conscience shall submit,
And pay their homage at thy feet;
To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

438. THE RETROSPECT. L. M.

- 1 O, WHERE is now that glowing love,
That mark'd our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fix'd on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known—
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved?
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee;
O cast us not away, though vile!
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord our God, but in thy smile.

439. SELF LOATHING. C. M.

- 1 O, COULD I lose myself in thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast, unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!
- 2 My humbled soul, when thou art near,
In dust and ashes lies;
How shall a sinful worm appear,
Or meet thy purer eyes?
- 3 I loathe myself when God I see,
And into nothing fall;
Content if thou exalted be,
And Christ be ALL in ALL.

440. MOURNING OVER DECESSION. C. M.

- 1 O, FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus, and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd;
How sweet their memory still;
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O, holy Dove! return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;

No purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

441. THE DEPTH OF MERCY.

7th

- 1 **DEPTH** of mercy! can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me the chief of sinners spare?
I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
2 Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.
There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands:
God is love! I know, I feel—
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

442. BEHOLDING THE CRUCIFIED. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 O **THOU** who hast our sorrows borne,
Teach us to look on thee, and mourn,
On thee whom we have slain;
Have pierced a thousand, thousand times,
And by reiterated crimes
Renew'd thy mortal pain.
2 **LOVER** of souls, to rescue mine,
Reveal the charity divine
That suffer'd in my stead;
That made thy soul a sacrifice,
And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,
And bow'd that sacred head.
3 Now let thy dying love constrain
My soul to love its God again,
Its God to glorify;
And, lo! I come thy cross to share,
Echo thy merciful prayer,
And with my Saviour die!

443. THANKSGIVING FOR RESTORATION. 6-5's.

- 1 **VILEST** of all the sons of men,
When I to folly turn'd again,
And sinn'd against thy light and love,
Grace did much more than sin abound;
Amazed, I still forgiveness found,
And thank'd my Advocate above.
2 **SAVIOUR**, for this I thank thee now.
My Saviour to the utmost, thou
Hast snatch'd me from the gates of hell;
That I to all mankind may prove
Thy free, thine everlasting love,
Which all mankind with me may feel.
3 The boundless love that found out me,
For every soul of man is free:
None of thy mercy need despair;
Patient, and pitiful, and kind,
Thou every soul of man may find,
And, freely saved, thy grace declare.

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS CONFIDENCE.

444. NO CONFIDENCE IN THE FLESH. L. M.

- 1 No more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;

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My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

445. BELIEVING IN JESUS. L. M.

- 1 Yes, it was true, my Saviour died,
To rescue man from sin and woe,
My heart at once the truth applied,
And could not, would not let it go.
2 I felt it was my last lorn hope,
A stay to the lone shipwreck'd grope;
And grasp'd it with a drowning grip,
As sent to me direct from Heaven.
3 In confirmation, word on word
Rose sweetly too from memory's store;
Truths which in other days I heard,
But never knew their worth before.
4 The beacon lights of Holy Writ,
They one by one upon me stole;
Through winds and waves my pathway lit,
And chased the darkness from my soul.

446. ALL IN CHRIST. 6-5's.

- 1 O **DRAW** me, Saviour, after thee,
So shall I run, and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire;
Free me from every weight; nor fear,
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.
2 What in thy love possess I not?
My star by night, my sun by day,
My spring of life when parch'd with drought,
My wine to cheer, my bread to stay;
My strength, my shield, my safe abode,
My robe before the throne of God.
3 In suffering, be thy love my peace;
In weakness, be thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

447. ROMANS III. 20-22. C. M.

- 1 No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace;
The law that shows the sinner's guilt,
Condemns him to his fate.
2 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

448. SALVATION BY THE CROSS. L. M.

- 1 **HEED** at thy cross, my dying Lord,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage or lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell, shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
3 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Homanna to my dying Lord,
And my best honours to his name.

449. ROMANS VIII. 32. C. M.

- 1 **HE** who his Son, most dear and loved,
Gave up for us to die,

Shall he not all things freely give
That goodness can supply?

2 B. hold the best, the greatest gift
Of everlasting love!

Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliss above!

3 The Saviour died, but rose again,
Triumphant from the grave,
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

4 Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heav'n above?

450. LOOKING TO JESUS. L. M.

1 By various maxims, forms, and rules,
That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passions to restrain,
But all my efforts proved in vain.

2 But since the Saviour I have known,
My rules are all reduced to one—
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view;
This strength supplies, and motives too.

3 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And, by the sight, from guilt am freed;
This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

4 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Setm I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

451. "ALL THINGS ARE YOURS." L. M.

1 How vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

2 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

3 Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still;
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heav'n reveal the rest."

452. NO CONDEMNATION. C. M.

1 No condemnation! O my soul,
"T is God that speaks the word;
Perfect in omniscience art thou
In Christ, thy glorious Lord.

2 No condemnation! Precious word!
Consider it, my soul;
Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;
His stripes have made me whole.

453. THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH. L. M.

1 He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

2 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

3 Faith hath an overcoming power;
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

4 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,

Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wren our hearts from Christ, our love

454. TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR. C. M.

1 Nor seldom clad in radiant vest
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom evading in the west
Sinks smilingly forewarned.

2 But thou art true, incarnate Lord,
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify!

3 I bent before thy gracious throne,
And ask'd for peace with suppliant knee;
And peace was given—nor peace alone,
But joy, and hope, and ecstasy!

455. "I WOULD NOT LET HIM GO." 8, 8, 8, 6.

1 O, HOLY Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bidd'st us lean,
Help us, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith, to cling to thee!

2 Without a murmur, we dismiss
Our former dreams of earthly bliss;
Our joy, our consolation this—
Each hour to cling to thee!

3 Oft when we seem to tread alone
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentle tone,
Whispers, "Still cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope may oft be tried,
We ask not, need not aught beside,
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

456. CONFIDENCE IN GOD. C. M.

1 What though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny,
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply?

2 Though from the field, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see,
Though famine pine in empty stalls,
Where herds were wont to be;

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.

4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy—
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

457. THE TRUE ONE. 6-8's.

1 EACH fabled fount of comfort dry,
Where can I quench my feverish thirst?
Is not the world one glittering lie?
Do not its swelling bubbles burst?
Systems, and men, and books, and things,
Are nothings dress'd in painted wings.

2 Lord, "thou art true," and O the joy
To turn from other words to thine,
To dig the gold, without alloy,
From truth's unfathomable mine;
To escape the tempest's fitful shocks,
And anchor midst the eternal rocks!

458. WEANEDNESS. 6-8's.

1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;

Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

459.

SAFETY IN GOD.

G. M.

- 1 WHEN, like a baneful pestilence,
Sin mows its thousands down,
On ev'ry side, without defence,
Thy grace secures thine own.
- 2 No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
No arrow wounds by day;
Unhurt on serpents they shall tread,
If found in duty's way.
- 3 Angels, unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.
- 4 The angels' Lord himself is nigh
To them that love his name,
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

460.

SWEET ASSURANCE.

6-8a.

- 1 THAT I am thine, my Lord and God,
Sprinkled and ransom'd by thy blood!
Repeat that cheering word once more,
With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery or spite
To shake me never may have power.
- 2 From various cares, my heart retires,
Though deep and boundless its desires;
I'm now to please, to love, but One:
He before whom the elders bow,
With him is all my business now,
And with the souls that are his own.
- 3 Yes, my dear Lord, in following thee,
Not in the dark, uncertainly,
This willing foot obedient moves;
With a Brother and a King,

Through burning

- 2 Released from guilt,
Redemption is his
He sees his Saviour!
To help in ev'ry tr
- 3 His love possessing,
Secure whatever e
Whether I go to eas
With him I still s
- 4 Or if the desert's su
My lonely dwellin
His presence would
Whose smile is lif

461.

PEACE THE

- 1 JESUS, whose blood
To satisfy the law
By thee from guilt
Before the Father
- 2 Now, Lord, thy fee
For strife with e
Confirm and guard
They hate the so
- 3 Let them in horrid
They may assaul
But cannot quenct
Nor rob me of ti

465.

THE CHRIST

- 1 HAPPY soul, tha
Rests within his
Who his quiet sl
Who shall violat
Jesus doth his e
Jesus takes his e
He who found ti
Jesus, still delig
- 2 Let me know m

Lord is risen; his precious blood
new and living wine.

Our destroyer, see the blood
that makes the guilty clean;
prayer of thine the soul on which
its token once is seen.

NO FEAR OF DEATH.

L. M.

My Lord would come and meet,
my soul should stretch her wings in haste,
fearless through death's iron gate,
or feel the terrors as she pass'd.

I can make a dying bed
as soft as downy pillows are,
lie on his breast I lean my head,
and breathe my life out sweetly there.

LEAVING BROKEN CISTERNS.

S. M.

Thou fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
is further it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
is morning sees them amply fill'd,
At evening they are dry.

The cisterns I forsook,
O Fountain of bliss, for thee;
thy thirst for living waters slake,
And drink eternally.

CHRISTIAN JOY.

C. M.

Is a fruit that will not grow
in nature's barren soil;
we can boast, till Christ we know,
vanity and toil.

Leading Saviour seen by faith,
sense of pard'ning love,
hope that triumphs over death,
we joys like those above.

Take a glimpse within the veil,
we know that God is mine,
springs of joy that never fail,
unspeakable, divine!

These are the joys which satisfy,
and sanctify the mind,
which make the spirit mount on high,
and leave the world behind.

THE BELIEVER'S JOY.

C. M.

These are the souls that hear and know
the gospel's joyful sound;
we shall attend the path they go,
and light their steps surround.

If joy shall bear their spirits up
through their Redeemer's name;
righteousness exalts their hope,
or Satan dares condemn.

Lord, our glory and defence,
strength and salvation gives;
oh, thy King for ever reigns,
thy God for ever lives.

HAPPINESS IN CHRIST.

8-7's.

O OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me!
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:

65

Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die:
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine—
Mine they are, if thou art mine.

472. EMPTINESS OF EARTHLY JOY. C. M.

1 How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
Thy smile command my heart away
From all created good!

473. SATISFIED WITH JESUS. L. M.

1 Sweetest Jesus! when I think on thee,
My heart for joy doth leap in me;
Thy blest remembrance yields delight,
But far more sweet will be the sight.

2 The joy 's too great, I must confess;
I feel a bliss I can't express:
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can cloy,
Fountain of bliss, and source of joy.

3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS JOY.

474. PERENNIAL JOY. L. M.

1 Joy to the followers of the Lord!
Thus saith the sure, th' eternal word;
But not of earth the joy it brings—
It flows from everlasting springs.

2 It is a joy that, seated deep,
Expires not when we sigh and weep;
It spreads itself in holy deeds,
With sorrow sighs, in pity bleeds.

3 A soft and tender form it wears,
Dissolved in love, dissolved in tears,
When humble souls a Saviour greet,
And sinners clasp the mercy-seat.

4 'T is joy e'en here!—a budding flower,
Struggling with snows, and storm, and
And waits the moment to expand, [showers,
Transplanted to its native land!

475. SOLID JOYS. 8, 8, 6.

1 I quit the world's fantastic joys,
Her honours are but idol toys,
Her bliss an empty shade;
Like meteors in the midnight sky,
That glitter for a while and die,
Her glories flash and fade.

2 O Source of glory, life, and love!
When to thy courts I mount above
On contemplation's wings,
I look with pity and disdain
On all the pleasures of the vain,
On all the pomp of kings.

3 Thy beauties, rising on my sight,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright.

With raptures fill my breast;
Though robb'd of all my earthly store,
With thee I never can be poor,
But must be ever blest.

476. PARADISE ON EARTH. O. M.

1 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.

2 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down—
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.

3 Up to the fields above the skies
My hasty feet would go:
There everlasting flowers arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

477. PERENNIAL JOY. 6-8's.

1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
When heaven and earth are fled away.

2 O Love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
No spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries! (skies,

3 Though waves and storms go'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends
be gone,

Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though ev'ry comfort be withdrawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies—
Father, thy mercy never dies.

4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fall, and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

478. JOY IN GOD. C. M.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's sweet morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

479. REJOICING IN JESUS. 6-8's.

1 And can it be that I should gain
Pardon and peace through Jesus' blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?

Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, should'st die for me

2 He left his Father's throne above
(So free, so infinite his grace),
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race:
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

3 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quick'ning ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free;
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

4 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living head,
And cloth'd in righteousness divine;
Bold I approach th' eternal throne, [own
'T' enjoy the crown, through Christ my

480. ISRAEL XII. 7's.

1 HAPPY souls, who draw with joy
Water from salvation's well,
Praise shall your glad tongues employ,
While his streaming grace ye feel.

Each to each ye then shall say,
"Sinners, call upon his name;
O, rejoice to see his day!
See it, and his praise proclaim!"

2 Zion, about thy Lord and King,
Israel's HOLY ONE is he!
Give him thanks, rejoice and sing;
Great is he, and dwells in thee.
O, the grace unsearchable!
While eternal ages roll,
God delights in man to dwell,
Life of each believing soul!

481. REJOICING IN THE LIGHT. L. M.

1 THE people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day,
In Jesu's lovely face display'd.

2 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight;
Hast made the reprobates thine own,
And claim'd the outcasts as thy right.

3 Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great salvation brought,
Thy Word, thy all-creating Word, [nought,
That spake at first the world from

4 For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice,
We raise the happiness of heaven.

482. HAPPY IN JESUS. P. M.

1 My God, I am thine, what a comfort divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is
mine!

In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound
of his name.

2 True pleasures abound in the rapturous
sound, [found;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise
My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below.

- 2 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast,
That, that is the fulness, but this is the
taste;
And this I shall prove, till with joy I re-
To the heaven of heavens in Jesus's love.

483. EXULTING IN JESUS. S. S.

- 1 Thou hidden source of calm repose,
Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, if thou art mine;
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.
- 2 Thy mighty Name salvation is,
And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
And joy, and everlasting love;
To me, with thy dear name, are given,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply;
In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

484. DECISION FOR GOD. L. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God,
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 3 Now rest my long divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels' bread to feast?
- 4 High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

485. HEAVENLY JOY ON EARTH. S. M.

- 1 COME ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind,
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd,
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 Soon we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
And from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS CONTRITION.

486. AT THE CROSS. S. & T.

- 1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend:
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constantly in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death:
May I still enjoy that feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

487. LOOKING AT THE CROSS. C. M.

- 1 'Tis evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look,
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 A second look he gave, which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live.
- 6 With joyful grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

488. THE DEBT OF LOVE. C. M.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

489. REFLECTING ON HIS DEATH. C. M.

- 1 'T WAS for my sins, my dearest Lord,
Hung on the cursed tree,

- And groan'd away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 2 O how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God,
Those sins that pierced and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.
- 3 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 4 Whilst with a melting, broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

490. THINKING OF JESUS. G-S's.

- 1 There will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone.
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.
- 2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh, and faintly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.
- 3 I thank thee, uncreated Sun, [shined:
That thy bright beams on me have
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my free heart in thee rejoice.
- 4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee will I love in endless day!

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS LOVE.

491. SATISFACTION IN CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 From pole to pole let others roam,
And search in vain for bliss;
My soul is satisfied at home,
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heaven, and earth, and sea,
Is pleased to claim me for his own,
And give himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 For him I count as gain each loss;
Disgrace for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his cross,
While he prepares my crown.

492. GRATITUDE TO CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 For mercies, countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus, my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?
- 2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?

My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

- 3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
- 4 The best returns for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

493. FIRST LOVE. C. M.

- 1 SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Applied, to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
I lived upon my Saviour's smiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In pray'r my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

494. THANKFULNESS. C. M.

- 1 AMAZING grace! (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

495. "WHAT OWEST THOU?" G-T's.

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon gliding sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finish'd story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I stand before the throne,
Dress'd in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as thou art,
Love Thee with unfeigned heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

496. LOVING JESUS. G-S's.

- 1 WHAT shall I do my God to love,
My Saviour, and the world's to praise?

als of compassion move
 ad all the fallen race;
 'oy is divinely free
 fallen race and me?
 ow and to make known
 us and depths of love divine,
 as thou to me hast shown,
 'ry sin was counted thine.
 e resign'd his breath;
 save my soul from death.
 I thank thee for the grace
 d all mankind bestow'd?
 ev'ry breath were praise;
 y heart were fill'd with God!
 ould then with love o'erflow,
 life thy glory show.

ATTITUDE TO CHRIST. L. M.
 rough my Redeemer's care,
 m the second death I feel,
 m tears of dark despair,
 rom falling into hell.
 to him my feet shall run;
 n his perfection gaze;
 I live for God alone;
 within me shout his praise.

DRINKING THE SAVIOUR. L. M.
 mercies close me round!
 be thy name adored;
 ll things to abound:
 nt is above his Lord!
 erty and pain,
 y life my Master led:
 od, the Son of Man,
 s where to lay his head.
 he hath prepared
 rom watchful angels keep:
 self becomes my guard:
 he my bed, and gives me sleep.
 as; my fears begone!
 the Rock of Ages move?
 s arms I lay me down,
 raising arms of love.

ASHAMED OF CHRIST. 6-5's.
 n, gracious Master, gone,
 n to prepare for me?
 id thee on thy throne,
 s for ever sit with thee?
 s world approve or blame,
 h in thy glorious name.
 gain the world's applause,
 pe its angry frown,
 antenance thy cause,
 s thy people's lot my own,
 e would fill me in that day
 thy glory wilt display!
 world cast out my name,
 ount me, if it will;
 y Lord be shame,
 aid I be viler still:
 y Lord, I all resign,
 t I can call thee mine.

LOVE TO JESUS. C. M.
 ove thee, O my Lord?
 my heart and see,
 each cursed idol out
 ree to rival thee.
 a lamb in all thy flock
 disdain to feed?

Hast thou a foe before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead?
 3 Would not my ardent spirit vie
 With angels round the throne,
 To execute thy sacred will,
 And make thy glory known?
 4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
 But O I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

501. THE SAVIOUR'S CHAINS. L. M.

1 Jesus, allure me by thy charms;
 My soul shall fly into thine arms:
 My wand'ring feet thy favours bring
 To the fair chambers of the King.
 2 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
 Such is a dying Christ to me;
 And while he makes my soul his guest,
 My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

502. DRAWN TO CHRIST. L. M.

1 DUSTED and loathsome as we are,
 Christ makes us white, and calls us fair,
 Adorns us with that heavenly dress,
 His graces and his righteousness.
 2 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
 Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
 Shall hold my feet, nor force my stay,
 When Christ invites my soul away!

503. NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST. C. M.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause,
 Maintain the honour of his word,
 The glory of his cross.
 2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name:
 His name is all my boast;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.
 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands
 Till the decisive hour.
 4 Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

504. SEEKING THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST. L. M.

1 Lord! let my heart still turn to thee
 In all my hours of waking thought;
 Nor let this heart e'er wish to flee,
 Or think, or feel, where thou art not!
 2 In ev'ry hour of pain or wo, [cheer,
 When nought on earth this heart can
 When sighs will burst and tears will flow,
 Lord, hush the sigh and chase the tear.
 3 In ev'ry dream of earthly bliss,
 Do thou, dear Saviour, present be!
 Nor let me dream of happiness
 On earth, without the thought of thee.
 4 To my last ling'ring thought at night,
 Do thou, Lord Jesus, still be near,
 And, ere the dawn of opening light,
 In still small accents wake mine ear!

505. FRAMES TO JESUS. C. M.

1 To him that loved the souls of men,
 And wash'd us in his blood,
 To royal honours raised our heads,
 And made us priests to God;

I earthly joy
 All me, dear Shepherd, let me
 Here doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
 Here is the shadow of that rock
 That from the sun defends thy flock?
 Ah! would I feed among thy sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.
 Why should thy bride appear like one
 That turns aside to paths unknown?
 Thy constant feet would never rove,
 Would never seek another love.
 The footsteps of thy flock I see;
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be:
 A wondrous feast thy love prepares, (tears.
 Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and

07. **BOLDNESS FOR CHRIST.** L. M.
 Jesus! and shall it ever be,
 A mortal man ashamed of thee?
 Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine through endless days?
 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
 'T was midnight with my soul till He,
 Bright Morning-star, bade darkness flee.
 8 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
 No: when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his name.
 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me!

CONSTRAINED BY LOVE.

THE CHRISTIAN—H
 510. THE CHRISTIAN

- 1 And is the gospel peace
 Such let our conquer
 The serpent blended
 Wisdom and meek
 2 Where'er the angry
 And tempt our the
 To Jesus let us lift o'
 Bright pattern of
 3 O how benevolent art
 How mild, how re
 Be this the temper
 And these the rul
 4 Thy fair example
 To teach us what
 Make us by thy tra
 Dear Saviour, dai
 511. OWNED
 1 Dear Lord, amid
 Around thee on
 Some loyal, loving
 Some pitying ey
 2 Like them, may we
 Our dying Lord
 Like thee, thy bles
 The cross, with
 3 Thy cross, thy lo
 Show what thy
 Pilgrims on earth
 Who see no be
 L. M. 512. HER.
 FATHER of peace

Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause,
The meekest work divine!

514. LIFE-PERSECUTION. L. M.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess,
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

515. CONSISTENCY. 6-8's.

- 1 WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,
Who load us with reproach and shame;
As servants of the Lord Most High,
As zealous of his glorious name,
We ought in all his paths to move,
With holy fear and humble love.
- 2 That wisdom, Lord, on us bestow,
From every evil to depart,
To stop the mouth of every foe,
While, upright both in life and heart,
The proofs of godly fear we give,
And show them how the Christians live.

THE CHRISTIAN—SUFFERING.

516. TAKING UP THE CROSS. 6, 8, 6.

- 1 SAVIOUR, whome'er I think of thee,
And of thy love, so full and free,
In death and suffering shown,
I would all earthly good resign,
Follow where'er thy footsteps shine,
And cleave to thee alone.
- 2 Thee, my sole portion, Lord, I'd make,
And suffer all things for thy sake,
Who all my woes didst bear;
I would, in all things, take thy cross,
Thy tribulation, shame, and loss,
Resolved with thee to share.
- 3 I can encounter every ill,
If but my heart and mind be still,
With Jesu's presence blest:
With joy I then my way pursue,
Assured that he will bear me through,
Up to my heavenly rest.

517. GLORYING IN INFIRMITY. L. M.

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his kind hand my head sustains.

518. "I WILL FEAR NO EVIL." L. M.

- 1 O THOU to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free.
- 2 If in this darkness wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No lies, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

- 2 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

519. THE CUP MINGLED IN LOVE. L. M.

- 1 ETERNAL Beam of light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
In whom the Father's glories shine,
Through earth beneath and heaven above:
- 2 Jesus, the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me thy easy yoke to bear;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.
- 3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill:
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh, [gone];
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

520. SUFFERING WITH CHRIST. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel:
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle-pinnions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the Mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear,
And by his side sit down:
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope,
It lifts the fainting spirit up;
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

521. ENCOURAGEMENT IN TRIAL. S. M.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to our house above
We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

522. REMEMBER US. C. M.

- 1 REMEMBER us, O God of love!
Through life's oft-changing scene,

Our guide, our guardian ever prove,
For on thy strength we lean.

2 Remember us, when'er we seek
To make thy glories known;
When of thy dying love we speak,
O send thy blessing down.

3 Remember us in sorrow's hour,
When nought of earth can calm;
Then on our wounded spirits pour
Thy sovereign healing balm.

4 But O! remember us yet more
When life is closing fast,
And bear us safely to that shore
Where we shall rest at last.

523. REST IN JESUS. O. M.

1 WAKEN, in this waste, unlovely world,
May weary hearts, oppress
With thoughts of sorrows yet to come,
In calm assurance rest?

2 In him, who of the Father's love
The gracious herald came
Of mercy to a guilty world,
Of blessing through his name.

3 In Jesus who, ascended now,
Looks backward on the past;
Feels for his suffering members here,
And loves us to the last.

4 'T is only in his changeless love
Our waiting spirits, blest
With the sweet hope of glory, find
Their dwelling-place of rest.

524. THE VERY PRESENT HELP. L. M.

1 CHILDREN of God, renounce your fears,
Lo! Jesus for your help appears,
And kindly speaks as he draws nigh,
"Be not afraid, for I am I."

2 When in the awful tempest tost
You feel your strength and courage lost,
And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
Your Lord is near, be not afraid.

3 When fierce disease attacks your frame,
Your Saviour's love is still the same;
In death's dark shade you need not fear,
For Jesus will be with you there.

525. LOOK TO JESUS. S, 7, 4.

1 O my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness,
Ere thy restless fears be gone;
Look to Jesus,
Trust to his defence alone.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Press around thee on thy way,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Look to Jesus,

Thou through him shalt gain the day.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith, "I'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from death and sin."
He is faithful,
Thou eternal life shalt win.

526. "ART THOU NOT MINE?" L. M.

1 WHEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
Jesus, to thee I lift mine eyes,
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

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2 Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort dis-
Fix'd on thine everlasting word,
The word that built the earth and sky?

3 If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives,
Here let me build and rest secure.

527. THE ANCHOR. O. M.

1 In every trouble, sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;
My anchor-hold is firm in him
When swelling billows rise.

2 His promise bears my spirit up;
I trust a faithful God:
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name!
In joy, in sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS CONFLICTS.

528. THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS. O. M.

1 ARE we the soldiers of the cross,
The followers of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Now we must fight, if we would reign;
Increase our courage, Lord!
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.

4 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

529. FOLLOWING CHRIST. S. M.

1 Go up with Christ your Head,
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.

2 All power to him is given,
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

530. CHRISTIAN VIGILANCE. L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

2 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most the traitor in thy heart.

3 Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour, from above,
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth and powers of hell.
The Man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

531. THE CONQUEROR. S. M.

- 1 Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad.
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesu's mighty love;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 2 Extol his kingly power;
Kiss the exalted Son,
Who died, and lives, to die no more,
High on his Father's throne.
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads through all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.

532. THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR. 4's & 2's.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Engage your enemies,
Let every fear be gone;
Now take the field, the fight renew,
And never yield; though faint, pursue.
- 2 Wage war with every foe,
For God is on your side;
Let all the nations know
That you in him confide.
Gird on the sword, the fight renew,
Look to the Lord; though faint, pursue.
- 3 Ne'er lay your weapons down,
Till death shall close the strife,
Till you receive a crown
Of everlasting life;
On God depend, the fight renew,
Until the end; though faint, pursue.

533. THE IMPENETRABLE SHIELD. 6-8's.

- 1 SURROUNDED by a host of foes,
Storm'd by a host of foes within,
Nor swift to flee, nor strong to oppose,
Single against hell, earth, and sin—
Single, yet undismay'd I am:
I now believe in Jesu's name.
- 2 What though a thousand hosts engage,
A thousand worlds my soul to shake:
I have a shield shall quell their rage,
And drive the alien armies back;
Portray'd it bears a bleeding Lamb:
I now believe in Jesu's name.
- 3 Me to retrieve from Satan's hands,
Me from this evil world to free,
To purge my sin, and loose my bands,
And save from all iniquity,
My Lord and God from heaven he came:
I now believe in Jesu's name.

534. STAND FAST. S. M.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The paucity of God.

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may overcome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

535. THE ARMOUR. S. M.

- 1 BUT, above all, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Arm'd with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:
If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued;
Repell'd his every fiery dart,
And quench'd with Jesu's blood.
- 2 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?
Believe that Jesus reigns;
All power to him is given;
Believe, till, freed from sin's remains,
You rise through him to heaven.

536. THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE. L. M.

- 1 STAND UP my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on,
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

537. THE FIGHT OF FAITH. 6-8's.

- 1 PEACE, doubting heart; my God's I am,
Who form'd me man, forbids my fear;
The Lord hath call'd me by my name;
The Lord protects, for ever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.
- 2 Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;
Hide in the hollow of thy hand;
Show forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thy arms my sure defence,
Nor earth nor hell shall pluck me thence.
- 3 Since thou hast bid me come to thee
(God as thou art, and strong to save),
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by the unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.
- 4 When darkness intercepts the skies,
And sorrow's waves around me roll,
When high the storms of passion rise,
And half o'erwhelm my quaking soul,
My soul a sudden calm shall feel,
And hear a whisper, "Peace, be still."

538. ARMED WITH CHRIST'S MIND. S. M.

- 1 O ARM me with the mind,
Meek Lamb, which was in thee;
And let my knowing zeal be join'd
With perfect charity.
With calm and temper'd zeal,
Let me enforce thy call,
And vindicate thy gracious will,
Which offers life to all.

not let me trust
 My arm but thine !
 O humble to the dust
 My wayward soul of mine :
 The thing of nought,
 Lowly shame I own,
 On which upon earth is wrought,
 Lost it all alone.

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS RESIGNATION.

THE PETITION.

C. M.

O, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy reign will deny,
 And at the throne of grace,
 My petition rise :
 O calm, a thankful heart,
 Every murmur free ;
 Thy gifts of thy grace impart ;
 Me to live to thee.
 Sweet thought that thou art mine,
 Life and death attend ;
 Hence through my journey shine,
 Crown my journey's end.

RESIGNATION.

C. M.

My best desire fulfil,
 Help me to resign
 All, and comfort to thy will,
 Make thy pleasure mine.
 Could I shrink at thy command,
 Thy love forbids my fears ?
 Able at the gracious hand
 Slips away my tears ?
 Her let me freely yield
 Most I prize to thee,
 Ever hast a good withheld,
 Not withhold from me.
 Ours, all my journey through,

543. A PATTERN IN SUFFERING.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's power ;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour ;
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 2 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 God's own sacrifice complete :
 " It is finish'd ! " hear the cry,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 3 Early hasten to the tomb,
 Where they laid his breathless clay
 All is solitude and gloom—
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ is risen !—He meets our eyes !
 Saviour, teach us so to rise.

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS PILGRIM.

544. THE PILGRIM'S PRAYER.

- 1 STRANGERS and pilgrims here below,
 Like all our fathers in their day,
 We to the land of promise go,
 Lord, by thine own appointed way
 Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
 In cloud by day, in fire by night.
- 2 Protect us through the wilderness
 From fiery serpent, plague, and foe
 With bread from heaven thy people !
 And living streams, where'er we go
 Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
 Or follow any voice but thine.
- 3 When we have number'd all our years
 And stand at length on Jordan's bank
 Though the flesh fail with mortal fears
 O let not then the spirit sink ;

547. "PRESSING TOWARD THE MARK." C. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun,
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

548. THE CHRISTIAN RACE. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears:
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 From thee, the overflowing Spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

549. THE PILGRIM'S SONG. 7's.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing!
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Shout, ye ransom'd flock, and blast!
You on Jesu's throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Hids you undismay'd go on.

550. THE PILGRIM'S JOY. C. M.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing;
Pilgrims for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath made,
How peaceful and how plain!
The simplest traveller shall not err,
Nor seek the road in vain.
- 3 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount ye rise,
The city of your God.

551. THE PILGRIM'S CONFIDENCE. C. M.

- 1 My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad,

And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

- 2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide;
And, in that long expected care,
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream:
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Mingling with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore,
A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
To be removed no more.

552. THE CHRISTIAN MARINER. 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 Jesus! at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep:
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word:
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord;
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye:
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And I each boisterous storm outride.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast!
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

553. THE CHRISTIAN'S VOYAGE. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 WHY those fears?—Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship;
Spread the sails and catch the breeze,
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Could we stay where death is hovering?
Would we rest on such a shore?
No; the awful truth discovering,
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.
- 3 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known;
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And to Jesus
Through the trackless deep move on.
- 4 Render'd safe by his protection,
We shall pass the wat'ry waste;
Trusting to his wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last;
And with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.
- 5 O, what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar!

There it is that those who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more;
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore.

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS COMMUNION.

554. RETIRING FROM THE WORLD. C. M.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God!
- 4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

555. WALKING WITH GOD. C. M.

- 1 To walk with God—as two dear friends,
Conversing every day—
Such company will make amends
For troubles by the way.
- 2 To walk with God—ah! this is bliss!
Our heaven begun below;
And in a world of snares like this,
It saves from many a foe.
- 3 To walk with God is my desire,
Whatever others do;
And, lest I weary grow, and tire,
I'll lean upon him too.

556. "WE ARE COME TO MOUNT ZION." 6-8's.

- 1 Not to the mount that burn'd with fire,
To darkness, tempest, and the sound
Of trumpet waxing higher and higher,
Nor voice of words that rent the ground,
While Israel heard, with trembling awe,
Jehovah thunder forth his law.
- 2 But to Mount Zion we are come,
The city of the living God,
Jerusalem, our heavenly home,
The courts by angel-legions trod,
Where meet in everlasting love
The church of the first-born above;
- 3 To God, the Judge of quick and dead,
The perfect spirits of the just,
Jesus, our great new-covenant head,
The blood of sprinkling—from the dust,
That better things than Abel's cries,
And pleads a Saviour's sacrifice.

557. COMMUNION WITH GOD. L. M.

- 1 By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.
- 2 With him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.
- 3 Some cordial from his word he brings,
When'er my feeble spirit faints;

At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

558. PRAYER FOR PROTECTION. L.

- 1 WITH conscious weakness prone to stray,
Lord, let thy grace uphold my way;
Be thou my Leader, thou my Guide,
Else my unstable feet shall slide.
- 2 To thee the prayer of faith shall rise;
Oft hast thou heard my feeble cries;
Again thy gracious ear incline,
And aid me with a power divine.
- 3 To me thy watchful care apply,
E'en as the eyelid guards the eye;
While round my soul thy mercy flings
The sheltering shadow of its wings.

559. PRAYER FOR STRENGTH. ;

- 1 SOX of God! thy blessing grant,
Still supply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
From thy fulness I am fed.
- 2 Unstain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the strength for which I call;
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.
- 3 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, save me, to the end;
Still preserve me by thy grace;
Take the everlasting praise.

560. CHRIST'S PRESENCE. 8's &

- 1 JESUS, lead us by thy power
Safe into the promised rest;
Hide our souls within thine arms,
Let us lean upon thy breast.
- 2 Nothing can preserve our going,
But salvation full and free;
Nothing can our souls dishearten,
But our absence, Lord, from thee.
- 3 In thy presence we are happy,
In thy presence we're secure;
In thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure.
- 4 In thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die;
Far from Thee, we faint and languish;
O, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

561. HABITUAL DEVOTION. C.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 3 When gladness wings my favour'd hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 4 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The bursting storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear
That heart will rest on thee!

562. PANTING FOR CLOSER COMMUNION.

- 1 THOU Shepherd of Israel, and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine,
I long to reside where thou art.

The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed, on thy bosom reclined,
And screen'd from the heat of the day.

- 2 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only, I covet to rest,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast;
'Tis there I would always abide;
And never a moment depart;
Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart.

563. ALONE WITH GOD. 8's & 7's.

- 1 QUITE alone, and yet not lonely,
I'll converse with God, my friend;
Now from worldly care receding,
I my time in prayer will spend.
2 O how blessed are the moments
When the Lord himself draws near;
When I feel his gracious presence,
And he listens to my prayer.

564. INVOCATION OF JESUS. 6-5's.

- 1 THOU loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thou—by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross, and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life—I pray,
Wash all, wash all my sins away.
2 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears;
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears;
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.
3 O let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free;
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me,
That all mankind with me may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS
CONSECRATION.

565. THE CALL TO LABOUR. L. M.

- 1 YE friends of Jesus, lift your gaze
Above the world's uncertain haze,
And look with calm unwav'ring eye
On the bright fields beyond the sky,
Ye who your Lord's commission bear,
His way of mercy to prepare:
Angels he calls ye; be your strife
To lead on earth an angel's life.
2 Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up and ply your heavenward feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Ne'er to sink back on slothful bed;
Never again your loins untie,
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?

566. FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST. L. M.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
2 This life 's a dream, an empty show,
But the bright world to which I go

Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more shall be
A hindrance to my joy in thee.
4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

567. LEAVING ALL FOR JESUS. C. M.

- 1 LET worldly minds the world pursue—
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.
2 Its pleasures now no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.
3 As by the light of op'ning day,
The stars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.
4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I hid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

568. CRUCIFIED TO THE WORLD. C. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, ye fleeting joys of earth!
We've seen the Saviour's face,
Behold him with the eye of faith,
And know his love and grace.
2 Forth from his Father's loving breast,
To bear our sin and shame,
To face a cold, unfeeling world,
The heavenly Stranger came.
3 This earth to him, the Lord of all,
No kindly welcome gave;
In Judah's land, the Saviour found
No shelter but the grave.
4 Then fare thee well, thou faithless world!
Thine evil eye could see
No grace in him, whose dying love
Hath wean'd our hearts from thee.

569. IN SPIRIT WITH JESUS. C. M.

- 1 IN tents we dwell amid the waste,
Nor turn aside to roam
In folly's paths, nor seek our rest,
Where Jesus had no home.
2 Dead to the world with him who died
To win our hearts, our love,
We, risen with our risen Head,
In spirit dwell above.
3 By faith his boundless glory there
Our wond'ring eyes behold,
These glories which eternal years
Shall never all unfold.
4 This fills our hearts with deep desire,
To lose ourselves in love,
Bears all our hopes from earth away,
And fixes them above.

570. FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Saviour pass'd;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.
2 That tender heart, that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave,

It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord: and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn,
Or love a faithless evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No: facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or [calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

571. DEDICATION TO GOD. S. M.

1 Lord! in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

2 Thy ransom'd servant, I
Restore to thee thine own,
And from this moment live or die,
To serve my God alone.

572. THE HEART GIVEN TO GOD. 8's & 7's.

1 Take my heart, O Father, take it,
Make and keep it all thine own;
Take my heart, from wand'ring keep it,
Ever bind it to thy throne.

2 Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will,
And, as ripening years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.

3 Father! make it pure and lowly,
Fond of peace, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholý
Of this vain and sinful life.

573. TAKING UP THE CROSS. 8's & 7's.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
All things else for thee forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet, how rich is my condition!
God and heav'n are still my own.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 't is not in grief to harm me;
While thy love is left to me;
O 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

3 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in ev'ry station
Something still to do or bear;
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's love is thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee—
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

4 Hasten thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by pray'r;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise!

574. LIFE IN CHRIST. L.

1 I live to die, I die to live,
And live, no more to die again;
In death I shall a life receive,
In worlds remote from death and pain.

2 This life I owe to him who died,
And rose, and reigns in yonder skies;
I triumph, through the Crucified,
And, dead with Christ, with Christ shall live.

3 His wondrous death my life insures,
His wondrous rising death destroys;
While Jesus lives, my life endures—
That life the measure of my joys.

4 Then let me live, and let me die,
To him who lived and died for me,
That I may rise with him or high
To life and immortality.

575. SURRENDERING ALL TO CHRIST. G.

1 All that we are, and all we have,
Shall be for ever thine;
All that a loving heart can give,
Our cheerful hands resign.

2 For if we might make some reserve,
If duty did not call,
Thou lovest, Lord, with such a love,
That we would give thee all.

576. RENOUNCING SELF. G.

1 All that I was—my sin, my guilt,
My death—was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God, alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine, and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine, and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is thine.

4 All that I am even here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes, and glory dawn
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

577. FORSAKING ALL FOR CHRIST. 7's & 8's

1 Vain, delusive world adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy pleasures I forsook,
I trample on thy wealth and pride:
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdained,
'T is all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me.
Me to save from endless woe,
The sin-atoning victim died;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

578. THE CLAIMS OF JESUS. C

1 Let him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfill our heart's desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign,
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
To all eternity.

579. DEVOTING ALL TO CHRIST. 12-8's.

1 THOU, Jesus, thou my breast inspire,
And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
And loose a stammering infant's tongue;
Prepare the vessel of thy grace;
Adorn me with the robes of praise,
And mercy shall be all my song;
Mercy for all who know not God;
Mercy for all in Jesus' blood;
Mercy, that earth and heav'n transcends;
Love, that overwhelms the mists in light;
The length and breadth, and depth, and
Of love divine, which never ends. [height]

2 A faithful witness of thy grace,
Well may I fill the allotted space,
And answer all thy great design;
Walk in the works by thee prepared;
And find annex'd the vast reward,
The crown of righteousness divine.
When I have lived to thee alone,
Pronounce the welcome word "Well-done,"
And let me take my place above,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And all eternity employ,
In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

580. A FULL SURRENDER. 6-8's.

1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
I only sigh for thy repose;
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share,
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

3 O, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek but thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away,
My heart, that lowly waits thy call,
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy all."
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love be all my choice.

581. CASTING AWAY EVERY IDOL. L. M.

1 AM I my dear Lord, whose changeless love
To me, nor earth nor hell can part;
When shall my feet forget to rove?
Ah, what shall *this faithless heart*?

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2 Why do these cares my soul divide,
Since thou indeed hast set me free?
Why am I thus, since thou hast died—
Since thou hast died to ransom me?

3 Would aught with thee my wishes share,
Though dear as life the idol be?
The idol from my heart I'll tear,
Resolved to seek my all from thee.

4 What'er I fannily counted mine,
To thee, my Lord, I here restore:
Gladly I all for thee resign;
Give me thyself, I ask no more.

582. DOING ALL FOR CHRIST. L. M.

1 FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

2 The task thy wisdom hath assign'd,
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy acceptable will.

3 Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And ev'ry moment watch and pray:
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

4 For thee delightfully employ [given;
What'er thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

583. "YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN." 7's & 6's.

1 GOD! who didst so dearly buy,
These wretched souls of ours,
Help us thee to glorify,
With all our ransom'd pow'rs;
Ours they are not, Lord, but thine;
O let the vessels of thy grace,
Body, soul, and spirit, join
In our Redeemer's praise.

2 True and faithful witness, thee,
O Jesus, we receive:
Fulness of the Deity,
In all thy people live.
First-begotten from the dead,
Call forth thy living witnesses;
King of saints, thine empire spread
O'er all the ransom'd race.

584. THE CHRISTIAN'S BUSINESS. C. M.

1 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

2 Thine honour shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

585. REAL FOR GOD. L. M.

1 O THOU who earnest from above
The pure celestial fire t' impart,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze;
And trembling to its source return
In humble love and fervent praise.

3 Jesus confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee.

Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.
4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

THE CHRISTIAN—PANTING FOR HOLINESS.

586. THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINING. 6-8's.

- 1 O THAT we never might forget
What thou hast suffer'd for our sake,
To save our souls, and make us meet
Of all thy glory to partake;
But keeping this in sight, press on
To glory and the victor's throne.
- 2 Astonish'd at thy feet we fall,
Thy love exceeds our highest thought;
Henceforth be thou our all in all, [bought];
Thou who our souls with blood hast
May we henceforth more faithful prove,
And ne'er forget thy ceaseless love.

587. CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST. L. M.

- 1 I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, the pride of kings.

588. SEEKING CONFORMITY TO CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, exalted far on high,
To whom a name is giv'n;
A name surpassing ev'ry name
That's known in earth or heaven!
- 2 Before thy throne shall ev'ry knee
Bow down with one accord;
Before thy throne shall ev'ry tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.
- 3 O may that mind in us be found
Which shone so bright in thee—
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free.
- 4 May we to others stoop, and learn
To imitate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And dwell with thee above.

589. DAILY BREAD. 7's.

- 1 DAY by day the manna fell;
O to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.
- 2 Day by day, the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs;
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.
- 3 Lord, my times are in thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have plann'd,
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.
- 4 Thou my daily task shall give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own—my Father's will.

590. A CLEAN HEART. L.

- 1 CLEANSE me, O Lord, from ev'ry stain;
So shall my heart be pure as snow;
Heal me, and let my soul again
The sounds of joy and gladness know.
- 2 O may thy Spirit dwell within
My breast, and reign almighty there
Till not one lurking, cherish'd sin
Remains with thee my heart to share.

591. A PURE HEART. C.

- 1 O FOR a heart that knows the worth
Of Jesu's dying love,
Wean'd from the vanities of earth
To seek true joys above!
- 2 A heart that has renounced the world,
And burst its galling chain,
Where Satan from his seat is hurl'd,
And sin has ceased to reign!
- 3 A heart that will not fail to keep
The glorious prize in view;
Though weary, will not yield to sleep,
Though faint, will yet pursue!
- 4 A heart with holiest fervour warm'd,
Faithful, resign'd, and pure,
Where God's own image has been far
For ever to endure.

592. HUMILITY.

- 1 LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Clothed with true humility.
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child,
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
Ev'ry evil let me flee,
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Christ combined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

593. LONGING FOR DELIVERANCE. I.

- 1 O! FROM the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set us free;
And, as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.
- 2 Lord, draw my best affections home,
Above this world of sin and sorrow,
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not till to thee they rise.

594. SEEKING ONENESS WITH CHRIST. C.

- 1 WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty show
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe.
- 2 For ever on thy burden'd heart
A weight of sorrow hung,
Yet no ungentle, murm'ring word,
Escaped thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still
Thy heart could only love.

- 4 One with thyself, may ev'ry eye
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that spring
From union, Lord, with thee.

595.

SEEKING HOLINESS.

C. M.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me !
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone !
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within !
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

596.

PANTING FOR HOLINESS.

7's.

- 1 HOLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be !
- 2 Fix, O fix my way'r'ine mind,
To thy cross my spirit bind,
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.
- 4 Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine ;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Sons of earth, and hosts of heaven.

597. "LEAVING THE THINGS BEHIND." L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thy wisdom be my guide,
Nor take thy light from me away ;
Still with me let thy grace abide,
That I from thee may never stray ;
Let thy word richly in me dwell,
Thy peace and love my portion be,
My joy & endure and do thy will,
Till perfect I am found in thee.
- 2 Arm me with thy whole armour, Lord,
Support my weakness with thy might ;
Gird on my thigh thy conqu'ring sword,
And shield me in the threat'ning fight ;
From faith to faith, from grace to grace,
So in thy strength shall I go on,
Till heaven and earth flee from thy face,
And glory end what grace began.

598.

LIKENESS TO CHRIST.

G-B's.

- 1 HUMBLE, and teachable, and mild,
O may I, as a little child,
My lowly Master's steps pursue ;
Be anger to my soul unknown,
Hate, envy, jealousy, be gone ;
In love create thou all things new.
- 2 Let earth no more my heart divide ;
With Christ may I be crucified,
To thee with my whole soul aspire
Dead to the world and all its toys,
Its idle pomp and fading joys,
Be thou alone my one desire.

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- 3 My will be swallow'd up in thee ;
Light in thy light still may I see,
Beholding thee with open face ;
Call'd the full power of faith to prove,
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,
And all my spotless life be praise.

599.

REST IN JESUS.

C. M.

- 1 FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side,
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour and my God,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
Wash me, and mine thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone—
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

600.

PERFECT LOVE.

4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 YE ransom'd sinners, hear,
The prisoners of the Lord,
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word.
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me,
We shall from all our sins be free.
- 2 Who Jesu's sufferings share,
My fellow-prisoners now,
Ye soon the wreath shall wear
On your triumphant brow :
Rejoice in hope, &c.
- 3 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove ;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, &c.
- 4 Then let us gladly bring
Our sacrifice of praise ;
Let us give thanks, and sing,
And glory in his grace :
Rejoice in hope, &c.

601.

A TENDER CONSCIENCE.

C. M.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear—
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near ;
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire,
To catch the wand'ring of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give,
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make ;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

602.

PANTING AFTER GOD.

G-B's.

- 1 To thee, great God of love ! I bow,
And prostrate in thy sight adore ;

P.

By faith I see thee passing now;
I have, but still I ask for more;
A glimpse of love cannot suffice;
My soul for all thy presence cries.

2 The fulness of my vast reward,
A bliss eternally shall be;
But hast thou not on earth prepared
Some better thing than this for me?
What!—but one drop, one transient sight!
I want a sun, a sea of light!

3 This, this is our high calling's prize,
Thine image in thy Son I claim,
And still to higher glories rise,
Till all transform'd, I know thy name,
And glide to all my heaven above,
My highest heaven of Jesu's love.

603. DELIGHTING IN JESUS. I. M.

1 COME, Saviour; Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to feast on thee.

3 Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With pure delight and inward bliss;
To know thou tak'st me for thine own,
O what a happiness is this!

4 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast:
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

604. LONGING AFTER CHRIST. S, S, S.

1 O, LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor longing heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part!

4 O that I may for ever sit
Like Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice:
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

605. "THEE REMAINETH A REST." C. M.

1 LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art lov'd alone.

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by purer love.

3 Thy name to me, thy nature grant;
This, only this, be given;
Nothing beside my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

606. A WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

1 JESUS, my Truth, my Way,
My sure, unerring Light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.

2 Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace.

3 O make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove:
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

4 Let me thy witness live,
When sin is all destroy'd;
And then my spotless soul receive,
And take me home to God.

607. "NOT OUR OWN."

1 JESUS, all atoning Lamb,
Thine, and only thine I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul;
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountainhead of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee I know.
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

4 Nothing else can I require;
Love fills up my whole desire;
All thy other gifts remove,
Still thou giv'st me all in love.

608. THE TEMPLE OF GOD. Sth

1 LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Finish, Lord, thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

609. PRAYER FOR HOLINESS.

1 FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me;
Meekly bending in my face,
May the world thine image see.

2 Happy only in thy love,
Poor, unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on thee alone.

3 Humble, holy, all-reign'd
To thy will—thy will be done!
Give me, I pray, the perfect mind
Of thy well-beloved Son.

- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod,
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to thee, my God.

610. OUR HEART'S DESIRE.

7a.

- 1 LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire,
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear,
To thy human temples come.
2 Come, in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with the glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin;
Nothing more can we require;
We will covet nothing less:
Be thou all our hearts' desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

611. ETERNAL LIFE IN JESUS. C. M.

- 1 JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.
2 My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire,
To be dissolved in love.
3 Give me thyself; from every boast,
From every wish, set free,
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.
4 Thy gifts, alas! I cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given,
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven!

612. STRENGTH IN JESUS. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 I REST in thine almighty power;
The name of Jesus is a tower,
That hides my life above;
Thou canst, thou wilt my helper be;
My confidence is all in thee,
The faithful God of love.
2 While still to thee for help I call,
Thou wilt not suffer me to fall,
Thou canst not let me sin:
And thou shalt give me power to pray,
Till all my sins are purged away,
And all thy mind brought in.
3 Wherefore, in never-ceasing prayer,
My soul to thy continual care
I faithfully commend;
Assured that thou through life wilt save,
And show thyself beyond the grave
My everlasting friend.

613. HEAVEN ON EARTH. C. M.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.
2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near:
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.
3 When God is mine, and I am his,
Of paradise possess,

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- I taste unutterable bliss,
And everlasting rest.
4 The bliss of those that fully dwell,
Fully in thee believe,
'T is more than angel-tongues can tell,
Or angel-minds conceive.

614. ENTIRE CONSECRATION. 6-8a.

- 1 JESUS, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there;
Thine wholly, thine alone I am,
Be thou alone my constant flame.
2 O grant that nothing in my soul
May dwell, but thy pure love alone;
O may thy love possess me whole—
My joy, my treasure, and my crown;
Strange flames far from my heart remove;
My every act, word, thought, be love.
3 O Love, how cheering is thy ray;
All pain before thy presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er thy healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee.

615. THE UNIVERSAL GOOD. 6-8a.

- 1 COME, O thou Universal Good,
Balm of the wounded conscience, come,
The hungry, dying spirit's food,
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin.
2 Be thou, O Love, whate'er I want,
Support my feebleness of mind;
Believe the thirsty soul, the faint
Revive, illuminate the blind;
The mournful cheer, the drooping lead,
And heal the sick, and raise the dead.
3 Come, O my comfort and delight, [sun,
My strength and health, my shield and
My boast, and confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown;
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

616. THE IMAGE OF CHRIST. 6-8a.

- 1 O JESUS, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel knows;
Fairer among ten thousand fair:
Fen those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round,
Find light and life, if thou appear.
2 Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be—
No charms but those to thee are dear;
No anger may at thou ever find,
No pride, in my unruffled mind, [there!
But faith and heaven-born peace be
3 A patient, a victorious mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still t' adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.

617. LOVE TRUMPHING. C. M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and claim me for thine own;
Saviour, thy right assert;
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,
And reign within my heart.

- 3 So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,
And, sitting at thy feet,
Thy laws with all my heart obey,
With all my soul submit.
- 4 So shall I do thy will below,
As angels do above;
The virtue of thy passion show,
The triumphs of thy love.
- 4 Thy love the conquest more than gains;
To all I shall proclaim,
'Jesus, the King, the Conqueror reigns;
Bow down to Jesu's name.'

618. PANTING FOR CHRIST'S IMAGE. L. M.

- 1 THOU Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;
My longing heart implores thy grace;
O make me in thy likeness shine!
- 2 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul assails,
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 3 Close by thy side still may I keep,
Howe'er life's various current flow;
With steadfast eye mark every step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 4 So, when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And, free from pain, thy glories sing.

619. LIFE IN CHRIST. O. M.

- 1 FATHER of Jesus Christ, my Lord,
My Saviour, and my Head,
I trust in thee, whose powerful word
Hath raised him from the dead.
- 2 Thou know'st for my offence he died,
And rose again for me,
Fully and freely justified,
That I might live to thee.
- 3 Eternal life to all mankind
Thou hast in Jesus given;
And all who seek, in him shall find
The happiness of heaven.
- 4 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, "It shall be done!"

620. O THE CHRISTIAN MASTER. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 How shall I walk my God to please,
And spread content and happiness
O'er all beneath my care;
A pattern to my household give,
And as a guardian angel live,
As Jesu's messenger?
- 2 Lord over all, and God most high,
Jesus, to thee for help I fly,
For constant power and grace,
That, taught by thy good Spirit, and led,
I may with confidence proceed,
And all thy footsteps trace.
- 3 O teach me my first lesson now;
And while to thy sweet yoke I bow,
Thy easy service prove:
*Lowly and meek in heart, I see
The art of governing like thee,
Is governing by love.*

THE CHRISTIAN—HIS HOPE OF GLORY.

621. THE HOPE OF GLORY. O. M.

- 1 THE gloomy night will soon be past,
The morning will appear,
The rays of blessed light at last
Each waiting eye will cheer.
- 2 Thou bright and morning Star, thy light
Will to our joy be seen;
Thou, Lord, wilt meet our longing sight,
Without a cloud between.
- 3 Ah, yes! Lord Jesus, thou whose heart
Still for thy saints doth care,
We shall behold thee as thou art,
And thy full image bear.
- 4 Thy love sustains us on our way,
While pilgrims here below;
Thou dost, O Saviour, day by day,
The suited grace bestow.

622. THE HEAVENLY REST. S. M.

- 1 WHERE shall the weary rest?
The child of sorrow, where?
In Jesu's arms, for ever blest,
Soon shall he banish care.
- 2 When shall temptation's power
No longer break repose?
There comes a near, a blissful hour,
Which no disturbance knows.
- 3 When shall this aching heart
With ev'ry loved one dwell?
In worlds above they never part,
They never say, "Farewell!"
- 4 Where is the blest abode
Whence none shall ever roam?
There, in the presence of our God,
Is our eternal home!

623. 1 PET. 1. 3-5. C. 3

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.
- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise:
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
Unfading in the skies.
- 4 Saints by the power of God are kept
Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
But Christ shall call us home.

624. TREASURE IN HEAVEN. C. 1

- 1 EARTH'S empty joys I cease to prize,
I trust its charms no more;
In brighter realms my treasure lies,
Where Christ is gone before.
- 2 How can I rest in things below?
I'm but a stranger here;
The home to which I long to go,
Is in a happier sphere.
- 3 When will this frame decay,
And leave the spirit free
To spread its wings, and soar away
To happiness and thee?

ASCENDING FROM EARTH. 7's & 6's.

My soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Better portion trace;
 On transitory things,
 O heaven, thy native place.
 O moon, and stars decay,
 Shall soon this earth remove;
 My soul, and haste away
 As prepared above.
 O pilgrims, cease to mourn,
 Onward to the prize;
 O Saviour will return,
 Immanent in the skies.
 Reason, and you know
 Your entrance will be given,
 Sorrow left below,
 Earth exchanged for heaven.

LOOKING ABOVE.

C. M.

Look beyond the skies
 Rising day;
 Floods and flames the passage lies,
 Jesus guards the way:
 Diving flood, and raging flame,
 And obey his word:
 His triumph in his name—
 Saviour is the Lord.

"EYE HATH NOT SEEN." 6-8's.

Must it be to dwell above,
 At his right hand, where Jesus reigns,
 O sweet earnest of his love
 Helms us on these dreary plains!
 'T can think, no tongue explain,
 Like it is with Christ to reign.
 No more obstructs our sight,
 O sorrow pains our hearts no more,
 All we view the Prince of light,
 All his works of grace explore
 Lights and depths of love divine
 Are through endless ages shine!
 O heaven I long to know:
 With patience, I would wait,
 And from earth, and all below,
 Go to my celestial seat,
 Give my palm, and wear my crown,
 As the elders cast them down.

GOING TO BE WITH CHRIST. L. M.

Blessed Jesus! let me think
 Thy rich, redeeming love,
 O, with all my soul, to drink
 Of that bliss above.
 O to God, redeem'd by thee,
 I languish there to rest,
 O happy, safe, and free,
 Ever on thy tender breast.
 O, love thee, feel thee near,
 Read, as now, thy transient stay:
 Beyond the reach of fear,
 O should wane or pass away,
 Divine repose were this!
 O mortal heart, O God, desire
 Heavenly peace? What more of bliss
 Angel or saint require?

LOOKING TOWARDS HOME. L. M.

On the weary traveller gains
 Sight of some o'erlooking hill,
 It revives, if o'er the plains
 His home, though distant still:

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
 By faith his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
 No more he grieves for troubles past,
 Nor any future trial fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.

4 'T is there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day;
 Then shall I bid my fears farewell,
 And he shall wipe my tears away.

630. THE PILGRIM'S PROSPECT. L. M.

1 Yea, pilgrim! there will come a time
 When these dull ears shall scan aright
 Strains, that outrange earth's drowsy chime,
 As heaven outshines the taper's light.
 2 These eyes, that, dimmed now and weak,
 At glancing notes in sunshine wink,
 Shall see the King's full glory break,
 Nor from the blissful vision shrink.

3 In fearless love and hope unceasing,
 For ever on that ocean bright
 Empower'd to gaze, and, undestroy'd,
 Deeper and deeper plunge in light.

4 Though scarcely now their laggard glance
 Reach to an arrow's flight, that day
 They shall behold, and not in trance,
 The region "very far away."

631. LOOKING WITHIN THE VEIL. C. M.

1 GIVE us the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above; how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be!
 2 We ask them, whence their victory came;
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb,
 Their triumphs to his death.

3 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
 His love inspired their breast,
 And, following their incarnate God,
 They enter'd into rest.

4 Our glorious Leader let us bless,
 For his own pattern given,
 And for the cloud of witnesses,
 Which show the way to heaven.

632. "IN MY FLESH I SHALL SEE GOD." L. M.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
 He lives, and on the earth shall stand;
 And though to worms my flesh he gives,
 My dust lies number'd in his hand.

2 In this re-animating clay,
 I surely shall behold him near,
 Shall see him in the latter day
 In all his majesty appear.

3 I feel what then shall raise me up;
 The eternal Spirit lives in me;
 This is my confidence of hope,
 That God I face to face shall see.

4 Mine own, and not another's eyes,
 The King shall in his beauty view;
 I shall from him receive the prize,
 The starry crown, to victors due.

633. BREATHING AFTER HEAVEN. 8, 6, 6.

1 Ah! why should this immortal mind,
 Enslaved by sense, be thus confined,
 And never, never rise?
 Why, thus amused with empty to

And soothed with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies?
2 The mind was form'd to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapours cloud her sight,
And hang with cold oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.
3 Heaven calls, and can I yet delay?
Can ought on earth engage my stay?
Ah, wretched, lingering heart! [light,
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

634. LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST. C. M.

1 My soul, amid this stormy world,
Is like some flutter'd dove;
And fain would be as swift of wing,
To flee to him I love.
2 The cords that bound my heart to earth
Are broken by his hand:
Before his cross I found myself
A stranger in the land.
3 That vinegar marr'd, those sorrows deep,
The vinegar and gall,
Were Jesus' golden chains of love
His captive to enthrall!
4 My heart is with him on his throne,
And ill can brook delay;
Each moment list'ning for the voice—
"Rise up, and come away."

635. THE STAR OF PROPHECY. C. M.

1 To watch the morning's dawn,
I'll get me to the hill;
And, till the shadows flee away,
I'll keep the watch-tow'r still.
2 For morning surely comes,
With everlasting light:
The Day-star is at hand,
To chase the dreary night.
3 Our journey has been long,
And dark our desert day;
The promised glory yet to come,
Chief solace of our way.
4 And, though it lingers, yet
It cheers the falling eye
To mark, amid surrounding gloom,
The Star of prophecy.

636. THE HEAVENLY FLORIN. L. M.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
We seek that promised soil;
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
2 We tread the path our master trod,
We bear the cross he bore;
And every thorn that wounds our feet,
His temples pierced before.

637. MEETING OF THE SAINTS. 6-8's.

1 YEs, we shall meet: we part in tears,
That dim our feeble, earthly sight;
Yet through their veil a scene appears
Of joy unutterably bright:
It is the land where we shall dwell,
And never say again, farewell!
2 YEs, we shall meet: we part on shores
Where all as exiled strangers roam;
But open'd soon shall be the doors
Of our eternal happy home;

It is the home where we shall rest,
With all our Father's children blest.
3 YEs, we shall meet; we part in sighs
Which echo from each throbbing breast,
But on the ear of faith arise
Our future songs of triumph blest;
They are the songs whose strains shall be
Re-echoed through eternity.

638. SEEKING A CITY. L. M.

1 WITH heav'n in view, we tread the path
The saints of former ages trod:
Like them, the children once of wrath,
But now, like Christ, the sons of God.
2 We seek a city far from this,
A distant city, out of sight:
Our God himself its builder is,
The Lamb its everlasting light.
3 And sad to us the way appears,
Till we our Lord and God shall see,
Yet though while here we sow in tears,
Our harvest-home ere long shall be.

639. REST IN JESUS. P. M.

1 O TELL me no more
Of this world's vain store;
The time for such trifles with me now is
A country I've found,
Where true joys abound: [ground.
To dwell I'm determined on that happy
2 The souls that believe
In paradise live,
And me, as a sinner, will Jesus receive.
My soul, don't delay,
He calls thee away, [day.
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad
3 For ever I'll rest,
On his loving breast: [blest:
Beneath his sweet smile, I am pardon'd and
And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me, I cannot tell why;
4 But this I do find,
We two are so join'd, [hind.
He'll not live in glory, and leave me be-
Lo! this is the race,
I'm running through grace, [face.
Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's.

640. THE BRIGHT PROSPECT. C. M.

1 NOW I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Now I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
I soon shall reach my happy home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of blissful rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

THE CHURCH—ITS UNION WITH CHRIST.

641. ONE WITH CHRIST. C. M.

1 O BLESSED Jesus, who but thou,
On earth, in heav'n above,

May claim from all our willing hearts
The full response of love.

- 2 We love the brethren, Lord, 't is true,
Because in them we see
Sweet traces of thy blessed self,
For they are one with thee;
- 3 And one with us—but O, 't was thine,
Thine only, Lord, to part
With life, and all that love could give,
To win the wand'ring heart.
- 4 Thus heirs of endless bliss with thee,
We love thee—we adore,
And long to see thee face to face,
That we may love thee more.

642. UNION WITH JESUS. C. M.

- 1 HOPE of our hearts, O Lord, appear,
Thou glorious Star of day!
Shine forth, and chase the dreary night,
With all our tears away.
- 2 No resting-place we seek on earth,
No loveliness we see;
Our eye is on the royal crown
Prepared for us and thee.
- 3 But, dearest Lord! however bright
That crown of joy above;
What is it to the brighter hope
Of dwelling in thy love?
- 4 What to the joy, the deeper joy,
Unmingled, pure, and free,
Of union with our living Head,
Of fellowship with thee?

643. CHRIST WELCOMED. L. M.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed, honour'd Lord,
By earth, by heav'n, by all adored!
We hail thee welcome! take thy throne,
And in thy Zion reign alone!
- 2 Our only Lord and God thou art;
Reign thou the Sov'reign of the heart!
Thou King of glory ever bless'd,
By angels, and by man confess'd.

644. FELLOWSHIP WITH CHRIST. C. M.

In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever blest.

645. THE CHURCH'S CONFIDENCE. 7s.

- 1 God of love, that hearest pray'r,
Kindly for thy people care,
Who on thee alone depend:
Love us, save us to the end.
- 2 Cut off our dependence vain
On the help of feeble man;
E'er'ry arm of flesh remove;
Stay us on thy only love.
- 3 Save us from the great and wise,
Till they sink in their own eyes,
Tamely to thy yoke submit,
Lay their honours at thy feet.
- 4 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

THE CHURCH—ITS UNITY.

646. FAMILY ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN. C. M.

- 1 *The saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make;*

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Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

- 2 One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo! thousands to their endless home,
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

647. THE CHURCH'S JOY. C. M.

- 1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And see in hymns below.
- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise:
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

648. THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH. L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the souls that first believed,
To Jesus and each other cleaved;
Join'd by the union from above,
In holy fellowship of love!
- 2 Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They liv'd, and spoke, and thought the
They joyfully conspired to raise [same;
Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
- 3 With grace abundantly endued,
A pure, believing multitude;
They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole.
- 4 O what an age of golden days!
O what a choice, peculiar race!
Wash'd in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood,
Anointed kings and priests to God!

649. PRAYER FOR UNITY. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly;
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.
- 2 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thy arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
- 3 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee.
- 4 Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

650. THE CHURCH'S SONS. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, united by thy grace,
And each to each endear'd;

With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke;
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.
- 3 Touch'd by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree;
And ever tow'rd each other move,
And ever move tow'rd thee.
- 4 To thee inseparably join'd,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive!

651. ALL ONE IN CHRIST. C. M.

- 1 FOLLOWERS of Christ, of every name,
To him by faith allied;
Brethren, admit a brother's claim—
For me, too, Jesus died.
- 2 "Is Christ divided?" What can part
The members from the Head?
O, how should those be one in heart,
For whom one Saviour bled!
- 3 Bound to one Lord, by common vow,
In one great enterprise;
One faith, one hope, one centre now,
One common home, the skies.
- 4 O let us undivided be,
Let party contests cease;
Nor break the Spirit's unity,
Nor burst the bond of peace.

652. PRAYER FOR UNITY. L. M.

- 1 UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord,
Our souls upon thy truth we stay;
Accomplish now thy faithful word,
And give, O give us all one way.
- 2 O let us all join hand in hand,
Who find redemption in thy blood;
Fast in one mind and spirit stand,
To build the temple of our God!
- 3 O let us take a softer mould,
Blended and gather'd into thee;
Under one Shepherd, make one fold,
Where all is love and harmony!

653. CHRISTIAN LOVE. S. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our joys, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

654. UNION AMONG CHRISTIANS. S. M.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their head.

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- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away,
And all in Christian bonds unite
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Remember that above,
Where no discordant sounds are heard
Where all is peace and love.

655. LOVE TO THE BRETHREN. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, thy heart with love o'erflowed,
Love spoke in ev'ry breath,
Unwearied love thy life declared,
And triumph'd in thy death.
- 2 And thou hast taught thy followers here
Their faithfulness to prove,
And show their fellowship with thee,
By living still in love.
- 3 May we the law of love fulfil
In ev'ry act and thought,
Each angry passion be removed,
Each selfish view forgot.
- 4 Teach us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his willing aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

656. ONENESS OF THE CHURCH. S. M.

- 1 O WHAT hath Jesus wrought!
How full of power his name,
To subject ev'ry differing thought,
And light up love's pure flame!
- 2 O Lord, our love increase,
Fast knit to thine and thee,
Around us bind the bond of peace,
The Spirit's unity.
- 3 One God and Father ours,
One Christ, his gift of love,
One Spirit shed in living showers,
One home prepared above.
- 4 To one glad hope we cling
Through Jesu's life and death;
Amidst the church one song we sing,
And ours one common faith.

657. CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY. 7

- 1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of peace,
Did our jars for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite, declare:
Come, and spread thy banner here!
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

658. CHRISTIAN UNION. 7

- 1 CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the saints below,
Hear us, who thy nature share,
Who thy mystic body are.

- 2 Closer knit to thee, our Head,
Nourish us, O Christ, and feed;
Let us daily growth receive,
More and more in Jesus live.
- 3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy;
Kindly for each other care,
Ev'ry member feel its share.
- 4 Love, like death, hath all destroy'd,
Render'd all distinctions void;
Names, and sects, and parties fall;
Thou, O Christ, art all in all.

359. PRAYER FOR UNITY OF THE CHURCH. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great Builder of thy church below,
Because thy Spirit moves my breast,
Hear, and fulfil thine own request!
- 2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
And thee their utmost Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.
- 3 In them let all mankind behold
How Christians lived in days of old,
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.
- 4 Call them into thy wondrous light,
Worthy to walk with thee in white;
Make up thy jewels, Lord, and show
The glorious, spotless church below!

360. THE JOY OF UNITY. 4-5's & 2-8's.

- 1 BEHOLD how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace—
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness;
When brethren all in one agree,
Who knows the joys of unity!
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,
True followers of the Lamb,
The same in heart and mind,
And think and speak the same,
And all in love together dwell,
The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 In him, when brethren join,
And follow after peace,
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless—
His choicest blessings to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.

361. ONE IN HEART. C. M.

- 1 BLISS be the pure, uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death, can part!
- 4 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside,
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!

THE CHURCH—RECEIVING MEMBERS.

362. DEDICATION. 7's

- 1 PEOPLE of the living God!
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
- 2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!
- 3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
- 4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Ev'ry idol I resign!

363. SEEKING FELLOWSHIP. C. M.

- 1 HAIL, Church of Christ, bought with his
The world I freely leave; [blood!]
Ye children of the living God,
Me in your tents receive.
- 2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in heart
With thee, through boundless grace;
And I will never from thee part—
This bond shall never cease.
- 3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
I'll go thy safest road;
Thy people shall my people be,
And thine shall be my God.

364. ADMISSION INTO THE CHURCH. L. M.

- 1 BROTHERS in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter, and show yourselves approved,
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2 Welcome from earth; lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to you we give!
With open hearts and hands we stand,
And you in Jesu's name receive.
- 3 Say, are your hearts resolved as ours?
Then let them burn with sacred love,
Then let them taste the heavenly powers,
Partakers of the joys above.
- 4 Truly our fellowship below
With Christ and with the Father is;
In Him eternal life we know,
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

365. RECEIVING A MEMBER. L. M.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord,
Enter in Jesu's precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.
- 2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Join'd in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.
- 3 And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrow known,
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.
- 4 Once more our welcome we repeat,
Receive assurance of our love;
O may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above!

666. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. L. M.

- 1 KINDED in Christ, for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give!
- 2 To you and us by grace 't is given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme
When Christians see each other thus;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We 'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below,
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.

667. SURRENDER TO GOD. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us seek the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual covenant, join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves this sacred hour
His name to glorify,
And promise in our Saviour's power
For him to live and die.
- 3 The covenant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind:
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.

668. DEDICATION TO GOD. C. M.

- 1 WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
- 3 Now, I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
- 4 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

THE CHURCH—ITS MEETINGS.

669. SWEET FELLOWSHIP. 7s.

- 1 GREAT the joy when Christians meet:
Christian fellowship how sweet.
When our theme of praise the same;
We exalt Jehovah's name.
- 2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave his Son.
- 3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
Though he dwelt in joy above,
Yet he left his heav'nly place,
Died and rose to save our race.
- 4 Sing we, too, the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove;
He reveal'd the Son of God,
And the value of his blood.

- 5 Sweet the thought, exceeding sweet,
We shall soon in glory meet;
Where, the Saviour still the theme,
We shall ever sing of him.

670. MORNING IN CHRIST'S NAME. C. M.

- 1 SEE, Jesus, thy disciples see,
The promised blessing give!
Met in thy name, we look to thee,
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thus we expect, our faithful Lord,
Who in thy name are join'd,
We wait according to thy word,
Thou in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here:
But O, thyself reveal!
Son of the living God, appear!
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Whom now we seek, O may we meet!
Jesus, the Crucified,
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,
Thou who for us hast died.

671. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP. L. M.

- 1 THY sacred influence, Lord, impart;
Let all the church thy blessings prove;
Diffuse thy grace through ev'ry heart,
And perfect us in Christian love.
- 2 Thus join'd in fellowship below;
Differing in gifts, in spirit one;
How blest the union we shall know,
When all shall meet around thy throne.

672. THE CHURCH MEETING. D. S. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR of sinful men,
Thy goodness we proclaim
Which brings us here to meet again,
And triumph in thy name.
Thy mighty name hath been
Our safeguard and our tower;
Hath saved us from the world and sin,
And all the Accuser's power.
- 2 Awhile in flesh disjoin'd,
Our friends that went before
We soon in paradise shall find,
And meet to part no more.
In you thrice happy sent,
Waiting for us they are;
And thou shalt there a husband meet,
And I a parent there.
- 3 No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy:
In that eternal day
No clouds nor tempests rise:
There gushing tears are wiped away
For ever from our eyes.

673. MEETING BETHLEHEM. 6-8.

- 1 STILL in a world of sin and pain,
Far from our home, we meet again;
Dreary and long our course may be,
But O, our God, it lead to thee:
Thou art the light by which we roam,
Thou art our everlasting home.
- 2 Thy hand is still around to bless,
Thou dost not leave us comfortless;
Earth and the pain we will may test,
But thou art ever near to bless!

Still as our day our strength shall be,
For all our cares are borne by thee.

- 3 Still, as time's changing current rolls,
Thy friendship, Lord, delights our souls;
Thy mighty arm to smooth our way,
Thy light to turn our night to day;
Onward with firmer steps we roam,
On to our everlasting home.

374. JOY IN MEETING.

7's.

- 1 GLORY be to God above,
God from whom all blessings flow;
Make we mention of his love,
Publish we his praise below:
Call'd together by his grace,
We are met in Jesu's name;
See with joy each other's face;
Followers of the bleeding Lamb.

- 2 More and more let love abound:
Let us never, never rest,
Till we are in Jesus found,
Of our paradise possess:
He removes the flaming sword,
Calls us back from Eden driven;
To his image here restored,
Soon he takes us up to heaven.

375. SOCIAL MEETINGS.

7's.

- 1 COME, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine!
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above;
Celebrate the feast of love.

- 2 Sing we, then, in Jesu's name,
Now, as yesterday, the same;
One in ev'ry time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land;
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesu's witnesses.

376. SOCIAL MEETINGS.

7's.

- 1 COME, thou high and lofty Lord!
Lowly, meek, incarnate Word!
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come, and visit abject man.
Jesus, dear, expected guest,
Thou art hidden to the feast;
For thyself our hearts prepare:
Come, and sit, and banquet here!

- 2 Jesus, we thy promise claim:
We are met in thy great name!
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here!
Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy spirit; give thy peace:
Thou thyself within us move;
Make our feast a feast of love.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

377. THE MERCY SEAT.

L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

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- 2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind:
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.
3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear:
O, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

378. "ABBA, FATHER." 8's & 7's.

- 1 "ABBA, Father," we approach thee,
In our precious Saviour's name,
We, thy children, here assembling,
Now thy promised blessing claim.
2 From our sins his blood hath wash'd us,
'T is through him our souls draw nigh:
And thy Spirit, too, hath taught us,
"Abba, Father," thus to cry.

379. CHRIST'S PROMISE. L. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise—
2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."
3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

380. IMPORTUNITY. 7's.

- 1 NAY, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
Ah! my Lord, thou know'st my name!
Yet the question gives a plea
To support my suit with thee.
3 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat in prayer;
Mercy heard, and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

381. PRAYER. O. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unutter'd or express;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
4 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
5 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of pray'r thyself hast trod
Lord, teach us how to pray.

682. INTERCOMMUNION OF THE SPIRIT.

7s.

- 1 INTERCOMMUNION, throned on high !
Unto men thine aid supply ;
By thy influence still prepare
Humble hearts for holy prayer :
Dovellike from on high descend,
With our thoughts and feelings blend,
And the shadow of thy wing
O'er our suppliant spirits fling.
- 2 Lend to our infirmities
Living help which grace supplies ;
Thou alone canst teach alway
What to pray for, how to pray :
Nor alone instruct us how
At the throne of grace to bow ;
Far beyond our fervent prayer,
Be thyself our pleader there.

683. PRAYER MEETING.

C. M.

- 1 WHEN we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign ;
Let not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly thine.
- 2 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And wait it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 't is goodness still
That grants it or denies.

684. THE BEEGAR. 4-5s & 2-5s.

- 1 ENCOURAGED by thy word
Of promise to the poor,
Behold a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door ;
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.
- 2 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others, who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel ;
I 'll tell them of thy mercy's store,
And try to send a thousand more.

685. PRAYER MEETING.

7s & 6s.

- 1 FATHER of our dying Lord,
Remember us for good ;
O fulfil his faithful word,
And hear his speaking blood.
- 2 Give us that for which he prays :
Father ! glorify the Son ;
Show his truth, and power, and grace ;
Send the promised Spirit down.

686. THE CHRISTIAN PRAYING.

7s.

- 1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring ;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

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687. PRAYER MEETING.

C. M.

- 1 SINCE God is seated on his throne,
And waits to answer prayer,
O let us all, with one accord,
Before his face repair.
- 2 He does not ask for labour'd thoughts,
In pompous language drest ;
The simple, earnest, heartfelt cry
Will ever please him best.

688. PRAYER APPOINTED BY GOD. L. M.

- 1 PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.
- 2 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
Draw near to God without delay.
- 3 Depend on Christ, thou canst not fall ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not, his merits must prevail :
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

689. THE POWER OF PRAYER. L. M.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the power of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.
- 2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud with-
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ; (draw)
Strengthens our faith, deepens our love,
Brings every blessing from above.
- 3 Restraining prayer we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
And Satan trembles when he sees (bright)
The weakest saint upon his knees.

690. PRAYER MEETING. 4-5s & 2-5s.

- 1 MAKE bare thy holy arm,
That all may praise thy name ;
Poor guilty souls alarm,
And snatch them from the flame ;
Complete the work thou hast begun,
And save a world by sin undone.
- 2 All power to thee belongs,
And thy great name we 'll praise ;
Accept the grateful songs
Which now to thee we raise ;
Bring us at last thy face to see,
That we may live and reign with thee.

691. UNITED PRAYER. D. S. M.

- 1 IN fellowship alone
To God with faith draw near,
Approach his courts, beseege his throne
With all the powers of prayer.
Go to his temple, go,
Nor from his altar move ;
Let every house his worship know,
And every heart his love.
- 2 Pour out your souls to God,
And bow them with your knees,
And spread your heart and hands abroad,
And pray for Skou's peace :
Your guides and brethren bear
For ever on your mind ;
Extend the arms of mighty prayer,
In grasping all mankind.

682. MEETING IN CHRIST'S NAME. L. M.

- 1 WHERE two or three together meet,
In his great name who reigns above,
Their fellowship and work is sweet,
They meet and they depart in love.
- 2 The Lord is with his people there,
Whenever they are met to pray;
He listens to their feeblest prayer,
And sends them not unblest away.
- 3 We nothing have, but all is thine;
While thou art rich, we cannot want:
O Lord, thy gracious ear incline,
Hear us, and our petitions grant!

683. CHRIST'S BLESSING. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, to many or to few,
Thy bounty is the same;
Thou kindly bleasest one or two
Assembled in thy name.
- 2 And here, where many at thy feet
A blessing still would share,
Thy mercy, boundless and complete,
Can answer ev'ry prayer.

684. SOCIAL PRAYER. C. M.

- 1 WELCOME, thy gracious promise, Lord,
Thy pledge to sinners given,
"Where two or three in prayer accord,
I make on earth a heaven."
- 2 Welcome the promise, free and sure,
To all that own thy name;
Thy people find its truth secure,
Still, like thyself, the same.

685. THE THRONE OF GRACE. S. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
His promise calls me near,
To seek my God and Father's face,
Who loves to answer prayer.
- 2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for all who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since for thy sake that blood was spilt,
What else will he withhold?
- 4 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I'll open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

686. WHY PRAYER IS HEARD. C. M.

- 1 OFT hast thou, Lord, in tender love,
Prevented my request,
And sent thy Spirit from above,
An unexpected guest.
- 2 Why dost thou to a sinner's cry
Incline thy pitying ear?
Thou hear'st my Advocates on high,
And wilt for ever hear.

687. JESUS OUR ALL IN ALL. 7s.

- 1 JESUS, Friend to sinners dear,
To my soul be ever near;
Let me all thy goodness prove,
All the wonders of thy love.
- 2 Thou art God, and thou art mine,
All to thee I will resign;

Thou wilt, Lord, my portion be;
Thou art all in all to me.

- 3 What's the world with all its joys?
Fleeting, empty, flat'ring toys:
But in thee my heaven I find;
Thou canst fill the longing mind.

688. SAFETY IN DIVINE LOVE. L. M.

- 1 WHITHER, O whither shall I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?
- 2 Gently wilt thou the tender lead,
And strengthen ev'ry feeble knee;
Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me.
- 3 Lord of myself, I'm weak and blind;
Lead me a way I have not known,
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone!

689. CHRIST'S PRESENCE. C. M.

- 1 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!
- 2 O Lord, let all thy glories shine,
And fill thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.
- 3 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer, come,
And bring the bright and glorious day
That calls thy children home.

700. SEEKING GUIDANCE. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 GUIDE us, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land,
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed us now and evermore.
- 2 Open wide the living fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Be thyself our cloudy pillar
All the dreary desert through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still our strength and shield.
- 3 While we tread this vale of sorrow,
May we in thy love abide;
Keep us, O our gracious Saviour,
Cleaving closely to thy side,
Still relying
On our Father's changeless love.

701. PRAYER FOR GOD'S PRESENCE. 7s.

- 1 HERE assembled in thy name,
We thy gracious promise claim;
Let thy presence, Lord, afford
Confirmation to thy word.
- 2 Saviour, keep us all in peace;
Let our faith and love increase;
Let us all united be
To each other and to thee.

702. ASSEMBLING IN CHRIST'S NAME. S. M.

- 1 JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below.

THE CHURCH—ITS MINISTRY.

704. THE HERALDS OF THE CROSS. S. M.

- How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
" Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

705. ANTHEMATIONS. S. M.

- 1 Ye messengers of Christ,
His sov'reign voice obey,
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow ;
Depending on his promised aid,
With holy courage go.

Attend it w
And let it

706. WEL

- 1 We bid thee,
Of Jesus,
Come as a s
And we re
2 Come as a S
This fold !
Nourish the
The woun
3 Come as a W
Upon thy
And when th
Call us to
4 Come as a m
Fill'd with
Live to behol
And die to

709.

- 1 Pour out thy
Lord ! this
Graces and g
Thy herald
2 Within thy
To teach th
Saviour, like
The angels
3 Wisdom, our
Firmness w
To bear thy p
And love th

We plead for those who plead for thee—
Successful pleadings may they be!
2 Clothe thou, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound.

712. "EXAMPLES TO THE FLOCK." C. M.

- 1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
From death and sin set free,
May every under-shepherd keep
His eye intent on thee.
- 2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness, and skill.
- 3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And let them live, and let them feel
The sacred truths they preach.

713. THE DEATH OF A MINISTER. S. M.

- 1 SERVANT of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.
- 4 Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

714. CHOOSING OFFICE-BEARERS. C. M.

- 1 VOUCREASE, O Lord, thy presence now,
Direct us in thy fear;
Before thy throne we humbly bow,
And join in fervent prayer.
- 2 Give us the men whom thou shalt choose
Thy house on earth to guide,
Those who shall ne'er their power abuse,
Nor rule with haughty pride;
- 3 Endued with wisdom from above,
And with discretion bless'd;
Displaying meekness, temperance, love,
Of ev'ry grace possess'd.

715. PRAYER OF THE CHURCH. L. M.

- 1 GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by thee, O, may it rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies!
- 2 May every pastor from above,
Be now inspired with zeal and love,
To watch thy folds, and feed thy sheep,
And his own heart with care to keep.
- 3 Revive thy churches with thy grace;
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Raise us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesu's name.
- 4 May young and old thy word receive;
Dead sinners hear thy word and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

716. PRAYER FOR DEACONS. L. M.

- 1 GREAT King of saints, enthroned on high!
Under thy care thy churches live;
Thou dost their various wants supply,
And well-appointed elders give.
- 2 For pastors may thy name be blest,
Who teach the doctrines of the Lord;
On deacons may thy favour rest,
Chosen according to thy word.
- 3 While they their works assign'd fulfil,
O may their souls with grace be crown'd,
And patience, sympathy, and zeal,
With meekness, in their lives abound.
- 4 And when their service here is done,
Their labours and their conflicts o'er,
Then may they wait before thy throne
In heaven, to praise thee evermore.

THE CHURCH—ITS COMMUNION.

717. THE FEAST OF LOVE. C. M.

- 1 AROUND thy table, holy Lord,
In fellowship we meet,
Obedient to thy gracious word,
This feast of love to eat.
- 2 There, every one that loves thy name,
Our willing hearts embrace,
Our life, our hope, our joy the same,
The same thy love and grace.
- 3 This is the season to forget
All but our common life,
For in the holiest we are met,
Above the scene of strife.
- 4 Commune with each at this blest hour,
And, when we hence depart,
With deeds of love, or words of power,
Engage each faithful heart.

718. ENOUGH IN CHRIST. 6-7's.

- 1 LORD Jesus, in thy name alone
Thy saints shall meet before the throne,
And only thus would we be found
Thy table ever to surround:
We mention nothing to our God,
Except thy righteousness and blood.
- 2 O precious Jesus! there's indeed
Enough in thee to meet our need,
Enough in thee to make us glad—
O why should pardon'd souls be sad?
Wide open is the door to God;
We enter boldly through thy blood.
- 3 Our present joy is knowing thee,
Our future joy thy face to see;
But when our bliss is all complete,
We still shall worship at thy feet,
And mention nothing to our God,
But that same righteousness and blood.

719. "REMEMBER ME." C. M.

- 1 REMEMBER thee! remember Christ!
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of life,
Who saves us by his grace?
- 2 The Lord of life, with glory crown'd,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Forget not those for whom on earth
He heaved his dying groan.
- 3 His glory now to tongues of man,
Or seraph bright can tell;

Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are saved from hell;
4 For this he came and dwelt on earth;
For this his life was given;
For this he fought and vanquish'd death;
For this he pleads in heaven.
5 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky;
Your grateful praises give;
Sing loud hosannas to the Lord,
Who died that you might live.

720. LORD'S SUPPER. C. M.

1 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.
2 There sup with us in love divine;
Thy body and thy blood—
That living bread, that heavenly wine—
Be our immortal food.

721. GLORIFYING IN THE CROSS. L. M.

1 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucified.
2 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on thy cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
3 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

722. THE LORD'S SUPPER. C. M.

1 Lo! here a rich repast is spread
For all who Jesus love;
They'll be on best of manna fed:
It came from heaven above.
2 Lo! Jesus, too, himself is here,
Presiding at his board:
He bids you welcome, brother dear;
O what a bounteous Lord!
3 "Me welcome! me!" some heart replies,
"To be Immanuel's guest!"
"Yes, yes," the dove-like Saviour cries,
"If me thou lovest best."
4 "Ay, best, my Jesus; all my heart
I empty here for thee;
Ye lusts, go out! thou world, depart!
And all ye rivals flee!
5 For in this bread and blood-like wine
I see, with faith's clear eye,
Christ is my own; his work 's mine;
I'll love him till I die."

723. ADORING CHRIST'S GRACE. C. M.

1 LORD! at thy table I behold
The wonders of thy grace,
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place.
2 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand;
My Jesus bids me come.
3 "Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,
"The feast was made for you;
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumph'd too."

4 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

724. "IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME." C. M.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie,
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh:
2 O! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe!
3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words display'd,
"Meet, and remember me!"
4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
O, mem'ry, leave no other name
But his recorded there!

725. "WHO IS THIS?" S. S. 6.

1 Is this my Jesus, this my God,
Whose body, all o'erstain'd with blood,
Hangs on the accursed tree,
Who bows his head, oppress'd with pain,
But, 'midst it all, doth not complain?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he.
2 Is this my Saviour, this my Lord, [bored,
Whose feet and hands with nails are
And fasten'd to the tree,
Whose sacred head with thorns is crown'd,
Whose pierced side receives the wound?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he.
3 Is this my bleeding sacrifice,
Who bows his head and calmly dies,
High lifted on the tree,
Unknown by Gentiles, scoff'd by Jews,
Whom almost all mankind refuse?
Yes, O my soul, 'tis he.

726. GRATITUDE. S. M.

1 We bless the Saviour's name,
Our sins are all forgiven;
To suffer once, to earth he came,
And now he's crown'd in heaven.
2 His precious blood was shed,
His body bruised for sin;
Remembering this, we break the bread,
And joyful, drink the wine.
3 While we remember thee,
Lord, in our midst appear;
Let each by faith thy body see,
While we assemble here.
4 We never would forget
Thy rich, thy precious love,
Our theme of joy and wonder here,
Our endless song above.

727. A SIGHT OF CHRIST. S. S. 7's

1 WHILE in sweet communion feeding
On this earthly bread and wine,
Saviour, may we see thee bleeding
On the cross, to make us thine.
2 Now our eyes for ever closing
To this fleeting world below,
On thy gentle breast reposing,
Teach us, Lord, thy grace to know.
3 Though unseen, be ever near us,
With the still small voice of love,

Whispering words of peace, to cheer us,
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

- 4 Bring before us all the story
Of thy life and death of wo,
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wean our hearts from all below.

729. THE FEAST OF LOVE. S. M.

- 1 Sweet feast of love divine,
'Tis grace that makes us free
To feed upon the bread and wine,
In mem'ry, Lord, of thee.
2 O if this glimpse of love
Is so divinely sweet,
What will it be, O Lord, above
Thy gladd'ning smile to meet?
3 To see thee face to face,
Thy perfect likeness wear,
And all thy ways of wondrous grace
Through endless years declare?

729. THE KING'S FEAST. L. M.

- 1 Ours is a rich and royal feast,
Provided by the King of heaven;
How privileged are they, and blest,
To whom the bread of life is given!
2 We worship him who bore the cross,
We glory in his death alone;
The world itself appears but loss
To those to whom his name is known.
3 The blood he shed supplies a stream
That washes all our guilt away;
How precious, then, the Lord should seem,
Whose death we celebrate to-day!
4 On earth, his dying love shall be
Our spring of hope, our theme of joy;
And, when in heaven our Lord we see,
His praise shall all our powers employ.

730. EMBLEMS OF CHRIST'S DEATH. C. M.

- 1 In lively figures, here we see
The bleeding Prince of love;
Each of us sings, He died for me,
And thus our griefs remove.
2 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

731. LORD'S SUPPER. S. S. 6.

- 1 In blessed union here we meet;
We sit at the Redeemer's feet,
And eat the bread of heaven:
How highly privileged are we,
And O how thankful should we be,
To whom this grace is given.
2 To join in fellowship, how sweet,
With those who in the Saviour meet,
Enlighten'd from above!
How excellent the pleasure is,
That flows from such a feast as this,
Where all are join'd in love!
3 But if such joy is found to flow
From sacred fellowship below,
Then what must heaven be,
Where all the Saviour's friends shall meet,
And dwell in happiness complete
Throughout eternity?

732. LOVE TO REMEMBER. L. M.

- 1 Fresh from the atoning sacrifice
The world's Creator blessing lies,
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That man, his foe, for whom he bled,
May take him for his daily bread.

- 2 Oh, agony of wavering thought
When sinners first so near are brought!
It is my Maker—dare I stay?
My Saviour—dare I turn away?

733. "THIS IS MY BODY." L. M.

- 1 "My body, broken, thus I give,
For you, for all; take, eat, and live;
And oft the sacred rite renew,
That brings my wondrous love to view."
2 Then in his hands the cup he raised,
And God answ' he thank'd and praised,
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd.
3 "My blood I thus pour forth," he cries,
"To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;
In this the covenant is seal'd,
And heaven's eternal grace reveal'd."
4 With love to man this cup is fraught,
Let all partake the sacred draught;
Through latest ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

734. REMEMBERING CHRIST. L. M.

- 1 Oft we, alas! forget the love
Of him who bought us with his blood,
And now, as our High Priest above,
Stands as our Advocate with God.
2 Oft we forget that we are one
With ev'ry saint that loves his name,
United to him on the throne—
Our life, our hope, our Lord, the same.
3 Here, in the broken bread and wine,
We hear him say, "Remember me;
I gave my life to ransom thine,
I bore thy curse, to set thee free."
4 Lord, we are thine—we praise thy love;
One with thy saints, all one in thee;
We would, until we meet above,
In all our ways remember thee.

735. THE BANQUET OF LOVE. S. M.

- 1 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heavenly things;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.
2 The angelic host above
Can never taste this food;
They feast upon their Maker's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.
3 Come, all ye drooping saints,
And banquet with the King;
This wine will drown your sad complaints
And tune your voice to sing.

736. SHOW FORTH THE LORD'S DEATH. 6-7s.

- 1 Meeting in the Saviour's name,
"Breaking bread" by his command,
To the world we thus proclaim
On what ground we hope to stand,
When the Lord shall come with clouds,
Join'd by heaven's exulting crowds.
2 From the cross our hope we draw—
'Tis the sinner's best resource;
Jesus magnified the law,
Jesus bore its awful curse.
This the joyful truth we own,
This our ground of hope alone.

of a shower,
from above;
ill shortly pour
of his love!

OR A REVIVAL. P. M.

to God
broad,
ry place,
his servants, his savour of
y gave, [grace:

alm have
e has done:
ory to Jesus alone.

t Lord
is word,
evail,
hen the kingdom of hell;
bared,
repared,
ow, [low.

power of his passion be-

CH REJOICING. S. M.

ner long,
n children sees;
erise and pleasure, asks,
begotten these?"

ne sat,
estranged had been;
ing morn presents
rious scene.

other there,
to the Lord;
victorious grace
uing word.

OF REVIVAL. C. M.

together knit,
'd in one;

art, one mind, one voice;
death began

THE CHURCH—ITS SAFETY.

757. SAFETY OF THE CHURCH. 8's & 7's.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Heavenly city of our God,
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose!
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from Eternal Love,
Flow to cheer thy sons and daughters,
And all dread of death remove.

4 Who can faint where such a river
Freely flows, their thirst 't assuage?
Blessings which, like God the giver,
Never fall from age to age.

758. MALAH xli. 27. C. M.

1 WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious
Despairing of relief, (plaint

As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
And did not heed thy grief?

2 Art thou afraid his power shall fail
When comes thy evil day?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

5 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They enter the bright above.

Nor shall thy promised mercy stay—
Already dawns its blissful hour.

- 4 Thy servants for that mercy wait,
And lift to thee their longing eyes,
Weep o'er thy church's ruin'd state,
And watch to see her glories rise.

761. THE CHURCH'S DEFENCE. L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect the brightest praise.

THE CHURCH—ITS GLORY.

762. ISAIAH II. 2-6. O. M.

- 1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
On mountain-tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house, we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Come, then, O come from ev'ry land,
To worship at his shrine,
And, walk on in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

763. THE GLORY OF THE CHURCH. L. M.

- 1 ZION, awake! thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue,
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.
- 2 Church of our God! arise, and shine
Bright with the beams of truth divine:
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.
- 3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too;
Shall come like clouds across the sky,
Or doves that to their windows fly.

764. ISAIAH XXVI. 1-7. C. M.

- 1 How glorious Zion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
Here fix'd his loved abode.
- 2 Its walls, defended by his grace,
No power shall e'er overthrow,
Salvation is its bulwark sure
Against th' assaulting foe.

- 3 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
And dwell in perfect peace,
Ye who have known Jehovah's name,
And trusted in his grace.

- 4 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears;
Eternal in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

765. UPON THY BEAUTIFUL GARMENTS. L. M.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known;
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruin shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

766. THE PILGRIM SONG. L. M.

- 1 THOU great Jehovah! ev'ry land
Shall echo thine all-glorious name;
Kingdoms shall bow at thy command,
And ev'ry lip thy praise proclaim.
- 2 Exalted high on ev'ry shore,
The banner of the cross unfurl'd
Now summons nations to adore
The Saviour of a ransom'd world.
- 3 May thousands join thy pilgrim band,
And, by the sacred standard led,
Press forward to Emmanuel's land,
Nor fear the thorny road to tread!
- 4 Triumphant over ev'ry foe,
Their ransom'd numbers shall move on
To that blest world, where sin and woe
Shall never mingle with their song.

767. REV. XXI. 25. S. M.

- 1 BUILT by Jehovah's hand,
The holy city see!
Its happy gates wide open stand;
To enter all are free.
- 2 One bright eternal day
Shall in the city reign;
Darkness and death are fled away,
Ne'er to return again.
- 3 Jerusalem shall be
Our peaceful, blest abode;
Here will we love and honour thee,
Our Saviour and our God!

768. REV. XXI. 8a.

- 1 To Jesus be praise without end,
For glories reveal'd in his word!
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord.
- Here nothing can enter unclean:
No evil can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction is seen,
No shadow of darkness is there.
- 2 No need of the sun or the moon
To shine on this happy abode;
Her light, more resplendent than noon,
Beams forth from the glory of God.

The Lamb is her life and her sun,
Of light and salvation the spring;
Jesus and Jesus are one—
Her Saviour, her God, and her King.

769. GLORY OF THE CHURCH. 7's.

- 1 SHOUT, ye people, clap your hands,
To the Saviour's glory sing;
Wake, ye dark and distant lands,
Wake, to hail your God and King.
- 2 LO! his church shall flourish on,
Till the world shall own his way;
Forth to conquest Christ is gone;
Who his glorious course shall stay?
- 3 Praise, then, to the mighty Lord,
Praise to our triumphant King!
All that live, with glad accord,
To his feet your honours bring.
- 4 PRINCES humbly bow the knee,
Nations, to his footstool flow!
Lord he is in heaven, and he
Shall be Lord of all below!

770. FUTURE GLORY OF THE CHURCH. 8's & 7's.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls, salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise."
- 2 Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

771. THE FOOTSTOOL OF MERCY. L. M.

- 1 SEE, Lord, thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne:
Accept our humble, cheerful vow:
Thou art our sov'reign, thou alone.
- 2 Beneath thy soul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls, and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour-king,
The condescensions of his love.
- 4 Amazing love that stoop'd so low,
To view with pity's melting eye
Vile men, deserving endless woe:
Amazing love! did Jesus die?
- 5 He died, to raise to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
O, let his praise each hour employ,
Till hours no more their circles run!

772. PRESSING ONWARD. 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 COME, all who've have set
Your faces onward,
In Jesus let us meet,
And praise our common Lord;
In Jesus let us still go on,
Till all appear before his throne.

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- 2 Nearer and nearer still,
We to our country come:
To that celestial hill,
The weary pilgrim's home,
The New Jerusalem above,
The seat of everlasting love.
- 3 The peace and joy of faith
Each moment may we feel:
Redeem'd from sin and wrath,
From earth, and death, and hell,
We to our Father's house repair,
To meet our elder brother there.

773. EPH. III. 16. L. M.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend, and dwell
By faith and love in every breast:
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of thine immeasurable grace. [length]
- 3 Now, to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know
Be everlasting honours done, [Son]
By all the church, through Christ his

774. GIVING THANKS. 5's & 11's.

- 1 COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
With vigour arise, [kies]
And press to our permanent place in the
- 2 No longer we find
For the country behind;
But onward we move,
And still we are seeking a country above
- 3 A country of joy
Without an alloy,
We thither repair: [there]
Our hearts and our treasure already are
- 4 We march hand in hand
To Emmanuel's land;
No matter what cheer [near]
We meet with on earth; for eternity'

775. SEEKING A BLESSING. 7's.

- 1 To thy temple I repair:
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy-seat.
- 2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my righteousness.
- 3 While the pray'rs of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through thy name;
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.
- 5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day.

776. UNITING TO PRAISE JESUS. 7's.

- 1 JESUS, soft, harmonious name,
Ev'ry faithful heart's desire!

See thy followers, O Lamb,
All at once to thee aspire:
Drawn by thy uniting grace,
After thee we swiftly run;
Hand in hand we seek thy face,
Come, and perfect us in one.

2 Jesu's praise be all our song;
While we Jesu's praise repeat,
Glide our happy hours along,
Glide with down upon their feet!
Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,
Till we take our seats above,
Live we all as angels here,
Only sing, and praise, and love.

777. PRAYER FOR GOD'S PRESENCE. L. M.

1 O SAVIOUR! when thy servants meet
To sing thy praise, vouchsafe to hear;
And when we worship at thy feet,
With answering love our spirits cheer.

2 Here may we cast our burdens down;
And, lighten'd of each earthly load,
Press on to gain th' immortal crown,
And rest in thy divine abode.

3 O may we live by faith and prayer,
As those once liv'd who dwell with thee;
That in their blessing we may share,
And where thou art our home may be.

778. UNITED PRAYER. P. M.

1 COME away to the skies,
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wast born;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
And with singing to Zion return.

2 With thanks we approve
The design of thy love,
Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name;
So united in heart,
That we never can part
Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

3 There, there at his feet
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more!
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
And our Saviour in glory adore.

4 Hallelujah we sing,
To our Father and King,
And his rapturous praises repeat:
To the Lamb that was slain,
Hallelujah again,
Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

779. THE PLEASANTNESS OF WORSHIP. L. M.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and praise his word:
Thy words of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Soon shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wish'd below;
And every power and sweet employ
In thy eternal world of joy.

780. UNITED THANKSGIVING.

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1 PARTNERS of a glorious hope,
Lift your hearts and voices up.
Jointly let us rise, and sing
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King:
Monuments of Jesu's grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise;
Walk in him we have received;
Show we not in vain believed.

2 Hence may all our actions flow;
Love the proof that Christ we know;
Mutual love the token be,
Lord, that we belong to thee:
Love, thine image, love impart!
Stamp it on our face and heart!
Only love to us be given!
Lord, we ask no other heaven.

781. UNITED WORSHIP. 8, 8, 6.

1 THOU God of power, and God of Love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise the angels sing,
And veil their faces while they cry,
"Thrice Holy!" to the God Most High,
"Thrice Holy!" to their King.

2 Thee, as our God, we too would claim,
And bless the precious Saviour's name
Through whom this grace is given
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who form'd our ruin'd souls anew,
And made us heirs of heaven.

3 While we in supplication join
Before the throne of grace divine,
In mercy bow thine ear;
And while we listen to thy word,
Or praise thy name with glad accord,
Amongst us, Lord, appear.

782. THE HOUSE OF PRAYER. L. M.

1 SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
The Christian to the house of prayer;
I love to stand within its walls,
For thou, O Lord, art present there.

2 I love to tread the hallow'd courts
Where two or three for worship meet,
For thither Christ himself resorts,
And makes the little band complete.

3 'T is sweet to raise the common song,
To join in holy praise and love,
And imitate the blessed throng
That mingle hearts and songs above.

4 Within these walls may peace abound,
May all our hearts in one agree;
Where brethren meet, where Christ is
May peace and concord ever be. [found,

783. ANNUNCIATION. L. M.

1 GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings:
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meekest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

Hear thy word with godly fear,
 2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd,
 Let us give them, Lord, to thee :
 Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd,
 We would run, nor weary be,
 Till thy glory,
 Without clouds, in heaven we see.
 3 There, in worship purer, sweeter,
 All thy people shall adore ;
 Tasting of enjoyment greater
 Than they could conceive before—
 Full enjoyment,
 Full, unmix'd, for evermore !

785. **THANKSGIVING.** S. M.

1 AND are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face ?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give,
 For his redeeming grace :
 Preserved by Power divine
 To full salvation here,
 Again in Jesu's praise we join,
 And in his sight appear.
 2 What troubles have we seen,
 What conflicts have we past—
 Fightings without, and fears within—
 Since we assembled last !
 But out of all the Lord
 Hath brought us by his love,
 And still he doth his help afford,
 And hides our life above.

786. **DELIGHT IN WORSHIP.** L. M.

1 LORD, how delightful 't is to see
 A whole assembly worship thee !
 With joy they sing, humbly they pray :
 They hear of heaven, and learn the way.
 2 I have been there, and still would go :
 'T is like a little heaven below ;

Our prayers :
 Come, and thy pe
 And give thy W
 Spirit of holiness
 On us descend

789. **THE DAY O**

1 WELCOME, sacred d
 Sweet repose fro
 Day above all days :
 When our souls f
 2 Day when our Red
 Victor o'er the be
 Thus he vanquish'd
 Let our lips his g
 3 Gracious Lord, we
 When we hear th
 When we sing thy
 Earth can no suc
 4 But a sweeter rest
 Heavenly Sabbat
 Rest from sin, and
 Endless joys and

790. **SABBA'**

1 ANOTHER six days' we
 Another Sabbath is b
 Return, my soul, enj
 Improve the day thy
 2 Come, bless the Lord
 So sweet a rest to we
 Provides an antepast
 And gives this day th
 3 O that our thoughts a
 As grateful incense to
 And draw from heav
 Which none but he ti
 4 To holy duties, let the

Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

792. MORNING OF THE RESURRECTION. C. M.

1 Bless morning I whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave his dark abode!

2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb,
The great Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the appointed day.

3 Hell and the grave combined their force
To hold our Lord in vain;
Sudden the Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

4 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

793. SABBATH MORNING. 4-6's & 2-5's.

1 SERVANTS of God, awake,
To hail this sacred day,
And in glad songs of praise
Your grateful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 Upon this happy morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bands of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes,
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 Great King; gird on thy sword;
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war.
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

794. SABBATH MORNING. C. M.

1 AGAIN the Lord of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death;
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
Broken beneath his powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung:
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

795. THE LORD'S DAY. C. M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

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3 Bless be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace:
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

4 Hosanna! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

796. IMMORTALITY BROUGHT TO LIGHT. C. M.

1 THIS is the day when Jesus rose,
Triumphant from the grave;
To crown the conquest o'er his foes,
The human race to save.

2 This is the day that, beaming bright,
With sevenfold radiance crown'd,
Brought immortality to light,
And Satan captive bound.

3 To thee, O Lord, the humble voice
Of gratitude we raise;
In all thy triumphs we rejoice,
And sing the song of praise.

797. THE DAY OF REST. S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay,
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

798. MORNING OF HOPE. L. M.

1 HAIL! morning known among the blest!
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Bless'd be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought his
Hope to the lost was then restored, [son]
And everlasting glory won.

3 Scarce morning twilight had begun
To chase the shades of night away;
When Christ arose—unsetting sun!
The dawn of joy's eternal day.

4 Mercy look'd down with smiling eye,
When our Emmanuel left the dead;
Faith mark'd his bright ascent on high,
And Hope with gladness raised her head.

5 Descend, O Spirit of the Lord!
Thy fire to ev'ry bosom bring:
Then shall our ardent hearts accord,
And teach our lips God's praise to sing.

799. LORD'S DAY. L. M.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath blest,
The day to us in mercy given;
The holy Sabbath of his rest—
The pledge and type of rest in heaven.

2 This day, within thy courts O Lord,
Thy people love to seek thy face;
To sing thy praises, hear thy word,
Unfold their wants, implore thy grace.

3 May we the blest assembly join,
To God devote the sacred day;
Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
Look up to heaven and learn the way.

4 May we by ev'ry Sabbath grow
In grace, humility, and love;
Thus, by thy holy rest below,
Made fitter for thy rest above.

800. THE HEAVENLY SABBATH. L. M.

1 THINK earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach that place;
No tears shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun—
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O, long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

801. GLOSS OF THE SABBATH. L. M.

1 MILLIONS within thy courts have met;
Millions this day before thee bow'd;
Their faces Zionward were set,
Vows with their lips to thee they vow'd.

2 People of many a tribe and tongue,
Men of strange colour, climates, lands,
Have heard thy truth, thy glory sung,
And offer'd prayer with holy hands.

3 And not a prayer, a tear, a sigh,
Hath fail'd to-day some suit to gain;
To those in trouble thou wert nigh—
Not one hath sought thy face in vain.

4 Yet one prayer more—and be it one,
In which both heaven and earth accord!
Fulfil thy promise to thy Son,
Let all that breathe call Jesus Lord.

802. PRAYER FOR A BLESSING. 6-8's.

1 FATHER of omnipresent grace!
We seem agreed to seek thy face;
But ev'ry soul assembled here
Doth naked in thy sight appear:
Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
And who in heart approaches thee.

2 Then, then acknowledge and set free
The people bought, O Lord, by thee—
The sheep for whom thy Shepherd blest,
For whom we in thy Spirit plead:
Let all in this redemption find,
And not a soul be left behind.

803. SEEKING A BLESSING. C. M.

1 JESUS, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore:
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power,
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Thy feet were nail'd to yonder tree,
To trample down their sin;
Thy hands stretch'd out they all may see,
To take thy murderers in.

4 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

804. PRAYING FOR A BLESSING. L. M.

1 COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord;
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word—
Say to the weakest, "Follow me."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth, and fill the place
With humbling and with healing power,
With killing and with quick'ning grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confessed!
Whom thou hast join'd may none divide,
None dare to curse whom thou hast
bless'd.

805. WANDERING SHEEP. L. M.

1 SHEPHERD of souls, with pitying eye,
The thousands of our Israel see;
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

2 See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fock, nor place of refuge near,
For no man cares their souls to save.

3 The pit its mouth hath open'd wide
To swallow up its careless prey,
Why should they die, when thou hast died,
Hast died to bear their sins away?

4 Still let the publicans draw near
To Jesus, and through him to heaven;
O may they now thy gospel hear,
And praise thee for their sins forgiven.

806. SEEKING A BLESSING. 4-6's & 2-8's.

1 To thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us
Now meet before thee here,
When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heaven our home,
Ev'n so, amen, Lord Jesus, come.

807. PRAYER FOR GOD'S BLESSING. 8, 7, 4

1 LORD of light, and life, and glory,
Pour thy richest blessings down
On the assembly now before thee,
Through the merit of thy Son:
God of heaven,
We would now approach thy throne.

2 Though we stray'd and wander'd from thee,
Thou wilt hear us when we cry;
Fix our roving hearts upon thee,
And be thou for ever nigh:
God of heaven,
Bring us to thy courts on high.

3 And when all shall meet before thee,
When thy power thou wilt display,

Lord, receive us into glory
At the great, the judgment day,
Blessed Jesus!
Never more from thee to stray.

306. PRAYING FOR YOUNG CONVERTS. L. M.

- 1 **AUTHOR** of faith, we seek thy face
For all who feel thy work begun;
Confirm and strengthen them in grace,
And bring thy feeblest children on.
- 2 Thou see'st their wants, thou know'st their
Remindful of thy youngest cure; [names,
Be tender of thy now-born lambs,
And gently in thy bosom bear.
- 3 In safety lead thy little flock,
From hell, the world, and sin secure,
And set their feet upon the rock,
And make in thee their goings sure.

309. FOR RESTORATION OF BACKSLIDERS. 6-8's.

- 1 **SAVIOUR**, to thee we humbly cry:
The brethren we have lost restore,
Recall them by thy pitying eye,
Retrieve them from the tempter's power,
By thy victorious blood cast down,
Nor suffer him to take their crown.
- 2 Beguiled, alas! by Satan's art,
We see them now far off removed,
The burden of our bleeding heart,
The souls whom once in thee we loved,
Whom still we love with grief and pain,
And weep for their return in vain.
- 3 Long as the gull of sin shall last,
Them in its misery detain;
Hold their licentious spirits fast,
Bind them with their own nature's chain,
Nor ever let the wand'ers rest,
Till lodged again in Jesu's breast.

310. BEFORE READING THE SCRIPTURES. 6-8's

- 1 **WHEN'E'RE** in error's paths we rove,
The living God through sin forsake,
Our conscience by thy Word reprove,
Convince and bring the wand'ers back,
Deep wounded by thy Spirit's sword,
And then by Gilead's balm restored.
- 2 The sacred lessons of thy grace,
Transmitted through thy word, repeat,
And train us up in all thy ways,
And make us in thy will complete;
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,
And bring us to a perfect man.
- 3 Furnish'd out of thy treasury,
O may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeemed by thee,
In what their various states demand:
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in holiest love!

311. BEFORE SERMON. C. M.

- 1 **POUR** down thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here;
Let us receive th' engrafted Word
With meekness and with fear.
- 2 By faith in thee, the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in thy name believes
Shall live to die no more.

312. BEFORE SERMON. 6-8's.

- 1 **THY** presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear;
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cures remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread;
Thus, Lord, thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy gospel with success.

313. BEFORE SERMON. 8, 7, 4

- 1 **DEAREST** Saviour, help thy servant
To proclaim thy wondrous love!
Pour thy grace upon this people,
That thy truth they may approve;
Bless, O bless them,
From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them
To partake the gospel feast;
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them,
Ev'ry soul be Jesu's guest!
O receive us,
Let us find thy promised rest.

314. BEFORE SERMON. L. M.

- 1 Now may the gospel's conqu'ring power
Be felt by all assembled here!
So shall this prove a joyful hour,
And God's own arm of strength appear.
- 2 Lord, let thy mighty voice be heard:
Speak in thy word, and speak with power;
So shall thy glorious name be fear'd
By those who never fear'd before.

315. BEFORE SERMON. C. M.

- 1 **SAVIOUR** of sinners, now we pray,
On us thy Spirit pour:
Be in thy people's midst to-day,
To clothe thy word with power.
- 2 And while thy servant shall proclaim
How full of grace thou art,
May the sweet accents of thy name
Soothe ev'ry stricken heart.

316. AFTER SERMON. O. M.

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** God thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground;
Now let the dew of heaven descend,
An i' righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man
This holy seed remove;
But give it root in ev'ry heart,
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant destroy:
But let it yield a hundredfold,
The fruits of peace and joy.

317. AFTER SERMON. S. M.

- 1 **THY** word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.
- 2 Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace.

8 Then let our hearts obey
The gospel's glorious sound,
And all its fruits from day to day,
Be in us, and abound.

618. AFTER SERMON. 8, 7, 4.

1 God of our salvation, hear us;
Bless, O bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow:
Saviour, keep us—
Keep us safe from ev'ry foe.
2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our best and lasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer;
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

619. AFTER SERMON. 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 Or thy love, some gracious token
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless thy word which has been spoken;
Life and peace on all bestow.
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain;
O direct us, and protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore,
Where thy people wait no more.

620. AFTER SERMON. C. M.

1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
At which the dead shall live;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give!
2 And have we heard the word with joy?
And have we felt its power?
To keep it be our bless'd employ
Till life's extremest hour.

621. PARTING HYMN. L. M.

1 **HOANNA** to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven Hosanna sing!
2 Hosanna, Lord, thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord, thy saints reply;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound.
3 O Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer;
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim!
4 But chiefest in our cleansed breast,
Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure and worthy thee.

622. PRAYER AT PARTING. L. M.

1 **LORD**, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came;
Grant us our few remaining days
To work thy will, and spread thy praise.
2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing thy love.

623. *HEB. XIII. 20.* C. M.

1 Now may the God of peace and love,
Who from the imprisoning grave

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Restored the Shepherd of the sheep,
Omnipotent to save,

2 Through the rich merits of that blood
Which he on Calvary spilt,
To make the eternal covenant sure,
On which our hopes are built;
3 Perfect our souls in every grace
To accomplish all his will;
And all that's pleasing in his sight
Inspire us to fulfil!
4 For the great Mediator's sake,
We ev'ry blessing pray;
With glory let his name be crown'd
Through heaven's eternal day.

624. DISMISSION. 8.

1 **LORD!** dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!
2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!
3 So, when'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Rise to reign in endless day!

625. PARTING. 4-6's & 1

1 **LORD**, we thy will obey,
And in thy pleasure rest;
We, only we, can say,
"Whatever is, is best;"
Joyful to meet, willing to part,
Convinced we still are one in heart.
2 Hereby we sweetly know
Our love proceeds from thee;
We let each other go,
From ev'ry creature free,
And cry, in answer to thy call;
"Thou art, O Christ, our all in all!"
3 Still let us, gracious Lord,
Sit loose to all below,
And to thy love restored,
No other portion know,
Stand fast in glorious liberty,
And live and die wrapt up in thee!

626. ONE IN MIND. C

1 God of all consolation, take
The glory of thy grace!
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaseless songs of praise.
2 Through thee we now together come
In singleness of heart;
We met, O Jesus, in thy name,
And in thy name we part.
3 We part in body, not in mind;
Our minds continue one;
And each to each in Jesus join'd
We hand in hand go on.

4 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
Our Life shall soon appear,
And shed his glory all abroad
In all his members here.

827.

PARTING.

L. M.

1 CHRISTIANS! brethren! ere we part,
Join ev'ry voice, and ev'ry heart,
One solemn hymn to God to raise,
One closing song of grateful praise.

2 Christians! we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, may we meet again.

828.

JOINED IN HEART.

D. S. M.

1 AND let our bodies part,
To different climes repair;
Inseparable, join'd in heart,
The friends of Jesus are.
Jesus, the corner stone,
Did first our hearts unite;
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

2 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end;
Where all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain;
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

829. "GRACE, MERIT, AND PRAISE." 8's & 7's.

1 MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

830.

DISMISSION.

4-6's & 3-8's.

1 JESUS, accept the praise
That to thy name belongs—
Matter of all our lays,
Subject of all our songs:
Through thee we now together come,
And part exulting in thy name.

2 In flesh we part awhile,
But still in spirit join'd,
T' embrace the happy toil
Thou hast to each assign'd;
And, while we do thy blessed will,
We bear our heaven about us still.

3 Then let us walk the sound
That shall our souls release,
And labour to be found
Of him in spotless peace,
In perfect holiness renew'd,
Adorn'd for Christ, and meet for God.

831.

BENEDICTION.

F.

1 Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing to his sight,
200

Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!

3 To that dear Redeemer's praise,
Who the cov'nant seal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgiving to our God.

832.

DISMISSION.

8, 7, 4.

Now to him who loved us, gave us
Ev'ry pledge that love could give,
Freely shed his blood to save us,
Gave his life that we might live,
Be the kingdom
And the glory, evermore.

833.

PARTING HYMN.

L. M.

1 THE night draws on, I must away,
In hallelujahs close the day;
The sun sets in the western skies—
I never more may see it rise.

2 O may I ever ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand,
That when I hear the bridegroom's voice,
I may in sight of heaven rejoice.

834.

LORD, DISMISS US.

8's & 7's.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Bid us now depart in peace;
Still on heavenly manna feeding,
Let our faith and love increase;
Fill each breast with consolation;
Up to thee our hearts we raise;
When we reach your blissful station,
Then we'll give thee nobler praise!

THE GOSPEL—ITS POWER.

835.

THE GOSPEL'S SWEETNESS.

L. M.

1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound,
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gather'd round,
And joy and reverence fill'd the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers to my Father's home;
Come all ye weary ones and rest!"
Yes, merciful Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust!
Pillars of earthly pride, decay!
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

836.

ADAPTATION OF THE GOSPEL.

C. M.

1 O WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.

3 Come, then, with all your wants and
Your ev'ry burden bring; ^{Wounds}
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring!

- 4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues, too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

837. THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL. L. M.

- 1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus bring his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell,
As saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 3 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 4 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treasures shine;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

838. THE CROSS OF CHRIST. 8's & 7's.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy;
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is benning
Light and love upon my way;
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

839. VITAL RELIGION. S. M.

- 1 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied;
Exalts our rising soul,
Disburden'd of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
- 2 We by his Spirit prove
And know the things of God,
The things which freely of his love
He hath on us bestowed:
The meek and lowly heart
That in our Saviour was,
To us his Spirit doth impart,
And signs us with his cross.
- 3 Whatsoever our pard'ning Lord
Commands, we gladly do;
And, guided by his sacred word,
We all his steps pursue:
His glory our design,
We live, our God to please,
And rise, with final fear divine,
To perfect holiness.

840. FREE, UNDESERVED FAVOUR. S. M.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall respond,
And all the earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

- 3 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

841. THE VEIL REFT. C. M.

- 1 A SAVIOUR's blood hath brought thee
Thy Saviour-God adore; [peace,
He bade the throb of terror cease;
The pains of guilt he bore.
- 2 For not to Sinai's flaming height
We lift the fearful eye,
Where clouds and shades of fierce night
Proclaim Jehovah nigh.
- 3 The lightning shaft in vengeance aim'd,
The tempest's awful howl
Whose funeral notes too well proclaim'd
The law's condemning power.
- 4 All, all are fled—in Levi's line
The anointed elders fall;
A holier voice, an arm divine,
Hath rent the mystic veil.

842. THE BLESSINGS OF THE GOSPEL. L. M.

- How blest are they who know the sound
The gospel trumpet spreads around!
Sweet strains that speak the Saviour's name
And heaven's high jubilee proclaim!
- 2 Thy light and grace o'er all their way
Shed the bright beams of heavenly day;
Thy name their joy, till o'er the skies,
Blest through thy righteousness, they rise.
- 3 In thee, the glory of their birth,
Their souls exult with sweet delight,
And in thy endless favour find
The triumph that exalts the mind.
- 4 The Lord our sure defence will prove;
We trust his arm, and bless his love:
Ye saints eternal offerings bring,
To Israel's Holy One and King.

843. ABOUNDING GRACE. C. M.

- 1 GRACE! how melodious is the sound!
What music to our ear!
Spread the sweet accent far around,
That heaven and earth may hear.
- 2 Where sin, abounding sin hath reign'd,
Grace reigns, abounding more;
Behold an ocean here, without
A bottom or a shore!
- 3 From the high heav'n's eternal throne
It overflow'd our earth,
When Christ, the first-born Son, came
And angels hail'd his birth. [down,

844. REPAIRING TO CALVARY. C. M.

- 1 To Cal'ry, Lord, in spirit now
Our weary souls repair;
To dwell upon thy dying love,
And taste its sweetness there.
- 2 There, through thine hour of deepest woe,
Thy suffering spirit pass'd,
Grace there thy wondrous victory gain'd,
And we endured its last.
- 3 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours;
Dear Lord, we wait to see
Creation, all below, above,
Redeem'd and bless'd by thee.

- 4 Why linger then? Come, Saviour, come,
Responsive to our call;
Come, claim thine ancient power, and reign,
The Heir and Lord of all.

845.

SALVATION.

C. M.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
3 Salvation! O thou blest Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

THE GOSPEL—ITS DIFFUSION.

846. THE CALL FROM THE HEATHEN. 7's & 6's.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palm plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men beguiled,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!
3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

847.

DIFFUSION OF THE GOSPEL.

L. M.

- 1 FALL down, ye nations, and adore
Jehovah on the mercy-seat,
Like prostrate seas on ev'ry shore,
That cast their billows at your feet.
2 Come from the East—with gifts, ye kings,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh;
Where'er the morning spreads her wings,
Let man to God his vows prefer.
3 Come from the West—the bond, the free,
His easy service make your choice;
Ye isles of the Pacific Sea,
Like haleyon-nests, in God rejoice.
4 Come from the South—through desert
A highway for the Lord prepare; [sands,
Let Ethiopia stretch her hands,
And Lybia pour her soul in prayer.
5 Come from the North—let Europe raise
In all her languages one song:
Give God the glory, power, and praise,
That to his holy name belong.

III.

848.

ROM. X. 14.

L. M.

- 1 BRITAIN, convey the blessings round
Which God has multiplied to thee;
Send to the earth's remotest bound
The precious balm of Calvary.
2 How shall his banish'd ones believe
On him of whom they never heard?
Or how the truth of God receive,
Until they hear his written word?
3 How shall the gloomy veil be rent,
Till preachers point to Jesu's blood?
How shall they preach, unless they're sent,
And arm'd with power by Israel's God?

849.

THE JUBILEE TRUMPET.

8, 7, 7.

- 1 HARK, the solemn trumpet sounding,
Loud proclaims the jubilee!
'Tis the voice of grace abounding—
Grace to sinners, rich and free:
Ye who know the joyful sound,
Publish it to all around.
2 Brethren, let us freely offer—
All we have is from above;
Let us give, and act, and suffer;
What is this to Jesu's love?
Did he die our souls to save?
Then we're his, and all we have!
3 Till we reach the wished-for vision,
Till we see him as he is,
Let us scorn the world's derision;
Let us prove that we are his:
Let us sound through all the earth,
Christ's inestimable worth.

850.

PSALM LXXXIX. 7.

L. M.

- 1 ASSEMBLED at thy great command,
Before thy face, great King, we stand:
Thy voice that marshall'd every star,
Has call'd thy people from afar.
2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line—to either pole—
The thunder of thy praise to roll.
3 Our prayers assist—accept our praise—
Our hopes revive—our courage raise;
Our counsels aid: to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart!

851.

THEY PERISH.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 BRITISH youths, whose hearts are tasting
Mercy from the God of love;
Now to dying heathen hasting,
Go, and to the nations prove
All the blessings
Of salvation from above.
2 Think how Jesu left his glory,
You to save from endless woe;
Ponder well the melting story,
Till your hearts with pity glow;
And go serve him
In his vineyard here below.

852.

PSALM CXVIII. 25.

8, 8, 6.

- 1 EXCEPT the Lord conduct the plan,
The best concerted schemes of man
Can never well succeed;
But, if his praise alone be sought,
And all our works to him are wrought,
They shall be blest indeed!

2 O Lord, do thou our souls inspire
With most intense and pure desire,
Thy goodness to proclaim;
And while thy glory we intend,
Let all begin, proceed, and end,
As done in Jesu's name!

3 Now, Jesus, now, thy love impart;
Encourage each devoted heart
To make thy glories known;
Where'er thy providence shall lead,
With cheerfulness may they proceed,
And God their labours own.

853. THE BANNER. C. M.

1 Lift up thy blood-red banner, Lord,
For the great gospel fight!
Unsheath thy sharp and glittering sword,
And conquer in thy might.

2 High may that glorious banner wave
On Zion's loftiest tower,
Till vanquish'd death, and hell, and grave,
Sink down beneath thy power.

3 Take thine own heritage, O Lord,
And reign from shore to shore,
Till all our hearts with thine accord,
And sin is known no more.

854. THE KINGDOM OF GOD. S. M.

1 Come, Kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

2 Come, Kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er the lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

3 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

855. "PUT ON THY STRENGTH." C. M.

1 God of earth's families, look down
In mercy on this world,
Where seeds of death are thickly sown,
The rebel's flag unfurl'd.

2 Awake, awake, O mighty Arm,
As in the days of old;
Smite, and the sinner's soul alarm—
Thy glorious power unfold.

3 Put on thy strength, thou righteous King,
Thine arrows send abroad,
And earth's remotest nations bring
To happiness and God!

4 Pour the full beam of gospel light
On man's benighted soul;
Scatter the darkness of his night,
And reign from pole to pole.

856. 1 COR. XVI 9. L. M.

1 Now let "a great effectual door"
Be open'd to our labours, Lord!
That open'd, shall be shut no more—
A door of entrance to thy word.

2 O touch their lips with hallow'd fire,
Who to the world unfold thy plan,
Their hearts with sacred love inspire—
The love of God, the love of man.

857. "LET THERE BE LIGHT." 6's & 4's.

1 THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,

Y 19

Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel-day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light."

2 Thou who didst come, to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the duly blind—
O now to all mankind,
"Let there be light."

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
"Let there be light."

359. "AWAKE, O ARM OF THE LORD." L. M.

1 Now may the Mighty Arm awake,
Which wonders wrought in ancient days,
That Babylon's proud walls may shake,
And God his own fair temple raise.

2 Art thou not still the same, O God!
The same to hear, the same to save,
As when thy servant moved his rod
At thy command, and cleft the wave?

3 Thy love still sets the prisoner free,
Still wipes the mourner's tears away;
Thy grace still makes the blind to see,
And turns the darkest night to day.

4 Shine, Lord, upon the world around;
To sinners let thy name be known:
So shall thy people's songs abound,
And angels joy around the throne.

859. ARISE, O LORD. S. M.

1 O LORD our God, arise!
The cause of truth maintain;
And, wide o'er all the peopled world,
Extend her blessed reign!

2 O Prince of life, arise!
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 O Holy Ghost, arise!
Expand thy quick'ning wing,
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world
Let light and order spring.

4 All on the earth, arise!
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

860. SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL. S, 7, 4.

1 O'er the realms of Pagan darkness,
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people,
Lost in sin's bewild'ring maze:
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, thy blessings bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in thy wing:
To thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

hasten, now adoring
 of wood and stone,
 worshipping before Him,
 a living God alone:
 y glory
 earth as floods the sea.
 hom all power is given,
 so word; at thy command
 mpany of preachers
 hy name from land to land;
 oe with them,
 o the end of time.

PRAYER FOR BRITAIN. O. M.
 ghty God, on Britain, shine
 ams of heavenly grace:
 r power through all our coasts,
 w thy smiling face.
 If thy name, from shore to shore,
 li the earth abroad,
 at nations know and love
 thine and their God.
 Lord, ye distant lands,
 d with solemn voice,
 ish tongues exalt his praise,
 ish hearts rejoice.
 edeemer scatters round
 cest favours here,
 ecreation's utmost bound
 , adore, and fear.

PSALM LXXII. 19. C. M.
 d thy word, and let it fly
 clous earth around
 soul beneath the sky
 ar "the joyful sound.
 to sea, from shore to shore,
 us be adored!
 , with all her millions, sing
 is to the Lord!

PSALM XLV. 3. C. M.
 mmortal King, arise!
 ne, assert thy way;
 h, subdued, its tribute bring,
 isant lands obey.
 th, victorious conqu'ror, ride,
 l thy foes submit,
 the powers of hell resign
 trophies at thy feet!

Y KINGDOM COME." 4-6's & 2-5's.
 hy kingdom come
 ig our fallen race,
 whole earth become
 ample of thy grace.
 ure devotion shall ascend,
 of praise, till time shall end,

BE KINGDOM OF CHRIST. L. M.
 the sun's meridian blaze,
 he blessings he conveys,
 is reign from pole to pole,
 nment as his control.
 let thy kingdom come;
 and hell's terrific gloom;
 a brightness flee away,
 of an eternal day.
 ll the Jew and Gentile meet,
 evocation at thy feet;
 shall yield thee, as thy due,
 u and her glory too.

866. **JOEL II. 28.** 4-6's & 2-8's.
 O SEND thy Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord;
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy word,
 That heathen lands may own thy sway,
 And cast their idol-gods away.

867. **PSALM LXXII. 1.** 4-6's & 2-8's
 1 RISE, gracious God, and shine
 In all thy saving might;
 And prosper each design
 To spread thy glorious light;
 Let healing streams of mercy flow,
 That all the earth thy truth may know.
 2 Put forth thy glorious power;
 The nations then will see,
 And earth present her store,
 In converts born of thee;
 God, our own God, his church will bless,
 And earth shall teem with fruitfulness.

868. "THEY SHALL KNOW MY NAME." 8, 7, 4.
 1 AID us, God of love and mercy!
 Aid us to extend thy name;
 Aid us through each heathen nation
 All thy goodness to proclaim,
 And to tell them
 That for them a Saviour came.
 2 O be there thy name extended,
 And thy love and mercy known;
 Turn them from their vain inventions,
 May they live to thee alone;
 And O claim them,
 Claim them, Saviour, for thine own.

869. "GIRD ON THY SWORD." 8, 7, 4.
 1 GIRD thy sword on, mighty Saviour,
 Make the word of truth thy car;
 Prosper in thy reign of mercy—
 All success attend thy war;
 Mighty victor,
 Make the world before thee bow.
 2 Blest are they that touch thy sceptre—
 Pardon, peace, and joy obtain;
 Freed from sin, that worst of tyrants,
 Rescued from its galling chain:
 Saints and angels,
 All who know thee, bless thy reign.

870. PRESENTS FROM KINGS. 4-6's & 2-8's.
 O! HASTE, victorious Prince,
 That happy, glorious day,
 When souls, like drops of dew,
 Shall own thy gentle sway!
 And men of ev'ry land shall bring
 Their tribute to our conqu'ring King.

871. "DAILY SHALL HE BE PRAISED." E. M.
 1 O God of sov'reign grace,
 We bow before thy throne,
 And plead for all the human race
 The merits of thy Son.
 2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
 The knowledge of thy ways;
 And let all lands with joy record
 The great Redeemer's praise.

872. THE NEW CREATION. L. M.
 1 ALREADY from the dust of death,
 Man in his Maker's image stands;

Once he draws immortal breath,
And stretches forth to heaven his hands,
2 From day to day before our eyes,
Glow and extends the work begun;
When shall the new creation rise
On ev'ry land beneath the sun?
3 When in the Sabbath of his love
Shall God amidst his labours rest,
And, bending from his throne above,
Again pronounce his creatures blest?
4 Soon the redeem'd in every clime,
Yes, all that breathe, and move, and live,
To Christ, through ev'ry age of time,
Shall kingdom, power, and glory give.

873. JOHN IV. 35. L. M.

1 BENEATH the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear!
Behold the wilderness assume
The beautiful tints of Eden's bloom!
2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire,
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.
3 Come, let us with a grateful heart,
In the blest labour share a part:
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

874. ISAIAH XL. 5. S, 7, 4.

1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail,
With a glorious day of grace;
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.
2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtained on Calvary;
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
3 Fly abroad thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominion
Multiply and still increase;
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

875. THE PERFECT DAY. C. M.

1 How dark the night of sin that wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
All by the Prince of Darkness kept
Bound in a prison-tomb!
2 No star of hope shone through the night,
Its horror to dispel;
And truth, and love, and goodness droop'd,
Beneath the wing of hell.
3 But thou didst rise, bright Sun of life,
With healing in thy wing;
Night's terror thou didst chase away,
Heaven's gladness thou didst bring.
4 Shine on till sin's last shadow fly;
Till man reflect thy beams;
Till war, and crime, and death shall die,
And earth with beauty teems.

876. THE DAY OF TRIUMPH. 7's & 6's.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
114

Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign!
2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply.
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!

577. ISAIAH III. 10. S's & 7's.

1 YEA! we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in ev'ry land.
2 'Tis pleasant, 't is reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way.
3 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world, in ev'ry land!

578. ISAIAH XLIII. 5. L. M.

1 Now let our faith with joy survey
The glories of the latter day;
Its dawn already is begun,
Sure earnest of the rising sun.
2 "Behold the way," ye heralds cry;
Spare not, but lift your voices high;
Convey the sound from shore to shore,
And bid the captive sigh no more.
3 The North gives up, the South no more
Keeps back her consecrated store;
From East to West the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

579. "NATIONS SHALL FLOW TO IT." S, 7, 7.

1 HARK! a cry among the nations—
"Come, and let us seek the Lord.
Vain our former expectations,
Vain the idols we adored:
Zion's King is God alone;
Let us bow before his throne."
2 See, from ev'ry quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round!
Love in ev'ry heart is glowing,
Praise is heard in ev'ry sound.
Jesus reigns: the earth is still.
All the nations do his will.

580. SATAN FALLING. 6-8's.

1 ON 't is a sound should fill the world,
That sound of mercy through the Lamb:
Lo, Satan from his seat is hur'd,
Unable to withstand his name!
From heaven, like lightning, see him fall,
Struck by that Arm which conquers all!
2 Lord, give the word, and, waked by thee,
Let many tongues thy victory tell:
That hopeless sinners now may see [Hell,
That thou hast vanquish'd Death and
Sound, sound the joyful truth abroad:
Let sinners now draw nigh to God.

581. PSALM XLVI. 8. S, 7, 7, 7.

1 COME and see what God is doing;
His are works of power and grace;

Round the world his word is going,
Giving light to ev'ry place:
'Tis a day expected long,
Theme of old prophetic song.

- 2 Higher still, and higher place it,
Show it to the world around;
Never should we cease to raise it,
While a nation still is found—
One to whom it is not given
To enjoy the light of heaven.

882. TALK OF HIS DOINGS. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 JOYFUL let us raise our voices:
God, our God, is still the same;
Still in mercy he rejoices,
Still he puts his foes to shame,
And his people
Still have cause to bless his name,
2 What his arm has wrought already,
Shows us what his power can do;
Zealous in his cause, and steady,
Let his people onward go:
So our Saviour
Greater wonders still will show.

883. THE UNIVERSAL SONG. C. M.

- 1 SING to the Lord in joyful strains,
Let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.
2 O city of the Lord I begin
The universal song,
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.
3 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice;
4 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands
The islands sound his praise,
And all combined with one accord
JEROMEAN'S glories raise.

884. ACTS XVIII. 9. C. M.

- 1 Go, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye favour'd men of God!
Go, publish through Immanuel's name,
Salvation in his blood.
2 What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path;
3 Yet with determined courage go,
And arm'd with power divine,
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labours shine.
4 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause,
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes,
Shall bow before his cross.

885. JOHN IV. 36. L. M.

- 1 Go, messenger of peace and love,
To nations plunged in shades of night!
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.
2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go, bid the Rose of Sharon bloom,
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
Rich as the dews from morning's womb.

- 3 From north to south, from east to west,
Messiah yet shall reign supreme;
His name by ev'ry tongue confess'd,
His praise the universal theme.
4 Then faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

886. MARK XVI. 15. 7's

- 1 Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner-cross on high.
2 Go to many a tropic isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the smiles for ever smile,
And the oppress'd for ever weep.
3 O'er the Negro's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away the fiend despair—
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy east,
Wide the bleeding cross display,
Spread the gospel's richest feast.

887. "CRY ALOUD, FEARE NOT." 8, 7, 4

- 1 MEN of God I go, take your stations:
Darkness reigns throughout the earth;
Go, proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.
2 Of his gospel not ashamed,
As the power of God to save,
Go where Christ was never named;
Publish freedom to the slave—
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

888. 3 JOHN 7. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 WHO are those that go with gladness
Far from friends and native land?
By the world 'tis count'd madness,
But they do not understand:
God is with them,
And they go at his command.
2 There are toils, and there are dangers,
While they traverse land and sea;
Far from home, 'midst foes and strangers,
Is their lot ordain'd to be,
While they publish
Grace to sinners rich and free.
3 Blessings from the Saviour speed them,
And make ev'ry burden light!
May the hand of mercy lead them
Safe to yon celestial height,
Where for ever
All is pure, and all is bright!

889. SELF-DEVOTION. 6-8's.

- 1 I WOULD the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone—
To spend, and to be spent for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known;
Fully on these my mission prove,
And only breathe to breathe thy love.
2 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,
Into thy blessed hands receive,
And let me live to preach thy word,
And let me to thy glory live.

toils and dangers of the day
all all in lasting comforts end.
and me, Lord, in all my ways,
and my lips to speak thy praise,
or all thy blessings freely given;
every journey here below
thy kind presence with me go,
and let me rest at length in heaven.

YIELDING UP ALL.

6, 6, 4.

O THOU best gift of Heaven!
Thou who thyself hast given!
For thou hast died!
This hast thou done for me!
What have I done for thee,
Thou crucified?

1 Do thou but point the way,
And give me strength to obey,
Thy will be mine;
Then can I think it joy
To suffer or to die,
Since I am thine!

2 On savage shores to roam,
I'll bid my native home
A long farewell;
With humble zeal proclaim
Thy own most glorious name,
Immanuel!

3. PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES. L. M.

MARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
Thy promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And, warm with faith, each bosom glow.
E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear;
E'en now unfolds the promised year.
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And bring the tidings of thy grace.

Salvation through Immanuel
To India's clime the tidings
And plant the Rose of Shal-
4 Speak, and the world shall
Speak, and the desert shall
Scatter the gloom of heath!
And bid all nations hail t

895.

PSALM XLIII. 1

1 SOFTLY blow, ye favouring
Winds of heaven, prop
Speed the ship across the
Safely to her destined
Now she rides the bound
Proudly urging on her
He who holds the storm
God, the missionary's
2 Fathers, faint not: those
To a friendless heathen
Go to toil 'mid scenes of
As Immanuel told'd b
Mothers, weep not: the
Bound to yonder page
Go to reap the noblest
Go to seek the poor a

896.

DEUT. XX.

1 FAREWELL to my coun-
Friends, parents, and
Across where the huge
I go, yet a stranger
To publish the Lamb
Who shed for lost sin
I brave all the storms
And smile at the low
2 O weep not! but dry
Let gladness spring
And, rather than brook
Rejoice to behold m

- 2 Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvass swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Home, I leave thee!
Native land, farewell! farewell!

898. ISRAEL REDEEMED. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH Israel's land the Lord of all
A homeless wand'rer past,
Then closed his life of sorrow here,
On Calvary at last.
2 O Zion! when thy Saviour came
In grace and love to thee,
No beauty in thy royal Lord,
Thy faithless eye could see.
3 Yet onward in his path of grace,
The holy sufferer went,
To feel, at last, that love on thee
Had all in vain been spent.
4 Yet not in vain—o'er Israel's land
The glory yet will shine;
And he, thy once rejected King,
Messiah, shall be thine.
5 The name of Jesus yet shall ring
Through earth and heaven above,
And all his ransom'd people know
The Sabbath of his love.

899. ISRAEL LII. 9. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 ON the mountain's top appearing
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.
2 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end,
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
3 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour bless'd;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

900. GOD'S ANCIENT PEOPLE. 7's & 6's.

- 1 O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come!
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home.
2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane!
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.
3 Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind them back to thee.

901. THE JEWS. C. M.

- 1 O NOW is Zion's glory gone!
And vengeance, like a flood,
Hath quenched her power, and not a stone
Marks where her temple stood.
2 O bring thy scatter'd sheep again,
And feed them as of old;
Let Christ o'er all his people reign,
One shepherd and one fold.

902. ISRAEL. L. M.

- 1 O LORD! how long shall heathens hold
The heritage that once was thine?
How long shall they invade the fold,
And desecrate thy holy shrine?
2 Let Israel's captive sons be free;
Restore them, and remove thy rod;
That all the world's ring earth may see
Thy hand, and own thee for their God.

903. ISRAEL II. 5. 4-6's & 2-5's.

- 1 O HOUSE of Jacob! come
And walk with us in light;
No more bewilder'd roam,
Like wand'ers in the night.
The hope of Israel calls you near,
And Abram's Shield, and Isaac's Fear.
2 O thou by tempests toss'd,
Reviled, oppress'd, trod down,
In ev'ry region cross'd,
With grief familiar grown;
Scatter'd and abject, peel'd, forlorn,
Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn!
3 Rise, Jacob, from thy woes!
Thine own Messiah see!
He who thy fathers chose,
Waiteth to pardon thee.
At his command we bid thee come;
Lost Israel, Zion welcomes home.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

904. LAYING FOUNDATION STONE. L. M.

- 1 THIS stone to thee in faith we lay,
We build the temple, Lord, to thee;
Thine eye be open night and day,
To guard this house and sanctuary.
2 Here when thy messengers proclaim,
The blessed gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.
3 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?
4 That glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to ev'ry heart,
In ev'ry bosom fix thy throne.

905. OPENING A CHAPEL. L. M.

- 1 BREST is the spot—supremely blest—
On which Immanuel's glories rest;
The temple o'er whose hallow'd walls,
Thy smile, O gracious Saviour, falls.
2 Lord, who can tell how sweetly flows
The copious peace thy grace bestows,
When ransom'd saints thy presence own,
And meet around their Father's throne?
3 Hush'd is each rising storm within,
Soon as their grateful songs begin;
And ev'ry throb of worldly care
Yields to the soothing charm of prayer.
4 Still be this holy place our home,
Long as the earth we darkly roam;
Thus may our mingling hearts ascend,
Till ev'ry prayer in praise shall end.

906. THE HOUSE OF PRAYER. 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind!
We bless the wondrous grace
Which could for Gentiles find
Within thy courts a place:
How kind the care Our God displays,
For us to raise A house of prayer!
- 2 Though once estranged afar,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own;
Strangers no more, To thee we come,
And find our home And rest secure.
- 3 May all the nations throng
To worship in thy house;
And thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows;
Indulgent still, Till earth conspire
To join the choir On Zion's Hill.

907. THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SOULS. L. M.

- 1 AED will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own?
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train:
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

908. PSALM LXXXIV. 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 How lovely are thy tents,
O Lord of hosts to me!
My spirit longs, yea faints,
The courts of God to see;
My heart and flesh, with fond desire,
To thee, the living God, aspire.
- 2 The sparrow has her nest,
The birds that soar and sing,
Each has its nightly rest,
And folds its weary wing:
Thy courts for me, my King, my God!
No rest have I but thine abode.
- 3 Bless'd art the souls that dwell;
Around thy holy hill;
With love their bosoms swell,
They sing thy praises still,
And bless'd are they, though far apart,
Whose heart is there, whose strength thou art.
- 4 They tread the dreary vale [art.
Where streams of comfort flow;
The fountains never fail,
From strength to strength they go,
Till all, a holy, happy band,
Before the Lord on Zion stand.

909. LXXXIV. PART II. 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 O God of Jacob's race,
Our shield and strength alone!
Unveil thy gracious face
To each anointed one:
His

For in thy courts one day outweighs
A thousand bright and festive days.

- 2 May I but keep a gate,
My Father's courts within—
I'd rather stand and wait,
Than dwell in tents of sin;
For God the Lord's a sun and shield;
The Lord will grace and glory yield.
- 3 No good will he withhold
From souls that are upright,
Till heaven its stores unfold,
Of grace and glory bright.
O Lord of hosts, how bless'd is he
Whose soul securely rests on thee!

910. HOUSE

S. M.

- 1 How charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God
Unveils the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad
- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared to this,
Where Jesus holds his court.
- 3 Here, on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
And smile on all around.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode;
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.

911. GOD'S

C. M.

- 1 GREAT Sov'reign of the earth and sky,
And Lord of all below,
Before thy glorious majesty,
Ten thousand seraphs bow.
- 2 Yet thou art not confined above;
Thy presence knows no bound:
Where'er thy praying people meet,
There thou art always found.
- 3 Behold temple raised for thee,
O, meet thy people here;
Here, O thou King of saints, reside,
And in thy church appear.
- 4 Here may salvation be proclaim'd,
Through thy most precious blood;
And sinners know the joyful sound,
And own the Saviour, God.

912. THE LORD'S HOUSE. 4-6's & 2-8's.

- 1 O King of glory! Come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies:
Here may thy word melodious sound,
And spread celestial joys around.
- 3 Here may the list'ning throng
Receive thy truth with love,
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above;
And willing crowds surround thy throne
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

THE LORD'S HOUSE.

7'a.

oets, how lovely fair,
 with, thy temples
 waiting people se
 heaven, and much of thee.
 gracious presence flows
 softens all our woes,
 Spirit's holy fire
 at hearts with pure desire.
 applicate thy throne,
 mak'st thy glories known;
 earn thy righteous ways,
 love, and sing thy praise.
 h sacred songs of joy,
 appy lives employ
 long to love thee more,
 earth to heaven e soar.

HOUSE OF PRAYER.

L. M.

ur down of heavenly day,
 his bliss the shining way,
 his temple God descends,
 converses with his friends.
 'ring o'er the happy place,
 sheds his heavenly grace,
 thoughts, hearts raise,
 our souls to love and praise.
 learn the blessed ski
 and do our Maker's will;
 we hear, and sing, and pray,
 venly joy we soar away.
 the dearest hours I know,
 est joys of all below;
 and choose my fix'd abode,
 for ever near my God.

EVERY MORNING.

L. M.

appy, timely wise,
 with rising morn arise!
 beam celestial view,
 makes all things new!
 morning is the love
 and uprising prove,
 and darkness safely brought,
 life, and power, and thought.
 s, each returning day,
 id as while we pray;
 ast, new sins forgiven,
 ts of God, new hopes of heaven.
 (f) In thy matchless love,
 rest above,
 s, this and ev'ry day,
 s nearly as we pray.

EV'NING HYMN.

L. M.

ut my Saviour dear,
 st, if thou art near;
 earth-born cloud arise,
 from thy servant's eyes.
 oft dews of kindly sleep
 eyelids gently steep,
 thought, how sweet to rest
 my Saviour's breast.
 me from morn till eve,
 thee I cannot live;
 me when night is nigh,
 thee dare not die.
 nd bless us when awake,
 the world way we take,
 of thy love,
 elves in heaven above.

WATCH NIGHT.

6-S'a.

917.
 1 How many pass the guilty night
 In revellings and frantic mirth!
 The creature is their sole delight,
 Their happiness the things of earth.
 For us suffice the season past;
 We choose the better part at last.
 2 We can, O Jesus, for thy sake,
 Devote our ev'ry hour to thee;
 Speak but the word, our souls shall wake,
 And sing with cheerful melody;
 Thy praise shall our glad tongues employ,
 And ev'ry heart shall dance for joy.
 3 Shout in the midst of us, O King
 Of saints, and make joys abound;
 Let us exult, give thanks, and sing,
 And triumph in redemption found:
 We ask for ev'ry waiting soul—
 O let our glorious joy be full!
 4 O may we all triumphant rise,
 With joy upon our heads return,
 And far above those nether skies
 By thee on eagle's wings upborne,
 Through all yon radiant circle move,
 And gain the highest heaven of love.

918.

P. M.

- 1 COME let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.
 2 His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve, [love,
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of
 3 Our life is a dream; our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay
 4 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
 5 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
 "I have fought my way through,
 I have finish'd the work thou did'st give me
 to do," [glad word,
 6 O that each from his Lord may receive the
 "Well and faithfully done; [throne."
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my

919.

ECCLES. 5.

S. M.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls
 Which bears us to the sea,
 The tide which hurries thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity!
 2 Our Fathers, where are they,
 With all they called their own,
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
 And wealth and honour gone!
 3 God of our Fathers, hear,
 Thou everlasting Friend,
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend!

920.

NEW-YEAR'S HYMN.

S. M.

- 1 Let hearts and tongues unite,
 And loud thanksgivings raise:
 'Tis duty mingled with delight,
 To sing the Saviour's praise.
 2 And since his name we knew,
 How gracious has he been!
 What dangers has he led us through
 What mercies have we seen!
 3 Now through another year
 Supported by his care

We raise our Ebenezer here,
The Lord has help'd thus far.
4 Our lot in future years,
Unable to foresee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, "Leave it all to me."

921. THE NEW-YEAR. 10's.

1 GREAT God! another year has closed in
night,
And a new prospect opens on the sight;
O, may we past unfaithfulness deplore,
And long to serve thee better than before.
2 High on this vantage-ground we take our
stand,
To view the glories of the promised land;
Nor less, to mark the dark and trying
scene,
Which, bounded by death's river, lies be-
3 Lead us, our King, our Father, and our
God,
Through all the footsteps that our Saviour
May we recount the profit and the loss,
While passing from the manger to the cross.
4 And when this troubled scene of life is o'er,
May we in peace arrive on Canaan's shore:
And when its realms of bliss are brought to
Hall a new year, to be for ever new! [view,

922. THANKSGIVING AT MEALS. L. M.

1 O God, thy bounteous hand hath spread,
With earthly food our humble board;
And feeds our souls with sweeter bread,
The bread of life—our dying Lord.
2 Thy grace in all things soars above
The sweetest song thy saints can raise;
Yet, Lord, for this, and all thy love,
Accept our weak, unworthy praise.

923. BEFORE MEALS. L. M.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.

AFTER MEALS. L. M.

We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But most of all for Jesu's blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

924. GIVING THANKS. C. M.

1 FOOD, raiment, dwelling, health, and
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot; [friends.
With thee our bliss begins and ends,
As we are thine or not.
2 For these we bend the humble knee,
Our thankful spirits bow;
Y't from thy gifts we turn to thee,
Be thou our portion, Thou!

925. AN OVERFLOWING CUP. S. M.

1 IN spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.
2 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

926. PEACE MEETINGS. D. S. M.

1 MESSIAH, Prince of peace!
Where men each other tear,
Where war is learn'd, they must confess,
Thy kingdom is not there.

120

Who, prompted by thy foe,
Delight in human blood;
Apollyon is their king, we know,
And Satan is their God.

2 But shall he still devour
The souls redeem'd by thee?
Jesus, stir up thy glorious power,
And end th' apostasy.
Come, Saviour, from above,
O'er all our hearts to reign;
And plant the kingdom of thy love
In ev'ry heart of man.

927. PRaises FOR NATIONAL BLESSINGS. L. M.

1 God of the passing year, to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise,
With swelling heart and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
2 We bless thy name, Almighty God,
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land our fathers trod,
This land we fondly call our own.
3 We praise thee that the gospel light
Through all the land its radiance sheds;
Scatters the shade of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spread.
4 O God! preserve us in thy fear,
In troublous times our helper be;
Be ever present with us here,
And may we worship only thee.

928. COLLECTIONS. 8's & 7's.

1 PRAISE the Saviour, all ye nations,
Praise him all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine victorious love:
Be his kingdom now promoted,
Let the earth her monarch know;
Be my all to him devoted,
To my Lord my all I owe.
2 With my substance I will honour
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word:
While the heralds of salvation
His abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his fame.

929. CHARITABLE COLLECTIONS. C. M.

1 SAVIOUR, upon thy glorious throne,
Exalted thou dost shine;
What can we render unto thee,
When all the worlds are thine?
2 But thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose humble names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.
3 In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress
The Saviour's voice is heard.
4 Thyself with gratitude and love,
We in thy poor would see;
O, let us joyfully return
What we receive from thee.

930. CHARITABLE COLLECTIONS. C. M.

1 LORD, when our offerings we present
Before thy gracious throne,
We but return what thou hast lent,
And give thee back thine own.

th, with all its wealth, is thine,
 eavens, with all their hosts;
 ould we then in want repine,
 abundance boast?
 ss, our all, to thee we owe;
 if we come behind
 there of their wealth bestow,
 t our willing mind.
 our contributions bless
 eir appointed end:
 ven with happiest success
 use that we befriend.

WIDOWS AND ORPHANS. L. M.
 od of hope, to thee we bow;
 art our refuge in distress;
 hand of the widow, thou—
 ther of the fatherless.
 r are thy peculiar care,
 m thy promises are sure;
 s the poor in spirit share;
 ' we always thus be poor!
 thy law of love fulfil,
 r each other's burdens here;
 id do thy righteous will,
 vail in all thy faith and fear.

THE BIBLE.

THE SCRIPTURES. L. M.
 he sacred Book of God;
 her can its place supply;
 s me to the saints' abode;
 s me wings, and bids me fly.
 ok, in thee my eyes discern
 sage of my absent Lord;
 ine instructive page I learn
 ys his presence will afford.
 I read my title clear
 nsions that will ne'er decay;
 I, O when will he appear,
 ear his pris'ner far away?

RICHES OF TRUTH. C. M.
 of mercies! in thy word
 endless glory shines!
 : be thy name adored,
 ead celestial lines.
 ay the wretched sons of want
 eless riches find;
 above what earth can grant,
 asting as the mind.
 here heavenly pages be
 r dear delight;
 I new beauties may I see,
 ill increasing light.

THE BIBLE. S. 8, 6.
 s the world? a wildering maze,
 in hath track'd ten thousand ways,
 itious to ensnare;
 d, and winding, and aslope—
 pting with perdition's hope—
 iding in despair.
 of pilgrims throng these roads,
 their baubles or their loads
 to eternal night:
 e path that never bends—
 , and rough, and steep—ascends
 darkness into light.

3 Is there no guide to show that path?
 The Bible!—He alone who hath
 The Bible need not stray;
 But he who hath, and will not give
 That light of life to all who live,
 Himself shall lose the way.

935. THE LIGHT OF TRUTH. L. M.

1 WHEN Israel through the desert pass'd,
 A fiery pillar went before;
 Their guide by night through all the waste,
 From Egypt quite to Canaan's shore.
 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God;
 'Tis for our light and guidance given;
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,
 And points the path to bliss and heaven.

936. A LAMP TO OUR FEET. C. M.

1 How precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
 2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
 In this dark vale of tears;
 Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
 And quells our rising fears.
 3 This lamp through all the tedious night
 Of life shall guide our way,
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day.

937. THE RICHES OF GOD'S WORD. C. M.

1 LET avarice from shore to shore
 Her favourite god pursue:
 Thy word, O Lord, we value more
 Than India or Peru.
 2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
 Are open to our sight;
 The purest gold without alloy,
 And gems divinely bright.
 3 The counsels of redeeming grace
 These sacred leaves unfold;
 And here the Saviour's lovely face
 Our raptured eyes behold.

938. THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE. L. M.

1 THIS world that we so highly prize,
 And seek so eagerly its smile,
 What is it? vanity and lies—
 A broken cistern all the while.
 2 Pleasure with her delightful song,
 That charms the unwary to beguile,
 What is it? the deceiver's tongue—
 A broken cistern all the while.
 3 Riches, that so absorb the mind
 In anxious care and ceaseless toil,
 What are they? faithless as the wind—
 A broken cistern all the while.
 4 Yes, all are broken cisterns, Lord!
 To those that wander far from thee:
 The living stream is in thy word,
 Thou Fount of Immortality.

939. PRECIOUS BIBLE! S. 7, 7, 7.

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
 Does the word of God afford!
 All I want for life or pleasure,
 Food and medicine, shield and sword:
 Let the world account me poor,
 Having this, I need no more.

ise, but never see.

lasting thanks be thine,
as a bright display,
as a world of darkness shine
beams of heavenly day.
rejoices to pursue
steps of him I love,
ry breaks upon my view,
lighter worlds above.

GOD REVEALED.

L. M.

reus declare thy glory, Lord,
y star thy wisdom shines;
in our eyes behold thy word,
ad thy name in fairer lines.
on, and stars convey thy praise
(the whole earth, and never stand;
thy truth begun its race,
ch'd and glanced on ev'ry land.
ll thy spreading gospel rest,
rough the world thy truth has run;
rist has all the nations blest,
see the light or feel the sun.
Sun of Righteousness arise,
the dark world with heavenly light;
spel makes the simple wise,
laws are pure, thy judgments right.

RICHES OF TRUTH.

C. M.

I have made thy word my choice,
lasting heritage;
shall my noblest powers rejoice,
warmest thoughts engage.
ad the histories of thy love,
I keep thy laws in sight,
e through the promises I rove,
th ever fresh delight.
and land of wealth unknown,

GOING CHURCH

Or ransom from the grave.

- 3 Worlds cannot reach the mighty I
Of one immortal soul;
No, Lord, thy blood and sacrifice
Alone can make us whole.
- 4 In thee be our salvation sure,
No other wealth we seek;
We're rich in thee, however poor
And strong, however weak.

THE WORLD.

945. THE WORLD RENOUNCED. 4-6

- 1 Ye fair enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell:
Ye cherish'd joys of early years
Jesus! forgive these parting tears
But must I part with all?
My heart still fondly pleads
Yes, Dagon's self must fall;
It beats, it throbs, it bleeds
Is there no balm in Gilead four
To soothe and heal the smarting
- 2 O yes, there is a balm,
A kind Physician there,
My fever'd mind to calm,
To bid me not despair.
Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free
And I will all resign to thee.

946. THE SPIRITUAL EGYPT.

- 1 FROM Egypt's bondage come
Where death and darkness
We seek a new, a better home
... shall see

LIFE.

FRAILTY OF LIFE.

C. M.

- THREE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !
Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 THE year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave :
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

948.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

C. M.

- 1 FEW, few and evil are thy days,
Man of a woman born !
Peril and trouble haunt thy ways ;
Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms to the breeze,
Age, withering age is cropt ere night ;
Man, like a shadow, flees.
- 2 And dost thou look on such an one ?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all ?
—As fall the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep ;
His life is vanity.
- 3 Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
—O hide me till thy wrath be past,
Thou who canst slay or save !
Hide me where hope may anchor fast,
In my Redeemer's grave.

949.

SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

C. M.

- 1 SWIFT as the arrow cuts its way,
Through the soft-yielding air ;
Or as the sun's more subtle ray,
Or lightning's sudden glare ;
Or as an eagle to the prey,
Or shuttle through the loom—
So haste our fleeting lives away,
So pass we to the tomb.
- 2 THE man, the wisest of our kind,
Who length of days had seen,
To birth and death a time assign'd,
But none to life between :
Yet O what consequences close
This transient state below !
Eternal joys, or, losing those,
Interminable woe !

DEATH.

950.

DEATH.

D. S. M.

- 1 AND am I born to die,
To lay this body down ?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown—
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A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought—
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot ?

- 2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me ?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be :
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.
- 3 Thou art thyself the Way ;
Thyself in me reveal :
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will ;
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

951.

DEATH COMES TO ALL.

C. M.

- 1 HEAVEN hath confirmed the great decree,
That Adam's race must die ;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men survey the tomb,
Where you must quickly dwell ;
Hark ! how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry funeral knell.
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all
The solemn purport weigh,
For know that heaven and hell depend
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, though long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake, the Judge to see ;
And ev'ry deed, and word, and thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 May we in thee, the Judge, behold
Our Saviour and our friend,
And far above the reach of death,
With all thy saints ascend.

952.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

L. M.

- 1 Where are the dead ?—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell ;
Their buried forms in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment-day.
- 2 Who were the dead ?—The sons of time,
In ev'ry age, and state, and clime ;
Renown'd, dishonour'd or forgot,
The place that knew them knows them not.
- 3 Where are the living ?—On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found ;
Where, in the period of a span,
The mortal makes the immortal.
- 4 Who are the living ?—They whose breath
Draws ev'ry moment nigh to death ;
O bliss or woe the eternal heirs,
O what an awful choice is theirs !

953.

SOLEMNITY OF DEATH.

8.

- 1 AND am I only born to die ?
And must I suddenly comply
With nature's stern decree ?
What after death for me remains
Celestial joy, or hellish pains,
To all eternity !

- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone,
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne!
- 3 No matter which my thoughts employ—
A moment's misery, or joy;
But O! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place?
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

954.

DEATH.

O. M.

- 1 BENEATH our feet, and o'er our head,
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!
- 2 Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay,
And, ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they.
- 3 Death rides on ev'ry passing breeze,
He lurks in ev'ry flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour!
- 4 Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!
- 5 Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie,
Shall live for hell or heaven.

955.

FACE IN DEATH.

G-Sa.

- 1 Lest reason vainly boast her power
To teach her children how to die;
The sinner in a dying hour
Needs more than reason can supply:
A view of Christ, the sinner's friend,
Alone can cheer him in the end.
- 2 When nature sinks beneath disease,
And ev'ry earthly hope is fled,
What then can give the sinner ease,
And fill with peace his dying bed?
Jesus, thy word his heart can cheer;
He's blest ev'n then, if thou art near.
- 3 The gospel free salvation brings,
And Jesus is the gospel's theme;
In death the pardon'd sinner sings,
And triumphs in the Saviour's name.
"O death, where is thy sting?" they cry;
"O grave, where is thy victory?"
- 4 Ah, let me die the death of those
Whom Jesus washes in his blood,
Who on his faithfulness repose,
And know that he indeed is God;
Then round his throne we all shall meet,
And cast our crowns beneath his feet.

956.

"DYING IN THE LORD."

7a.

- 1 HARK! a voice divides the sky;
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.
Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest.

124

- 2 Follow'd by their works, they go
Where their Head hath gone before;
Reconciled by grace below,
Grace had open'd mercy's door;
Justified through faith alone,
Here they know their sins forgiven;
Here they laid their burden down,
Hallow'd and made meet for heaven.

957.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

S. M.

- 1 AND must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

958.

DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

L. M.

- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour—
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 There is a radiance in his eye,
A smile upon his wasted cheek,
That seems to tell of glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road,
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

959.

INVITED HOME.

7a.

- 1 HARK, it is thy Saviour's voice!
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and own'd, and bought and blest:
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Own'd—by joys the contrite know;
Bought by love—and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt to owe!
- 2 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubts and pains:
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in full belief shall die;
Pain—in endless bliss expire!

960.

DEATH IS GAIN.

O. M.

- 1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?
- 2 O is not death a gain to those,
Whose life to God is given,
Gladly on earth their eyes to close,
To open them in heaven?

toils are past, their work is done,
d they are fully blest;
fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
d enter'd into rest.

let our sorrows cease to flow,
d has recall'd his own!
et our hearts in ev'ry wo
ll say, "Thy will be done!"

THE MOMENT AFTER DEATH. C. M.

In our fancy strives to paint
a moment after death,
glories that surround the saint
hen he resigns his breath.
gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
a scarce can say, "He's gone,"
re the willing spirit takes
a mansion near the throne.
s strives, but all its efforts fail,
trace her heavenward flight;
ye can pierce within the veil
hich hides that world of light.
much (and this is all) we know—
ey are supremely blest,
s done with sin, and care, and wo,
ad with their Saviour rest.

THE GRAVE.

SLEEPING IN JESUS. C. M.

What the voice from heaven proclaims,
e all the Christian dead:
it is the savour of their names,
ad soft their sleeping bed.
die in Jesus, and are blest'd;
w kind their slumbers are!
n suff'rings and from sins released,
ad freed from ev'ry snare.
from this world of toil and strife,
ey're present with the Lord;
labours of their mortal life
ad in a large reward.

ASLEEP IN JESUS. L. M.

EEP in Jesus! blessed sleep!
n which none ever wakes to weep—
lm and undisturb'd repose,
roken by the last of foes!
ep in Jesus! O how sweet
e for such a slumber meet,
h holy confidence to sing,
t death has lost his venom'd sting!
ep in Jesus! time nor space
are this precious "hiding place;"
Indian plains or Lapland snows,
ever find the same repose.
ep in Jesus! far from thee
kindred and their graves may be;
thine is still a blessed sleep,
m which none ever wakes to weep!

SLEEPING IN CHRIST. C. M.

sweetly sleeps! the man of God,
rom sin and wo set free;
nly the path of death he trod,
to eternity.
etly he rests! the soldier now
rom battle, wounds, and strife,
wreath of conquest decks his brow
th rays of endless life.

3 Sweetly he sleeps: the pilgrim worn,
Leaving his weary road,
In peace awaits a glorious morn,
And slumbers in his God.

4 Sleep on, ye saints, and sweetly rest
In Jesus's boundless love;
Soon shall ye wake, for ever blest,
And reign with him above.

965. "GONE TO REST." 7, 6, 8, 6.

- 1 BROTHER, thou art gone to rest:
We will not weep for thee,
For thou art now, where oft on earth
Thy spirit long'd to be.
- 2 Brother, thou art gone to rest:
Thine is an early tomb;
But Jesus summon'd thee away,
Thy Saviour call'd thee home.
- 3 Brother, thou art gone to rest.
Thy toils and cares are o'er;
And sorrow, pain, and suffering now
Shall ne'er distress thee more.
- 4 Brother, thou art gone to rest:
Thy sins are all forgiven,
And saints in light have welcom'd thee,
To share the joys of heaven.

966. THE CHRISTIAN'S BURIAL. L. M.

- 1 UNWEL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
A while to slumber in the dust.
- 2 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word:
Restore thy trust; to life new-born
He must ascend to meet his Lord.
- 3 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; nor mortal woes
Can reach the forms that slumber here,
And angels watch their soft repose.
- 4 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the tomb:
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the gloom.

THE RESURRECTION.

967. BLESSED ASSURANCE. 6-8's.

- 1 I CALL the world's Redeemer mine;
He lives who died for me, I know;
Who bought my soul with blood divine,
Jesus, shall re-appear below,
Stand in that dreadful day unknown,
And fix on earth his heavenly throne.
- 2 Then the last judgment-day shall come;
And though the worms this skin devour
The Judge shall call me from the tomb,
Shall bid the greedy grave restore,
And raise this individual me,
God in the flesh, my God, to see.
- 3 In this identic body, I,
With eyes of flesh, refined, restored,
Shall see that self-same Saviour nigh,
See for myself my smiling Lord.
See with ineffable delight,
Nor faint to bear the glorious sight.
- 4 Then let the worms demand their prey,
The greedy grave my reins consume;

With joy I drop my mouldering clay,
And rest till my Redeemer come;
On Christ, my life, in death rely,
Secure that I can never die.

968. THE RESURRECTION OF SAINTS. O. M.

- 1 HARK to the trumpet! behold it breaks
The sleep of ages now:
And lo! the light of glory shines
On many an aching brow.
- 2 Changed in a moment, raised to life,
The quick, the dead arise,
Responsive to the angel's voice
That calls us to the skies.
- Ascending through the crowded air,
On eagle's wings we soar,
To dwell in the full joy of love,
And sorrow there no more.
- 4 O Lord, the bright and blessed hope,
That cheer'd us through the past,
Of full, eternal rest in thee,
Is all fulfill'd at last.

JUDGMENT.

969.

JUDGMENT.

7a.

- 1 In the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise,
Wild storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunders rock the skies.
- 3 Dread alarms shall shake the proud,
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And amid the thunder-cloud
Shall the Judge of men appear!
- 4 But, though from his awful face
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye who know his grace,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

970.

Eternity.

8, 8, 6.

- 1 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand,
Secure, inseparable;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.
- 2 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom!
- 3 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

971.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 Lo! the mighty God appearing,
From on high Jehovah speaks!
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
O'er the earth his thunder breaks:
Earth beholds him!
Universal nature shakes.

126

2 Zion, all its light unfolding,
God in glory shall display;
Lo! he comes! nor silence boding,
Fire and clouds prepare his way.
Tempests round him
Hasten on the dreadful day!

972. THINKING OF JUDGMENT. O. M.

- 1 TERRIBLE thought! shall I alone,
Who may be saved, shall I,
Of all, alas! whom I have known,
Through sin for ever die?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,
With whom I once did live,
Joyful at God's right hand appear,
A blessing to receive:
- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,
Far on the left with horror stand,
My fearful doom to meet?
- 4 Ah, no; I still may turn and live,
For justice still delays;
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,
And offers me his grace.

973.

JUDGMENT.

8, 7, 4.

- 1 DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons will the sinner's heart
confound!
- 2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
Ye who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for
thine!
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth, from sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee: [thee?
Careless sinner, what shall then become of
- 4 Satan, who now tries to please you,
Lest you timely warning take,
When that word is past, will seize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake!
Think, poor sinner, thy eternal all's at
stake.

974.

THE DAY OF HIS COMING.

L. M.

- 1 THE Judge appears; around his seat
Ten thousand times ten thousand shine;
The dead are quicken'd, small and great;
The living changed by pow'r divine.
- 2 But mark the issue of the day!
Some are received with joy to heav'n;
While others, turn'd with shame away,
From God and happiness are driven.
- 3 How blest are they who welcome now,
In him who fills the judgment-seat,
The Saviour whom they loved below,
And long'd with great desire to meet.
- 4 Their cup is full, their joys abound,
No wish unsatisfied have they;
In seeing him their heaven is found,
And every sorrow flies away.

975.

WILL THE JUDGE DESCEND?

S. M.

- 1 And will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise?

And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes !

- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When heaven and earth, before his face,
Astonish'd, shrink away ?
- 3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark ! from the gospel's gentle voice
What joyful tidings spread.
- 4 Ye sinners, know his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

976. "THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND." L. M.

- 1 THE great Archangel's trump shall sound
(While twice ten thousand thunders
roar),
Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,
And make the greedy sea restore.
- 2 The greedy sea shall yield her dead,
The earth no more her slain conceal ;
Sinners shall lift their guilty head,
And shrink, to see a yawning hell.
- 3 But we, who now our Lord confess,
And faithful to the end endure,
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness,
Stand, as the Rock of Ages, sure.
- 4 We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,
Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
And smile to see a burning world.

977. THE JUDGE APPEARING. L. M.

- 1 HE comes ! he comes ! the Judge severe !
The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll :
How welcome to the faithful soul !
- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound ;
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd !
Girt with omnipotence and grace ;
And glory decks the Saviour's face.
- 3 Shout, all the people of the sky !
And all the saints of the Most High :
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

978. SAFETY IN JUDGMENT. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian rock,
In all commotions rest !
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
They lodge in Jesu's breast.
- 2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gather'd into thee,
Before the floods descend :
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.
- 3 Appear with clouds on Zion's hill,
The word and myst'ry to fulfil,
Thy confessors t' approve,
Thy members on thy throne to place,
And stamp thy name on ev'ry face,
In glorious, heavenly love !

979.

SAFETY IN JESUS.

C. M.

- 1 JESUS, to thy dear wounds we flee,
We sink into thy side ;
Assured that all who trust in thee
Shall evermore abide.
- 2 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound ;
The fiercest lightning glare :
The mountains melt ; the solid ground
Dissolve as liquid air ;
- 3 The huge celestial bodies roll
Amidst that general fire,
And shrivel as a parchment scroll,
And all in smoke expire !
- 4 Yet still the Lord, the Saviour reigns,
When nature is destroy'd,
And no created thing remains
Throughout the flaming void.

980.

"WATCH." 4-8's & 2-8's.

- 1 YE virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake !
Unto salvation wise,
Oll in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
"Behold the heavenly bridegroom nigh !"
- 2 Ye that have here received
The unction from above,
And in his Spirit lived,
Obedient to his love ;
Jesus shall claim you for his bride :
Rejoice with all the sanctified !
- 3 The everlasting doors
Shall soon the saints receive,
Above yon angel powers,
In glorious joy to live ;
Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in.
- 4 Then let us wait to hear
The trumpet's welcome sound ;
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found ;
When Jesus doth the heavens bow,
Be found, as, Lord, thou find'st us now !

981. CHRISTIAN SAFE IN JUDGMENT. 7's & 6's.

- 1 STAND th' omnipotent decree,
Jehovah's will be done !
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan ;
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just ;
Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.
- 2 Rests secure the righteous man !
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure to emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck ;
Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers,
Like flame, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And clips his wings of fire !
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose,
By worlds on worlds destroy'd ;
Far beneath his feet, he views
With smiles the flaming void :
Sees the universe renew'd,
The grand millennial reign begun ;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around th' eternal throne !

982. THE REFUGE IN JUDGMENT. L. M.

- 1 THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away;
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
Whom shall he trust that dreadful day?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trumpet that wakes the dead;
- 3 O, on that day, that dreadful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Thou art, O Christ, thy people's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

HEAVEN.

983. THE LAND OF LIGHT. 8's & 7's.

- 1 THIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day,
Ev'ry trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has pass'd away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us;
Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

984. THE HEAVENLY FOLD. 8's & 7's.

- 1 BLESSED fold! no foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their centre,
And their shield, omnipotence.
Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away,
To the living fountains lead them,
Till fruition's perfect day.
- 2 Lo! it comes, that day of wonder;
Louder chorals shake the skies;
Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See, the new-clothed myriads rise!
Thought, repress thy weak endeavour:
Here must reason prostrate fall,
O, the ineffable For Ever,
And the Eternal All in All!

985. THE HEAVENLY CANAAN. C. M.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

986. "A HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS."
2-8's & 4-7's.

- 1 A HOUSE we call our own,
Which cannot be o'erthrown:
In the general ruin sure,
Storms and earthquakes it defies;
Built immoveably secure—
Built eternal in the skies.
- 2 High on Immanuel's land
We see the fabric stand;
From a tottering world remove
To our steadfast mansion there:
Our inheritance above
Cannot pass from heir to heir.
- 3 O might we quickly find
The place for us design'd;
See the long-expected day
Of our full redemption here:
Let the shadows flee away,
Let the new-made world appear.

987. THE CITY OF GOD. 6-8's.

- 1 LEADERS of faithful souls, and Guide
Of all that travel to the sky,
Come, and with us, ev'n us, abide,
Who would on thee alone rely;
On thee alone our spirits stay,
While held in life's uneven way.
- 2 We have no 'biding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light,
Jerusalem, the saints' abode,
Whose founder is the living God.
- 3 Through thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and graciously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return,
Contending for our native heaven:
That palace of our glorious King,
We find it nearer while we sing.
- 4 Raised by the breath of Love Divine,
We urge our way with strength renew'd;
The Church of the First-born to join,
We travel to the Mount of God;
With joy upon our heads arise,
And meet our Captain in the skies.

988. THE HOPE OF GLORY. 8's.

- 1 AWAY with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,
The day of eternity come:
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode,
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.
- 2 No need of the sun in that day,
Which never is follow'd by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light:
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And, lo! by reflection they shine,
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine!
- 3 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in Heaven they live,
They reign in the seats of their Lord.

The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face,
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

989. THE REDEEMED IN GLORY. 7a.

- 1 WHAT are these array'd in white,
Brighter than the noonday sun,
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood,
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of th' incarnate God.
- 2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.
- 3 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountains lead;
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from ev'ry face,
Fill up ev'ry soul with love.

990. THE SAINTS IN GLORY. C. M.

- 1 How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their white array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Their robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now, with triumphant palms, they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne,
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear,
And God, the Lord, from ev'ry eye,
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

991. THE HOPE OF GLORY. 8a.

- 1 O SAVIOUR! whom absent we love,
Whom not having seen we adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 2 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories we shine,
Nor grieve any more by our sins
The bosom on which we recline:

- 3 O then shall all clouds be removed,
And round us thy brightness be pour'd;
We shall meet him whom absent we loved—
We shall see whom unseen we adored.
- 4 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on our blissful repose.

992. THE GLORY OF HEAVEN. 8a.

- 1 O HEAVEN! what a triumph is there,
Where all in his praises agree,
His beautiful character bear,
And shine with the glory they see!
The glory of God and the Lamb
(While all in the ecstasy join)
Darts into their spiritual frame,
And gives th' enjoyment divine.
- 2 In loud hallelujahs they sing,
And harmony echoes his praise,
When, lo! the celestial King
Pours out the full light of his face:
The joy neither angel nor saint
Can bear, so ineffably great;
But, lo! the whole company faint,
And heaven is found—at his feet.

993. FUTURE GLORY. P. M.

- 1 WHAT a rapturous song, When the glori-
fied throng
In the spirit of harmony join— [lyres,
Join all the glad choirs, Hearts, voices, and
And the burden is, "Mercy divine!"
- 2 Hallelujah, they cry, To the King of the
To the great everlasting I AM; [asky,
To the Lamb that was slain, And liveth
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! [again,
3 The Lamb on the throne, Lo! he dwells
with his own,
And to rivers of pleasure he leads!
With his mercy's full blaze, With the sight
Our beatified spirits he feeds. [of his Love,
4 Our forebears proclaim His ineffable name,
Our bodies his glory display;
A day without night We feast in his sight,
And eternity seems as a day.

994. THE GLISS OF HEAVEN. 10a.

- 1 JERUSALEM above! thou holy place,
Thou glorious city of the living God,
Fountain of purest love and richest grace,
The exile's home, the wanderer's loved
abode;
- 2 Within thy blest abodes of pure delight,
The pilgrim rests from his long weary
way;
The soldier issuing from the mortal fight,
Enjoys the triumphs of immortal day.
- 3 There saints and angels, in a countless
throng, [train,
Swell the bright ranks of the Redeemer's
And sing with sweetest harmony the song,
"Worthy the spotless Lamb, for sinners
4 God of the pilgrim, visit us in love, [slain."
The weary heart with hope celestial raise,
Till we attain those glorious courts above,
Whose walls salvation are, whose gates
are praise.

995. SAINTS IN LIGHT. 7a.

- 1 WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Q. 8

- Wisdom, riches, to obtain
New dominion ev'ry hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came,
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand,
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their tears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away all tears.

996. THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM. 7's.

- 1 GLAD within heaven's blest abodes,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Where no anxious care corrodes,
Happy in Immanuel's love!
Once, indeed, like us below,
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Tort'ring pain, and heavy wo,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.
- 2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid the angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesu's love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lull'd to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind!
- 3 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturb'd repose;
There no cloud can intervene—
There no angry tempest blows!
Ev'ry tear is wiped away—
Sighs no more shall heave the breast:
Night is lost in endless day—
Sorrow in eternal rest!

997. HEAVEN. L. M.

- 1 THERE is a world we have not seen,
Which time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.
- 2 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
The tear of sorrow never flows.
- 3 In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtain'd sky—
It is the dwelling-place of God!

998. THE JOYS OF HEAVEN. C. M.

- 1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

999. THE NEW JERUSALEM. C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM! our happy home,
O home for ever dear!
When shall our labours have an end,
Thy glories all appear?
- 2 O when, thou city of our God,
Shall we thy courts ascend,
Where congregations never part,
And Sabbaths never end?
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around the Saviour stand,
And all we love in Christ below
Shall join that glorious band.
- 4 Jerusalem! our happy home,
Our souls still long for thee;
Our sorrows and our pains shall end
When we thy joys shall see.

1000. HEAVEN. C. M.

- 1 FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unseen by mortal eyes.
- 2 No cloud these happy regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.
- 3 Fair, distant land, could now our eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.
- 4 O, may the heavenly vision fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above!

HYMNS FOR THE FAMILY.

1001. RUTH I. 16, 17. C. M.

- 1 ESTREAT me not to leave thee so,
Or turn from following thee;
Where'er thou goest I will go,
Thy home my home shall be.
- 2 The path thou treadest, hear my vow;
By me shall still be trod;
Thy people be my people now—
Thy God shall be my God.
- 3 Rest of all else, to thee I cleave,
Content if thou art high;
Where'er thou grieve'st I will grieve,
And where thou diest, die.
- 4 And may the Lord, whose hand hath
This weight of misery, wrought
Afflict me so, and more, if aught
But death part thee and me.

1002. MARRIAGE. C. M.

- 1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here:
Be thou our glorious guest.
- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

1003. MARRIAGE. 6-8's.

- 1 RAISE high the note of exultation
To God's bright throne with voices clear

- The mighty Lord of all creation
Lends to our song a Father's ear;
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down, and bless their plighted love.
- 3 O'er each event of life presiding,
May God rich gifts on both bestow,
With heavenly light your footsteps guiding,
As through the world's dark wild yego;
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down, and bless their plighted love.
- 3 Together now your voices raising,
Vow truth to God, hand join'd in hand;
Till, on his glories ever gazing,
Ye meet in heaven's own happy land;
Eternal Lord of heaven above,
Look down, and bless their plighted love.

1004. THE BIRTH OF A CHILD. 7's.

- 1 BUD of being, beauty's flower,
Sprung to earth this smiling hour,
While upon thy form we gaze,
Grateful thoughts to Heaven we raise.
- 2 Saviour, from thy heavenly throne,
Smile upon this little one;
If its trembling life be spared,
Deign to be its constant guard.
- 3 Let thy Spirit be its guide,
Let its wants be well supplied;
Cleanse it by thy precious blood,
Fit it for thy blest abode.

1005. THE MOTHER'S PRAYER. O. M.

- 1 FAIR, O my babe, I'd have thee know
The God whom angels love,
And teach thee feeble strains below,
Akin to theirs above.
- 2 O, when thy lisping tongue shall read
Of truths divinely sweet,
May'st thou, a little child indeed,
Sit down at Jesus' feet.
- 3 I'll move thine ear, I'll point thine eye;
But, ah! the inward part—
Great God, the Spirit, hear the sigh
That trembles in my heart.

1006. PRAYER FOR CHILDREN. S. M.

- 1 GREAT God, now condescend
To bless our rising race;
Soon may their willing spirits bend,
The subjects of thy grace.
- 2 O what a vast delight,
Their happiness to see;
Our warmest wishes all unite
To lead their souls to thee.

1007. THE FATHER'S PRAYER. O. M.

- 1 FATHER of Lights! thy needful aid
To us that ask impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.
- 2 We mark the idolising throng,
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong,
And we shall do the same.
- 3 If on thy promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve thy own,
And keep them to the end:
- 4 Will keep us tenderly discreet,
To guard what thou hast given;
And bring our child with us to meet
At thy right hand in heaven.

1008. PSALM CIII. 17. 18. C. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose covenant is sure
To all who fear thy name;
Whose mercies age on age endure,
Eternally the same:
Thou art our fathers' God—we plead
That title: we are thine—
Pour down thy Spirit on our seed,
And sanctify our line.

1009. PRAYER FOR A BLESSING. L. M.

- 1 UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal parent of mankind;
Smile on this waiting family—
Thy blessing let thy servants find.
- 2 Let the dear pledges of their love
Like tender plants around them grow;
Thy present care and joys above
Upon their little ones bestow.

1010. "FORBID THEM NOT." S. M.

- 1 THE Saviour's gentle voice
Calls children to his breast;
He takes and folds them in his arms,
His blessings on them rest.
- 2 Forbid them not, nor scorn
An infant's humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such the Saviour came.
- 3 Our little ones accept—
We yield them, Lord, to thee;
Imploping that, as we are thine,
Thine they may also be.

1011. THE PEACE OF GOD. 8's & 7's.

- 1 PEACE be to this habitation!
Peace to all that dwell therein:
Peace, the earnest of salvation;
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin:
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
Peace to worldly minds unknown;
Peace divine that lasts for ever;
Peace that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of Peace! be present near us;
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
With thy gracious presence cheer us;
Let thy sacred kingdom come.
Raise to heaven our expectation;
Give our favour'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation
In the realms of bliss above.

1012. EVERY MAN TO HIS OWN HOME. L. M.

- 1 LET others bow at fashion's shrine,
And through the maze of pleasure roam,
The calmer joys of life be mine—
My cheerful hearth, my quiet home.
- 2 The brightest cheek that ever bloom'd
Is turned by dissipation pale;
The heart's best feelings are entomb'd
In scenes where guilty joys prevail.

1013. FAMILY PRAYER. C. M.

- WHEN soon or late we reach the coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May we be found, no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.

1014. THE EVENING SACRIFICE. C. M.

- 1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of incense rise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifices.

- 2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

1015. GRATITUDE. C. M.

- 1 LORD of my life! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserved by thine almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night,
Serene and safe from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes;
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And undisturb'd repose.
- 4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

1016. MORNING LIGHT. L. M.

- 1 IF sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born I bless the waking hour,
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

1017. MORNING HYMN. L. M.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal King.
- 3 May I like you in God delight;
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—
O may I never more do ill!
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
For thy sole glory may unite.

1018. MORNING OR EVENING. L. M.

- 1 MY GOD, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like early dew.
- 2 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

1019. EVENING HYMN. L. M.

- 1 THE night is come, like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away!
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
- 2 Shine on my soul, because to me
The sun makes not the day, but thee;
133

Thou, whose kind nature doth not sleep,
O'er my weak spirit sentry keep.

- 3 Sleep is a death. O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
Through Christ, as gently lay my head
In the dark grave, as now my bed.
- 4 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at last with thee:
And thus assured, behold, I lie
Securely, or to wake or die.

1020. EVENING HYMN. L. M.

- 1 ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

1021. MAT. XIV. 25-27. 8's & 7's.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing—
Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
- Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us—
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who, never weary,
Watchest where thy people be.
- Should'st swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

1022. EVENING WORSHIP. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy footstool hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt; for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contentions cease!
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
Thine everlasting peace!
- 4 Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

1023. SATURDAY EVENING. 6-7's.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' approaching Sabbath-day.

y of all the week the best,
 iblem of eternal rest.
 reles multiplied each hour,
 racious Lord, our praise demand;
 arded by thy mighty power,
 ourish'd by thy bounteous hand;
 w from worldly care set free,
 y we rest this night with thee,
 hen the morn shall bid us rise,
 ay we feel thy presence near;
 y thy glory meet our eyes
 When we in thy house appear;
 d may all our Sabbaths prove
 retastes of the joys above.

• REMOVING TO A NEW DWELLING. L. M.

ou sovereign Lord of earth and skies,
 remely good, supremely wise!
 thou the place of our abode;
 t may we still live near to God.
 here'er our dwelling shall be found,
 y will thy throne of grace surround;
 altar to thy name will raise,
 th sacrifice of prayer and praise.

• BIRTHDAY HYMN. 4-6's & 2-8's.

God of my life, to thee
 My cheerful soul I raise!
 Thy goodness bade me be,
 And still prolongs my days;
 see my natal hour return,
 and bless the day that I was born.

Long as I live beneath,
 To thee O let me live!
 To thee my ev'ry breath
 In thanks and praises give!
 What'er I have, what'er I am,
 hall magnify my Maker's name.
 My soul, and all its powers,
 Thine, wholly thine, shall be;
 All, all my happy hours
 I consecrate to thee:
 fe to thine image now restore,
 and I shall praise thee evermore.
 I wait thy will to do,
 As angels do in heaven;
 In Christ a creature new,
 Most graciously forgiven:
 wait thy perfect will to prove,
 ll sanctified by spotless love.

• DOMESTIC TRIAL.

C. M.

God, the ev'rant of thy love
 bides far ever sure,
 d in its matchless grace I feel
 y happiness secure.
 at though my house be not with thee
 a nature could desire?
 sober joys than nature gives
 y servants all aspire.
 so thou, the everlasting God,
 y Father art become;
 is, my guardian and my friend,
 nd heaven my final home;
 ev'rant in the darkest gloom
 all heavenly rays impart,
 ich, when my eyelids close in death,
 all warm my chilling heart.

ON GOING ON SHIPBOARD.

7's.

eed, whom winds and seas obey,
 idle through the watery way;

In the hollow of thy hand
 Hide, and bring us safe to land.

- 2 Jesus, let our faithful mind
 Rest, on thee alone reclined;
 Ev'ry anxious thought repress,
 Keep our souls in perfect peace.
- 3 Keep the souls whom now we leave,
 Bid them to each other cleave;
 Bid them walk on life's rough sea;
 Bid them come by faith to thee.
- 4 Save, till all these tempests end,
 All who on thy love depend;
 Waft our happy spirits o'er;
 Land us on the heavenly shore.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

1028.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

S. M.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
 Hope, and be undismay'd;
 God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
 God shall lift up thy head.
 Through waves through clouds and
 He gently clears thy way; [storms,
 Wait thou his time; so shall the night
 Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 He everywhere hath way,
 And all things serve his might;
 His every act pure blessing is,
 His path unsullied light.
 When he makes bare his arm,
 What shall his work withstand;
 When he his people's cause defends,
 Who, who shall stay his hand?

1029.

REMEMBER ME.

C. M.

- 1 O THOU from whom all goodness flows!
 I lift my heart to thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Great God, remember me!
- 2 When strong temptations crowd my way,
 And ill I cannot flee,
 O let my strength be as my day;
 Good Lord, remember me!
- 3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body sees:
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
 O Lord, remember me!
- 4 And when at last I sink in death,
 And meet thy just decree;
 Then, Saviour, in my trembling breath,
 O still remember me!

1030.

COMFORT FOR MOURNERS. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 CHILD of sorrow, lorn, forsaken,
 Whom the world hath long oppress'd,
 Though by misery's storm o'erthrown,
 Calm the tumult of thy breast.
 Why this anguish?
 Hither come, and sweetly rest.
- 2 Child of sorrow, hush thy wailing!
 One there is who knows thy grief,
 One, whose mercy, never-failing,
 Waits to give thy soul relief;
 He, thy Saviour,
 Faithful still—of friends the chief.
- 3 Child of sorrow, do they leave thee,
 Those on whom thy hopes have stay'd?
 Jesus calls, and will receive thee,
 With a love can never fade;

Hark! he bids thee
Seek the home for sinners made!
4 Child of sorrow, tempests lowering
Hang ar—und thee clouds of care,
But thy Father's smile, o'erpowers'g,
Breaks the gloom and glids despair;
See thy Father
On the cloud his bow prepare!

1031. PSALMS XLII. & XLIII.

7s.

FIRST PART.

- 1 As the hart, with longing eye,
Pants the living stream to see.
So my fainting soul would fly,
O thou living God, to thee.
- 2 Thirsting in this weary land,
Exiled from thy loved abode,
When shall I on Zion stand?
When appear before my God?
- 3 Tears have been my bitter food:
Day and night they flow amain,
While they say, Where is thy God?—
Opening ev'ry wound again.
- 4 When, amid this flood of wo,
I recall the happy days
When to Zion I did go
With the voice of joy and praise;
- 5 When, on holy days, I rush'd
With the crowd to worship there,
Lo! my soul, with anguish crush'd,
Pours its sorrows forth in prayer.
- 6 Why art thou cast down my soul?
Why so troubled?—Hope in God!
I shall yet his name extol
For the health his smile bestow'd.

1032. PSALMS XLII. & XLIII.

7s.

SECOND PART.

- 1 O my God! amid my woes,
Thou wilt I remember still,
From the land where Jordan flows,
Harmon's height, and Mizar hill.
- 2 Deep still calleth unto deep,
Tides of sorrow o'er me roll,
All thy waves and billows sweep
O'er my chafed and sinking soul.
- 3 Yet the Lord of life and light
Will illumine my darkest days;
I will seek his face by night—
In the night I'll sing his praise.
- 4 I will say to God, my Rock—
Why forget me in my wo?
Why expose me to the shock
Of the proud insulting foe?
- 5 Their reproaches, like a sword,
Pierce my soul from day to day,
While, with bitter look and word,
Where's thy God? they scoffing say.
- 6 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why so troubled?—Hope in God!
I shall yet his name extol
For the health his smile bestow'd.

1033. PSALMS XLII. & XLIII.

7s.

THIRD PART.

- 1 JUDGE of all! my cause sustain;
Save me from the ungodly band:
Force and fraud triumphant reign
O'er a crush'd and lawless land.
- 2 O my God! my only Rock!
Why desert me in my wo?
18s

- Why expose me to the shock
Of the proud, insulting foe?
- 3 Shine, O Lord, with quick'ning ray;
All thy words of truth fulfil,
Lead me on my weary way,
Bring me to thy holy hill.
- 4 Then before thy tents I'll stand,
To thine altar I'll repair,
And, with willing heart and hand,
Offer my oblations there.
- 5 There, upon that holy ground,
Praise shall all my powers employ;
On my harp thy praise shall sound,
O my God, my highest joy!
- 6 Why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why so troubled?—Hope in God!
I shall yet his name extol
For the health his smile bestow'd.

1034.

PSALM IV.

C. M.

- 1 O THOU, from whom my righteousness
And all my blessings flow!
Thou hast enlarged me in distress;
Thy mercy now bestow.
- 2 Ye sons of men! how long will ye
My glory turn to shame?
How long will ye love vanity,
And choose the liar's name?
- 3 But know that God has set apart
The godly as his own;
He hears the breathings of my heart
When prostrate at the throne.
- 4 Fear God, and sin not; in the still
And solemn hour of night,
Drag all you think, and feel, and will,
Into his holy light.

1035.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

10s.

- 1 CHECK up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat,
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus an-
swers pray'r;
There humbly cast thyself beneath his feet,
For never needy sinner perish'd there.
- 2 Lord, I am come! thy promise is my plea—
Without thy word I durst not venture
nigh; [and dic:
But thou hast called the burden'd soul to
A weary, burden'd soul, O Lord, am I!
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of sin;
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely
prest;
Beset without, and full of fears within, [rest.
Trembling and faint, I come to thee for
- 4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place;
I know no force can tear me from thy
Unmoved I then may accuse thy face, [side;
And answer ev'ry charge with "Jesus
died." [and dic:
5 Yes, thou didst weep, and bleed, and groan,
Well hast thou known what fierce tempta-
tions mean; [high,
Such was thy love, and now, enthroned on
The same compassions in thy bosom
reign.

1036.

THE ROCK.

S. M.

- 1 WHEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift my eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade,
3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

1037. GOD'S SMILE. C. M.

- 1 Is trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheer'd my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
2 The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fix'd my heart in heaven.
4 All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

1038. "IT IS THE LORD." C. M.

- 1 It is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine,
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
2 It is the Lord, who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load;
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.
3 It is the Lord, whose matchless skill
Can, from afflictions, raise
Matter eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.
4 Can I, with hopes so firmly built,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God! take what thou wilt,
To thee I all resign.

1039. THE REFUGE. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 JESUS, I love thee! thou dost know
How true my love, how deep my woe,
Almost too deep to bear;
But thou wilt guide me by thy hand;
Strong in thy strength I yet may stand,
Still resting in thy care.
2 Thou wilt not leave the weakest one:
Though every outward hope were gone,
I know that thou art nigh;
Man knows not what my sufferings are,
He cannot know, he would not care,
But thou art sympathetic.
3 Thou wilt not let my footsteps fall,
Nor let me bring, while in this vale,
Dishonour to thy name;
Though thought is mine but sin and woe,
Yet in thy righteousness I go,
And in thy name prevail.
4 And when the bitter cup is past,
And when I sink in death at last,
It is to be with thee;
To come with thee in clouds of heaven,
Re-union'd, pure, holy, thine, forgiven,
Ever to reign with thee.

1040. THE VANITY OF EARTH. 11's & 10's.

- A CHILD of God! and can this earth's vain
pleasures [died?
He sought to one for whom the Saviour
Rise! rise above them all! its worthless
treasures, [pride.
Its soul-destroying joys, its pomp and
Be his in all! thy soul and eye be single,
Fix'd on the glory that surrounds the
throne, [to mingle;
Seek not Christ's service with the world's
Remember God hath seal'd thee for his
own.

1041. THE REST OF LOVE. 11's.

- 1 POOR wanderer! return to the home of
thy bliss,
No arm is like Jesu's, no fold is like his;
Though thy heart is now stricken, and
mourning thy soul,
Our Jesus has power, and has will to make
whole.
Then, O let not Satan still lead thee astray,
Return to thy Lord, to the one living way.
2 Long, long hast thou wander'd, but hast
not found rest:
Fear not to return, be thine errors confess'd,
Christ is longing to welcome the poor tem-
pest-tost; [lost.
To him sought so sweet as to succour the
His heart yearns to show thee the fulness
of love, [above.
To teach thee thy portion and draw thee
3 Then wilt thou not trust him? for thee
did he die, [on high;
To win thee to heaven he came down from
He bore all thy sins, all thy sorrows, and
thou, [with them now?
Why seek'st thou to bear them, to groan
O leave them to Jesus, but trust in his word,
And humbly, yet joyfully, follow thy Lord.

1042. "THY WILL BE DONE." 8's & 4, or L. M.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O! teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.
2 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize:—It ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;
Thy will be done.
3 Control my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will be done.
4 And when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done.

HYMNS FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

1043. OUR OWN ETERNAL HOME. 14's.

- 1 WHILE through this barren wilderness
wearily we roam,
How sweet to cast a look above, and think
we're going home;
'T is there the toils and troubles of our
pilgrimage shall cease,
And all the waves of earthly woe be hush'd
to heavenly peace.

- 2 These trees are not the trees that grow in beauty by the side
Of that bright flood, whose living streams
through sinless regions glide;
We see not here th' immortal fruit, the
fadeless flowers that bloom
On hills of light, in vales of peace, at our
sweet Eden home, [music and of love,
3 The tones we hear are not the tones of
Which breathe from thousand harps the
song of endless joys above;
We tread in haste along, with trembling
and with fear, [ing here.
For this is not our home, we've no continu-
4 O for the death of those that die, like day-
light in the west; [untroubled rest.
That sink like weary waves at eve to calm
They stand before their Father's face, all
ears and trembling o'er;
Redeem'd and blest, they dwell at home,
and shall go out no more.

(Chorus to each verse.)

Home! home! sweet home!
O for that land of rest above, our own
eternal home!

1044. THE BETTER LAND. P. M.

- 1 I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st thy children a happy band;
Mother! O where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle
boughs?
"Not there, not there, my child!"
2 Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise?
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry
wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
"Not there, not there, my child!"
3 Is it far away in some region of old, [gold—
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
"Not there, not there, my child!"
4 "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless
bloom, [tomb—
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the
It is there, it is there, my child!"

1045. "TIME FOR PRAYER." 7's & 6's.

1 Go when the morning shineth—
Go when the noon is bright—
Go when the eve declineth—
Go in the hush of night—
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
To God in secret pray!
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- 2 Remember all who love thee.
All that are loved by thee—
Pray, too, for those that hate thee,
If any such there be!
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name!
3 O! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare!
The power that he hath given us,
To pour our souls in prayer!
Where'er thou pin'st in madness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all!

1046. THE CHRISTIAN MARINER. P. M.

- 1 LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands,
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
Christian, steer home.
2 Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee;
Reef in the foresail there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.
3 'What of the night, watchman,
What of the night?'
'Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right!'
Be wakeful, be vigilant,
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Secured to thee.
4 Shaken not sail yet,
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Out through the foam;
Christian, cast anchor now—
Christian steer home.

1047. HEAVEN. 10's & 6's.

- 1 THAT clime is not like this dull clime of
All, all is brightness there; [ours;
A sweeter influence breathes around its
And a far milder air. [flowers;
No calm below is like that calm above—
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a
light, [bright.
Earth's brightest summer never shone so
2 That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud
No broken sunshine there! [lowers—
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendour o'er these sinless
shores; [ray,
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly
There Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

3 These dwellers there are not like those of
No mortal stain they bear; [earth:
And yet they seem of kindred blood and
Whence and how came they there? [birth:
Earth was their native soil; from sin and
shame,
Through tribulation, they to glory came;
Bond-slaves delivered from sin's crushing
load, [of God.
Brands pluck'd from burning by the hand
4 These robes of theirs are not like those
No angel's half so bright! [below,
Whence came that beauty, whence that
living glow,
Whence came that radiant white?
Wash'd in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became,
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that un-
fading sky.

1048. CHRISTMAS HYMN. 8-10's.

1 CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was
Rise to adore the mystery of love, (born;
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic herald's voice,
"Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
To you and all the nations upon earth;
This day hath God fulfill'd his promised
word— [Lord,"
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the

1049. "I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY." 11's.

1 "I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY:" I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way; [here
The few fleeting morns that dawn on us
Are enough for life's sorrow, enough for
its cheer.
2 "I would not live alway:" no, welcome
the tomb; [its gloom:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
There sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
3 Who, who would live alway, away from
his God,
Away from you heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow o'er the
bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
4 Where the saints of all ages in harmony
meet, [to greet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of
the soul.

1050. THE MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND. 12's & 11's.

1 THERE was gladness in Zion, her standard
was flying [gay;
Free o'er her battlements, glorious and
All fair as the morning shone forth her
adorning,
And fearful to foes was her godly array.

2 There is mourning in Zion, her standard
is lying
Defied in the dust, to the spoiler a prey;
And now there is wailing, and sorrow pre-
vailing, [away-
For the best of her children are weeded
3 The good have been taken, their place is
forsaken, [the grey;
The man and the maiden, the green and
The voice of the weepers wails over the
sleepers— [away.
The martyrs of Scotland that now are
4 The hue of her waters is crimson'd with
slaughters, [den'd the clay;
And the blood of the martyrs has red-
And dark desolation broods over the nation,
For the faithful are perish'd, the good
are away.
5 On the mountains of heather they slumber
together, [bodies deny;
On the wastes of the moorland their
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is
their keeping, [der away!
Though far from their kindred they mould-
6 Their blessings shall hover, their children
to cover, [by day;
Like the cloud of the desert, by night and
O, never to perish, their names let us
cherish, [away!
The martyrs of Scotland that now are

1051. JESUS TRIUMPHANT. 12, 11, & 8.

1 THE Prince of salvation in triumph is
riding, [way;
And glory attends him along his bright
The tidings of grace on the breezes are
And nations are owing his way. [gliding,
2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquer-
ing Saviour; [thy reign,
Let thousands of thousands submit to
Acknowledge thy goodness, enjoy thy kind
And follow thy glorious train. [favour,
3 Then loud shall ascend from each sancti-
fied nation, [of praise;
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus
And heaven shall re-echo the song of sal-
In rich and melodious lays. [vation

1052. THE LOVE OF CHRIST. 6's & 7's.

1 THE love of Christ—what is it?
A sunbeam's genial glow,
That smiles upon the weary path
The pilgrim trends below;
Guides him along the desert,
Where midnight shades have away,
And cheers his spirit with the hope
Of calm unclouded day.
2 The love of Christ, what is it?
An ocean's flowing tide,
Whose source is where th' eternal hills
In towering strength abide;
Whose brow no tempest furrows,
So stormless is that sea:
Sweet fulness of a Saviour's heart,
Ours all is launch'd on thee!
3 The love of Christ—what is it?
No faithless, shifting sand,

But an eternal, living Rock,
Where all who will may stand;
Whose clefts the soul shall shelter,
When storms are sweeping past;
"A shadow from the tempest's wrath,"
"A covert from the blast."

- 4 The love of Christ—what is it?
The theme of loftiest song;
"To him that loved us," is the shout
Of heaven's enraptured throng!
O for a heart to waken
Some kindred strain below,
Till at thy feet, thou Source of love,
More of thyself we know!

1053. 2 SAM. XXIII. 4. P. M.

1 Light for the dreary vales
Office-bound Labrador!
Where the frost-kling breathes on the
slippery sails,
And the mariner wakes no more;
Lift high the lamp that never fails
To that dark and sterile shore.

2 Light for the forest child!
An outcast though he be
From the haunts where the sun of his
childhood smiles,
And the country of the free: [wild,
Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert
For what home on earth has he?

3 Light on the Hindoo shed!
On the maddening idol train:
The flame of the suttie is dire and red,
And the fakir faints with pain;
And the dying moon on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

4 Light for the ancient race,
Exiled from Zion's rest!
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppress'd;
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base—
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

1054. FAREWELL TO THE WORLD. 12's.

1 As I, glad, bid adieu to the world's fancied
pleasure,
You pity my weakness. Alas! did you
know
The joys of religion, that best hidden treasure—
Would you have me forsake it? Ah
never! Ah no!

2 In the gay scenes of life I was happiness
swelling;
But ah! in its stead I encountered woe;
I found I was only a phantom pursuing,
I never once found it. Ah never! Ah no!

3 But how bright now the sunbeams of glory
are shining
Around my sweet path as to heaven I go.
With Christ in my heart, on his promise
reclining, [never! Ah no!
Shall I yield up my treasure? Ah

4 By the counsels of Jesus my feet are
directed; [grow:
My faithful companion, we intimate
With his love I am blest, by his arm I'm
protected; [never! Ah no!
Would you have me forsake him? Ah

5 And in my last hour, when I'm passing
the river, [to flow,
And the warm streams of life discontinue
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I then shall have God as my portion for
ever.
Shall I yield up this treasure? Ah
never! Ah no!

1055. MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL. 11's & 12's.

1 Land where the bones of our fathers are
sleeping, [are weeping;
Land where our dear ones and fond ones
Land where the light of Jehovah is shining,
We leave thee lamenting, but not with re-
pinning.

2 Land of our fathers, in grief we forsake
thee; [thee;
Land of our friends, may Jehovah protect
Land of the church, may the light shine
around thee; [confound thee.
Nor darkness, nor trouble, nor sorrow

3 God is thy God, thou shalt walk in his
brightness; [whiteness,
Gird thee with joy, let thy robes be of
God is thy God, let thy hills shout with
gladness; [sadness.
But ah! we must leave thee, we leave thee in

4 Dark is our path o'er the dark rolling ocean;
Dark are our hearts, but the fire of devotion
Kindles within; and a far distant nation
Shall learn from our lips the glad song of
salvation.

5 Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows,
Land of our rest! when a few more to-
morrow's [pillows,
Pass o'er our heads, we will seek our cold
And rest in our graves far away o'er the
billows.

1056. THE STILL SMALL VOICE. 11's.

1 He cometh, he cometh, the Lord passeth
by; [nigh;
The mountains are rending, the tempest is
The wind is tumultuous, the rocks are
o'ercast, [blast.
But the Lord of the prophet is not in the

2 He cometh, he cometh, the Lord is in ire:
The smoke is ascending, the mount is on
fire;
O my, is Jehovah revealing his name?
He is near, but Jehovah is not in the flame.

3 He cometh, he cometh, the tempest is o'er;
He is come, neither tempest nor storm
shall be more;
All nature reposes, earth, ocean, and sky.
As still as the voice that descends from on
high.

4 How sweet to the soul are the breathings
of peace, [row to cease,
When the still voice of pardon bids sor-
When the welcome of mercy falls soft on
the ear, [near!
"Come hither ye laden—ye weary, draw

5 There is rest for the soul that on Jesus
relies; [in the skies;
There's a home for the homeless prepared
There's a joy in believing, a hope and a
stay.
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take away.

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; we yet alive? . . .	785	Behold the glories of the Lamb . . .	375
; thou, gracious Master, gone? . . .	469	Behold the Lamb with glory crown'd . . .	346
l it be that I should gain . . .	479	Behold the mountain of the Lord . . .	703
l the Holy and the Just . . .	179	Behold the Rose of Sharon here . . .	323
the gospel peace and love? . . .	510	Behold the Saviour of mankind . . .	187
our bodies part . . .	886	Behold, the sure foundation-stone . . .	219
if this body die? . . .	957	Behold the throne of grace . . .	626

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	HYMN		HYMN
Beneath our feet and o'er our head . . .	954	Come, let us anew . . .	774
Beyond the glittering, starry skies . . .	249	Come, let us anew our journey pursue . . .	918
Bless, O my soul, the living God . . .	57	Come, let us join our cheerful songs . . .	279
Blessed be God, for ever blest . . .	83	Come, let us seek the graces divine . . .	667
Blessed be thy name for ever . . .	28	Come, Lord, and claim me for thine own . . .	617
Blessed field ! no foe can enter . . .	984	Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart . . .	998
Blest are the souls that hear and know . . .	470	Come, my soul, thy suit prepare . . .	686
Blest be the everlasting God . . .	623	Come, O long-expected Jesus . . .	243
Blest be the pure, uniting love . . .	651	Come, O thou Universal Good . . .	615
Blest be the tie that binds . . .	653	Come on, my partners in distress . . .	820
Blest is the spot, supremely blest . . .	905	Come, Saviour ; Jesus, from above . . .	603
Blest morning, whose first dawning rays . . .	792	Come, see the place where Jesus lay . . .	189
Blow ye the trumpet, blow . . .	390	Come, sinner, hasten to the Lord . . .	387
Bread of the world, in mercy broken . . .	741	Come, sinners, to the gospel feast . . .	389
Breathe in praise of your Creator . . .	47	Come, thou Almighty King . . .	788
Brethren in Christ, and well-beloved . . .	664	Come, thou fount of every blessing . . .	307
Brethren, let us join to bless . . .	233	Come, thou high and lofty Lord . . .	676
Bright and joyful is the morn . . .	143	Come to Calvary's holy mountain . . .	396
Bright as the sun's meridian blaze . . .	865	Come to the ark, come to the ark . . .	401
Britain, convey the blessings round . . .	848	Come, weary souls, with sins distressed . . .	436
British youths, whose hearts are tasting . . .	881	Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched . . .	391
Brother, thou art gone to rest . . .	965	Come, ye souls, by sin afflicted . . .	389
Bad of being, beauty's flower . . .	1004	Come, ye that know and fear the Lord . . .	81
Built by Jehovah's hand . . .	767	Come, ye that love the Lord . . .	425
But, above all, lay hold . . .	535	Command thy blessing from above . . .	804
By faith in Christ, I walk with God . . .	537	Communion of my Saviour's blood . . .	739
By thy birth and by thy tears . . .	413	Compared with Christ, in all beside . . .	194
By various maxims, forms, and rules . . .	459	Creator Spirit ! by whose aid . . .	380
Captain of Israel's host, and Guide . . .	104	Daughter of Zion, from the dust . . .	749
Cheerfully my soul shall praise . . .	43	Day by day the manna fall . . .	529
Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy . . .	1035	Day of judgment ! day of wonders ! . . .	973
Chief Shepherd of thy chosen sheep . . .	712	Dear Lord, amid the throng that press'd . . .	511
Child of dust, corruption's son . . .	386	Dearest Saviour, help thy servant . . .	513
Child of sin and sorrow . . .	385	Defiled and loathsome as we are . . .	502
Child of sorrow, lorn, forsaken . . .	1030	Depth of mercy ! can there be . . .	441
Children of God, renounce your fears . . .	534	Descend from heaven, immortal Dove . . .	254
Children of the heavenly King . . .	549	Descend, immortal Dove . . .	332
Christ, from whom all blessings flow . . .	658	Do not I love thee, O my Lord ? . . .	500
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day . . .	128	Each fabled fount of comfort dry . . .	457
Christians, awake, salute the happy morn . . .	1048	Earth's empty joys I cease to prize . . .	694
Christians ! brethren ! ere we part . . .	827	Encouraged by thy word . . .	684
Christians, the glorious hope we know . . .	746	Enter'd the holy place above . . .	202
Cleanse me, O Lord, from every stain . . .	590	Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord . . .	345
Come, all who've have set . . .	772	Entreat me not to leave thee so . . .	1001
Come, and let us sweetly join . . .	675	Eternal beam of light divine . . .	519
Come, and see what God is doing . . .	881	Eternal depth of love divine . . .	87
Come away to the skies . . .	778	Eternal God ! Almighty cause . . .	60
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell . . .	773	Eternal God, eternal King . . .	61
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove . . .	325	Eternal God, we look to thee . . .	130
Come, happy souls, approach your God . . .	170	Eternal Power, Almighty God . . .	74
Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind . . .	337	Eternal Power, whose high abode . . .	6
Come, Holy Spirit, come . . .	339	Eternal source of every joy . . .	129
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove . . .	340	Eternal Spirit, come . . .	333
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord . . .	665	Eternal Spirit, source of light . . .	332
Come in, thou blessed, honour'd Lord . . .	643	Eternal Spirit, source of truth . . .	518
Come, kin-dom of our God . . .	884	Eternal Sun of Righteousness . . .	218
Come, let us all unite and sing . . .	75	Except the Lord conduct the plan . . .	828

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	HYMN		HYMN
ly babe, I'd have thee know	1005	Go, messenger of peace and love	885
as the morning star . . .	394	Go, pardon'd sinners, and proclaim	742
ye, ye nations, and adore . . .	847	Go to dark Gethsemane . . .	543
ation's bounds extend . . .	71	Go up with Christ your Head . . .	629
the world, O Lord, I flee . . .	554	Go up with shouts of praise . . .	163
these narrow scenes of life	1060	Go, when the morning shineth	1045
to my country and home . . .	896	Go, worship at Immanuel's feet	207
ye fleeting joys of earth	668	Go, ye messengers of God . . .	886
d Friend, thy light, thy love	57	God of all consolation, take . . .	886
all, whose powerful voice	36	God of earth's families, look down	855
earth and heaven . . .	45	God of love, that hear'st the prayer	645
eternal grace . . .	609	God of my life, through all its days . . .	51
Jesus Christ, my Lord	619	God of my life, to thee . . .	1025
lights! thy needful aid . . .	1007	God of our salvation, hear us . . .	818
mercies, bow thine ear . . .	711	God of salvation, we adore . . .	40
mercies, God of love	123	God of the passing year, to thee . . .	927
mercies, in thy word	933	God moves in a mysterious way . . .	131
omnipresent grace . . .	502	God the Lord a King remaineth . . .	63
our dying Lord . . .	685	God, the offended God Most High . . .	371
pence, and God of love	512	God! who didst so dearly buy . . .	593
prify thy Son . . .	234	Grace! how melodious is the sound	843
ow wide thy glory shines . . .	70	Grace! 'tis a charming sound . . .	840
whom we live . . .	351	Gracious Lord, as thou hast taught us	787
mercies, condescend . . .	593	Great Father of mankind . . .	906
n, and Holy Ghost . . .	353	Great former of this various frame . . .	102
ose everlasting love . . .	80	Great God, another year has closed	
ate'er of earthly bliss	538	in night . . .	922
and evil are thy days . . .	948	Great God, attend, while Zion sings	783
of Christ, of every name . . .	651	Great God, indulge my humble claim	10
ment, dwelling, health and		Great God, now condescend . . .	1006
ds . . .	924	Great God of providence, thy ways . . .	126
lessed be the Lord . . .	209	Great God of wonders, all thy ways . . .	86
ere my rest shall be . . .	590	Great God, to what a glorious height	251
Lord, whatever lot . . .	542	Great God, we sing that mighty hand	128
as countless as the sands . . .	492	Great God, what do I see and hear ?	260
Lord, that we . . .	326	Great God, when I approach thy throne	197
what a word of bliss! . . .	426	Great is the Lord! What tongue can	
as! 'tis a joyful sound . . .	417	frame . . .	62
my name, O Lord, I go . . .	822	Great King of saints, enthroned on	
my strength, O Lord, I go	707	high . . .	716
and dwell below the skies	359	Great Lord of all thy churches, hear	715
the atoning sacrifice . . .	732	Great Source of being and of love . . .	98
ary a cry was heard . . .	192	Great Sovereign of the earth and sky	911
it's bondage come . . .	946	Great the joy when Christians meet	669
see the glorious day . . .	256	Green pastures and clear streams . . .	225
nland's icy mountains . . .	846	Guide us, O thou great Jehovah . . .	700
to pole let others roam . . .	491	Guilt I stand before thy face . . .	434
ord on, mighty Saviour . . .	869	Hail, Church of Christ, bought with	
God's immortal praise . . .	4	his blood! . . .	653
winds thy fears . . .	1028	Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord! . . .	351
wings of faith to rise . . .	631	Hail, morning known among the blest!	738
heaven's blest abodes . . .	296	Hail the day that sees him rise . . .	167
ings of thee are spoken . . .	757	Hail, thou once despised Jesus! . . .	255
God above . . .	674	Hail to the Lord's Anointed! . . .	241
God on high, and peace	138	Hallelujah, praise the Lord! . . .	23
God on high, God, whose	140	Happy man, whom God doth aid . . .	112
y everlasting . . .	283	Happy soul, that, free from harms . . .	465
d on high . . .	270	Happy souls, who draw with joy . . .	400
Saviour's grace proclaim	884	Happy the church, thou sacred place . . .	761

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	HYMN		HYMN
Happy the souls that first believed . . .	648	How happy are the little flock . . .	878
Happy the souls to Jesus join'd . . .	647	How lost was our condition . . .	228
Hark, a cry among the nations . . .	879	How lovely are thy tents . . .	909
Hark! a voice divides the sky . . .	886	How many pass the guilty night . . .	917
Hark, a voice in the sky . . .	311	How precious is the book divine . . .	936
Hark! it is the Saviour's voice . . .	959	How shall I walk my God to please . . .	620
Hark! ten thousand voices crying . . .	957	How should our songs, like those above . . .	609
Hark! ten thousand voices sounding . . .	242	How sweet the hour of closing day . . .	968
Hark to the trumpet! behold, it breaks . . .	968	How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . .	278
Hark! the gospel news is sounding . . .	380	How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound . . .	833
Hark! the herald angels sing . . .	186	How swift the torrent rolls . . .	919
Hark, the solemn trumpet sounding . . .	849	How vast the treasure we possess . . .	451
Hark! the song of jubilee . . .	245	How vain are all things here below . . .	472
Hark! the voice of love and mercy . . .	153	Humble, and teachable and mild . . .	598
Hark! what cries arrest mine ear . . .	747		
Hark! what mean those holy voices . . .	145	I call the world's Redeemer mine . . .	967
Hark! what mean those lamentations . . .	744	I give immortal praise . . .	355
Hath the invitation ended? . . .	381	I hear thee speak of the better land . . .	1044
He came, that lorn and wretched man . . .	435	I know that my Redeemer lives, and . . .	613
He comes he comes! the Judge severe . . .	977	I know that my Redeemer lives, he . . .	639
He cometh, he cometh, the Lord . . .		I know the blessed Jesus . . .	266
passeth by . . .	1036	I know thee, Saviour, who thou art . . .	439
He dies! the Friend of sinners dies . . .	120	I live to die, I die to live . . .	574
He lives, he lives, and sits above . . .	453	I'll praise my Maker while I've breath . . .	1
He lives the great Redeemer lives . . .	205	I'll praise thee with my heart and . . .	
He sweetly sleeps! the man of God . . .	964	tongue . . .	127
He who his Son, most dear and loved . . .	315	I love the sacred Book of God . . .	932
He who on earth as man was known . . .	449	I'm not ashamed to own my Lord . . .	503
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken . . .	770	In trouble and in grief, O God . . .	1037
Hear what the voice from heaven pro- . . .		I quit the world's fantastic joys . . .	475
claims . . .	969	I rest in Christ, the Son of God . . .	466
Hearken to the solemn voice . . .	238	I rest in thine Almighty power . . .	612
Heaven hath confirm'd the great de- . . .		I sing my Saviour's wondrous death . . .	194
creed . . .	951	I thirst, but not as once I did . . .	587
Here assembled in thy name . . .	701	I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God . . .	487
Here at thy cross, my dying Lord . . .	448	It is the Lord, enthroned in light . . .	1039
High above every name . . .	294	I've found the Pearl of greatest price . . .	237
Himself he cannot save . . .	181	I want a principle within . . .	601
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh . . .	398	I will praise thee every day . . .	31
Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring . . .	377	"I would not live away;" I ask not . . .	
Holy as thou, O Lord, is none . . .	67	to stay . . .	1049
Holy Ghost, with light divine . . .	336	I would the precious time redeem . . .	839
Holy, holy, holy Lord, in the . . .	46	If human kindness meets return . . .	724
Holy, holy, holy Lord! God of . . .	68	In blessed union here we meet . . .	731
Holy Lamb, who thee receive . . .	596	In duty, and in suffering too . . .	212
Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear . . .	642	In every trouble, sharp and strong . . .	527
Hosanna to the living Lord . . .	821	In evil long I took delight . . .	457
Hosanna to the Prince of light . . .	163	In fellowship alone . . .	691
How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord! . . .	95	In lively figures, here we see . . .	730
How beautiful are their feet . . .	704	In sleep's serene oblivion laid . . .	1016
How blest are they who know the sound . . .	842	In spite of all my foes . . .	926
How bright these glorious spirits shine! . . .	990	In such society as this . . .	644
How charming is the place . . .	910	In tents we dwell amid the waste . . .	569
How condescending and how kind . . .	150	In the cross of Christ I glory . . .	838
How dark the night of sin that wrapt . . .	875	In the sun, and moon, and stars . . .	969
How do thy mercies close me round . . .	498	In thy name, O Lord, assembling . . .	784
How firm foundation, ye saints of . . .		In trouble and in grief, O God . . .	1037
the Lord . . .	128	In vain our fancy strives to paint . . .	961
How glorious Zion's courts appear . . .	764	Infinite excellence is thine . . .	236
How great the wisdom, power, and grace . . .	253	Infinite, unexhausted love . . .	128

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	HYMN		HYMN
Intercessor throned on high . . .	682	Jesus, thy wisdom be my guide . . .	597
Is this my Jesus, this my God ? . .	725	Jesus, to many or to few . . .	693
Isles of the deep, rejoice, rejoice . .	292	Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee . .	979
It is finish'd ! sinners hear it . . .	406	Jesus, united by thy grace . . .	630
It is the Lord, enthroned in light . .	1038	Jesus, we on thy words depend . . .	327
		Jesus, we look to thee . . .	702
Jehovah, God the Father, bless . . .	352	Jesus, where'er thy people meet . . .	677
Jehovah God ! thy gracious power . .	125	Jesus, whose blood so freely stream'd .	464
Jehovah is our strength . . .	109	Join all the glorious names . . .	198
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high . .	66	Join all the names of love and power .	199
Jehovah speaks, let man be awed . .	944	Joy is a fruit that will not grow . .	469
Jerusalem above ! thou holy place . .	994	Joy to the followers of the Lord . . .	474
Jerusalem ! our happy home . . .	969	Joyful let us raise our voices . . .	582
Jesus, accept the praise . . .	830	Judge of all ! my cause sustain . . .	1033
Jesus, all-atonng Lamb . . .	607	Just are thy ways, and true thy word .	108
Jesus, allure me by thy charms . . .	501	Just as I am, without one plea . . .	410
Jesus, and shall it ever be . . .	507	Just as thou art, without one trace . .	409
Jesus, at thy command . . .	532		
Jesus beholds where Satan reigns . .	196	Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake . .	666
Jesus, exalted far on high . . .	688		
Jesus, Friend to sinners dear . . .	697	Land where the bones of our fathers are	
Jesus, from whom all blessings flow . .	659	sleeping	1055
Jesus, full of truth and grace . . .	415	Launch thy bark, mariner ! . . .	1046
Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep . .	649	Leader of faithful souls, and Guide . .	957
Jesus hath died that I might live . .	611	Leave us not comfortless . . .	335
Jesus, how much thy name unfolds . .	284	Less than the least of all . . .	121
Jesus, how precious is thy name . . .	201	Let all that breathe, Jehovah praise . .	49
Jesus, I love thee ! thou dost know . .	1039	Let avarice from shore to shore . . .	937
Jesus, I love thy charming name . . .	973	Let earth and heaven agree . . .	299
Jesus, I my cross have taken . . .	573	Let every mortal ear attend . . .	397
Jesus, immortal King, arise ! . . .	663	Let hearts and tongue unite . . .	920
Jesus, immutably the same ! . . .	222	Let him to whom we now belong . . .	578
Jesus, in thee all fulness dwells . . .	420	Let me but hear my Saviour say . . .	517
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold . . .	203	Let me dwell on Golgotha . . .	428
Jesus, in whom the weary find . . .	416	Let others bow at fashion's shrine . . .	1012
Jesus is gone up on high . . .	223	Let party names no more . . .	654
Jesus, lead us by thy power . . .	560	Let reason vainly boast her power . .	955
Jesus, Lord, we look to thee . . .	657	Let songs of gratitude arise . . .	44
Jesus, lover of my soul . . .	430	Let songs of praises fill the sky . . .	319
Jesus, my Advocate above . . .	414	Let Zion's watchmen all awake . . .	710
Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone . . .	215	Let the beams their breath resign . . .	369
Jesus, my Lord, my chief delight . . .	236	Let the world their virtue boast . . .	433
Jesus, my truth, my way . . .	606	Let us love, and sing, and wonder . .	292
Jesus, our best-beloved Friend . . .	346	Let us rejoice in Christ the Lord . . .	211
Jesus, our Lord, to thee we call . . .	224	Let us, with a glad some mind . . .	35
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun . .	244	Let worldly minds the world pursue . .	567
Jesus, soft, harmonious name . . .	778	Let Zion's watchmen all awake . . .	710
Jesus, the Conqueror, reigns . . .	531	Lift up thy blood-red banner, Lord . .	583
Jesus, the King of glory, reigns . . .	200	Lift up to God the voice of praise . .	38
Jesus, the name high over all . . .	296	Light for the dreary vales . . .	1053
Jesus, the Saviour of my soul . . .	221	Light of life, seraphic fire . . .	610
Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee . .	421	Light of the lonely pilgrim's heart . .	263
Jesus, the spring of joys divine . . .	214	Listen, sinner ! mercy hails you . . .	368
Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord . . .	803	Lo ! God is here, let us adore . . .	25
Jesus, thou everlasting King . . .	302	Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending .	25
Jesus, thou fairest, dearest one . . .	234	Lo ! here a rich repast is spread . . .	722
Jesus, thou King enthroned on high . .	309	Lord Jesus, in thy name alone . . .	718
Jesus, thou soul of all our joys . . .	316	Lo ! on a narrow neck of land . . .	970
Jesus, thy boundless love to me . . .	614	Lo ! the mighty Lord appearing . . .	371
Jesus, thy perfect righteousness . . .	195	Lo ! what a glorious sight appears . .	225

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

HYMNS		HYMNS	
Lord, at thy table I behold . . .	723	My soul, triumphant in the Lord . . .	551
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, all our . . .	884	My times of sorrow and of joy . . .	541
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, bid us . . .	834	Nay, I cannot let thee go . . .	680
Lord God, the Holy Ghost . . .	343	No condemnation ! O my soul . . .	438
Lord ! how delightful 't is to see . . .	736	No hope can on the law be built . . .	447
Lord ! how my foes unnumber'd roll . . .	110	No more, my God, I boast no more . . .	444
Lord ! I believe a rest remains . . .	605	Nona is like Jeshurun's God . . .	58
Lord, I have made thy word my choice . . .	348	Not all the blood of beasts . . .	439
Lord ! If thou thy grace impart . . .	568	Not seldom clad in radiant vest . . .	454
Lord ! in the strength of grace . . .	571	Not to condemn the sons of men . . .	403
Lord Jesus, in thy name alone . . .	718	Not to the mount that burned with fire . . .	556
Lord ! let my heart still turn to thee . . .	504	Now begin the heavenly theme . . .	291
Lord ! now we part in thy blest name . . .	833	Now from the altar of our hearts . . .	1014
Lord of hosts, how lovely fair . . .	913	Now for a tune of lofty praise . . .	248
Lord of light, and life, and glory . . .	807	Now I can read my title clear . . .	640
Lord of my life ! O may thy praise . . .	1015	Now I have found the ground wherein . . .	477
Lord, send thy word, and let it fly . . .	803	Now in a song of grateful praise . . .	281
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through . . .	89	Now is the accepted time . . .	383
Lord, we plead thy promise giv'n . . .	328	Now let a great effectual door . . .	686
Lord, we thy will obey . . .	825	Now let our faith with joy survey . . .	678
Lord, when our offerings we present . . .	930	Now let us raise our cheerful strains . . .	374
Lord, whom winds and seas obey . . .	1097	Now may he who from the dead . . .	831
Lord to the King of heaven . . .	313	Now may the God of peace and love . . .	833
Love divine, all loves excelling . . .	608	Now may the gospel's conqu'ring power . . .	814
Love divine ! how sweet the sound ! . . .	175	Now may the mighty arm awake . . .	688
Lovers of pleasure more than God . . .	375	Now may the Spirit from above . . .	334
Make bare thy holy arm . . .	690	Now to him who loved us, gave us . . .	832
Mark'd as the purpose of the skies . . .	892	Now to the Lord a noble song . . .	236
May the grace of Christ our Saviour . . .	839	O all that pass by, to Jesus draw nigh . . .	384
Me, the vilest of the race . . .	411	O arm me with the mind . . .	536
Meet and right it is to praise . . .	34	O bless the Lord my soul . . .	113
Meet and right it is to sing . . .	2	O blessed Comforter, now come . . .	349
Meeting in the Saviour's name . . .	736	O blessed Jesus, who but thou . . .	641
Met around the sacred tomb . . .	157	O breathe upon this languid frame . . .	344
Men of God ! go, take your stations . . .	857	O celebrate Jehovah's love . . .	310
Messiah, Prince of peace ! . . .	395	O come and dwell in me . . .	343
Mighty God, while angels bless thee . . .	368	O could I lose myself in thee . . .	439
Millions within thy courts have met . . .	801	O do not let the word depart . . .	370
Mortal, awake, with angels join . . .	143	O draw me, Saviour, after thee . . .	446
My body broken thus I give . . .	733	O for a closer walk with God . . .	440
My dear Redeemer and my Lord . . .	149	O for a heart that knows the worth . . .	591
My God, how endless is thy love ! . . .	1018	O for a heart to praise my God . . .	596
My God, I am thine, what a comfort divine . . .	482	O for a shout of sacred joy . . .	166
My God, my Father, while I stray . . .	1043	O for a seraph's golden lyre . . .	314
My God, my life, my love . . .	96	O for a thousand tongues to sing . . .	328
My God, my portion, and my love . . .	92	O from the world's vile slavery . . .	503
My God, the covenant of thy love . . .	1096	O give thanks to him who made . . .	17
My God, the spring of all my joys . . .	478	O God, my God, my all thou art . . .	3
My God, thy boundless love I praise . . .	76	O God of Bethel ! by whose hand . . .	90
My gracious Redeemer I love . . .	266	O God of good ! the unfathom'd sea . . .	308
My hope is built on nothing less . . .	424	O God of Jacob's race ! . . .	909
My soul, amid this stormy world . . .	634	O God of sov'reign grace . . .	571
My soul, inspired with sacred love . . .	7	O God, our help in ages past . . .	89
My soul, repeat his praise . . .	33	O God, thou bottomless abyss . . .	54
My soul, thro' my Redeemer's care . . .	497	O God, thy bounteous hand hath spread . . .	923
		O God, what cords of love are thine . . .	83
		O, gracious Shepherd, bind us . . .	377
		O happy day that fix'd my choice . . .	624

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	HYMN		HYMN
O haste, victorious Prince . . .	370	One there is above all others . . .	232
O heaven ! what a triumph is there . . .	992	Our country is Immanuel's ground . . .	636
O heavenly King ! look down from above . . .	32	Our faith adores thy bleeding love . . .	721
O holy Saviour ! Friend unseen . . .	455	Our Father dwells in heaven above . . .	94
O house of Jacob ! come . . .	903	Our Lord is risen from the dead . . .	164
O how is Zion's glory gone . . .	901	Our souls by love together knit . . .	755
O if my Lord would come and meet . . .	407	Our spirits join to adore the Lamb . . .	169
O Jesus Christ, our Saviour . . .	280	Our times are in thy hand . . .	115
O Jesus, Saviour, lead us . . .	289	Ours is a rich and royal feast . . .	729
O Jesus, source of calm repose . . .	616		
O Jesus, to tell of thy love . . .	277	Parent of good, thy bounteous hand . . .	111
O King of Glory ! come . . .	912	Parent of good, thy works of might . . .	37
O let my name engraven stand . . .	183	Partners of a glorious hope . . .	780
O Lord, another day is flown . . .	1022	Peace be to this habitation . . .	1011
O Lord, how long shall heathens hold . . .	902	Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am . . .	537
O Lord, I would delight in thee . . .	235	People of the living God . . .	662
O Lord, my best desire fulfil . . .	540	Plunged in a gulph of dark despair . . .	171
O Lord our God, arise . . .	859	Poor wanderer ! return to the home . . .	1041
O Lord, thy heart with love o'erflow'd . . .	655	of thy bliss . . .	
O love divine ! how sweet thou art . . .	604	Poor, weak, and worthless, though I . . .	231
O love divine ! what hast thou done ? . . .	419	am . . .	
O may thy kingdom come . . .	884	Pour down thy Spirit, gracious Lord . . .	611
O my God, amid thy woes . . .	1032	Pour out thy Spirit from on high . . .	709
O my soul, what means this sadness . . .	825	Praise God, from whom all blessings . . .	362
O Saviour, when thy servants meet . . .	777	flow . . .	
O Saviour, whom absent we love . . .	991	Praise Jehovah every nation . . .	16
O send thy Spirit down . . .	866	Praise the Lord, who died to save us . . .	276
O Spirit of the living God, in all . . .	347	Praise the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him . . .	13
O Spirit of the living God, whose . . .	290	Praise the name of God most high . . .	363
O tell me no more . . .	639	Praise the Saviour, all ye nations . . .	928
O the delights, the heav'nly joys . . .	223	Praise to God, immortal praise . . .	122
O that the Lord's salvation . . .	900	Praise to the radiant source of bliss . . .	42
O that we never might forget . . .	586	Praise to thee, thou great Creator . . .	20
O thou best gift of heaven . . .	891	Praise ye the Lord ! on every height . . .	19
O thou, by long experience tried . . .	461	Praise ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise . . .	14
O thou, from whom my righteousness . . .	1034	Prayer is the soul's sincere desire . . .	681
O thou, from whom all goodness flows ! . . .	1029	Prayer was appointed to convey . . .	688
O thou, my soul, forget no more . . .	229	Precious Bible ! what a treasure . . .	939
O thou our Husband, Brother, Friend . . .	703		
O thou, to whose all-searching sight . . .	518	Quiet, Lord, my froward heart . . .	458
O thou who earnest from above . . .	585	Quite alone, and yet not lonely . . .	663
O thou who hast our sorrows borne . . .	442		
O thou who hast redeem'd of old . . .	176	Raise high the note of exultation . . .	1003
O thou, whose covenant is sure . . .	1008	Raise your triumphant songs . . .	173
O thou, who wilt not fail to grant . . .	105	Refresh'd by the bread and wine . . .	738
O 't is a sound should fill the world . . .	880	Rejoice, the Lord is King, . . .	312
O timely happy, timely wise . . .	615	Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise . . .	177
O what amazing words of grace . . .	836	Remember thee ! remember Christ ! . . .	719
O what hath Jesus wrought . . .	656	Remember us, O God of love . . .	622
O where is now that glowing love . . .	438	Rise, gracious God, and shine . . .	867
Object of my first desire . . .	471	Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings . . .	825
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness . . .	574	Rock of Ages ! cleft for me . . .	210
O'er the realms of Pagan darkness . . .	869		
Of thy love some gracious token . . .	819	Safely through another week . . .	1023
Oh hast thou, Lord, in tender love . . .	696	Salvation ! O the joyful sound . . .	845
Oh we, alas ! forget the love . . .	734	Saviour, breathe an evening blessing . . .	1021
On earth the song begins . . .	903	Saviour of men, and Lord of love . . .	181
On mountains and in valleys . . .	99	Saviour of sinful men . . .	672
On the mountain's top appearing . . .	898	Saviour of sinners, now we pray . . .	515
Once I was estranged from God . . .	425	Saviour, so full of bruises . . .	255

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

	HYMN		HYMN
Saviour, to thee we humbly cry . . .	569	Take my heart, O Father, take it . . .	572
Saviour, upon thy glorious throne . . .	529	Talk with us, Lord, thyself reveal . . .	101
Saviour, when'er I think of thee . . .	516	Teach me, my God and King . . .	513
See, Jesus, thy disciples see . . .	670	Terrible thought! shall I alone . . .	972
See, Lord, thy willing subjects bow . . .	771	'Tis finish'd! so the Saviour cried . . .	154
See, sinners, in the gospel glass . . .	404	'Tis God the Spirit leads . . .	321
See, where the servants of their God . . .	780	'Tis past—the dark and dreary night . . .	247
See, world, upon the shameful tree . . .	155	'Tis the day of grace and love . . .	373
Servant of God, well done . . .	713	'Tis the fair dawn of heavenly day . . .	914
Servants of God, awake . . .	793	That I am thine, my Lord and God . . .	489
Servants of God, in joyful lays . . .	11	That man no guard or weapon needs . . .	463
Shall foolish, weak, short-sighted man . . .	58	Th' atoning work is done . . .	204
Shall I, for fear of feeble man . . .	508	That clime is not like this dull clime . . .	
Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye . . .	805	of ours . . .	1047
Shine, mighty Lord, on Britain shine . . .	861	The banquet that we eat . . .	738
Shout, for the great Redeemer reigns . . .	240	The burden for me to sustain . . .	190
Shout, ye people, clap your hands . . .	769	The Church has waited long . . .	261
Since all the varying scenes of time . . .	117	The day of wrath! that dreadful day . . .	992
Since first thy word awoke my heart . . .	422	The Father we adore . . .	358
Since God is seated on his throne . . .	637	The fountain in its source . . .	468
Since Jesus freely did appear . . .	1002	The gloomy night will soon be past . . .	621
Sing to the Lord in joyful strains . . .	883	The God of Abra'm praise . . .	29
Sing, ye redeemed of the Lord . . .	550	The great archangel's tramp shall . . .	
Sinners, obey the gospel word . . .	400	sound . . .	976
Sinners, turn, why will ye die? . . .	372	The happy morn is come . . .	160
Sinners, will ye scorn the message . . .	882	The heathen perish day by day . . .	743
So fair a fane bedew'd with tears . . .	185	The heavens declare thy glory, Lord . . .	941
So let our lips and lives express . . .	514	The Judge appears! around his seat . . .	974
Soldiers of Christ, arise . . .	532	The King of heaven his table spreads . . .	393
Soldiers of Christ, arise . . .	534	The Lamb was slain! let us adore . . .	290
Softly blow, ye favouring breezes . . .	895	The Lord's my Shepherd! he'll provide . . .	103
Son of God, thy blessing grant . . .	859	The love of Christ—what is it? . . .	1052
Sons of God, your Saviour praise . . .	792	The morning dawns upon the place . . .	150
Songs of praise the angels sang . . .	48	The night draws on, I must away . . .	833
Sound, sound the truth abroad . . .	745	The night is come like to the day . . .	1019
Sov'reign of worlds! display . . .	894	The people that in darkness lay . . .	481
Spirit divine! attend our prayers . . .	342	The Prince of salvation in triumph is . . .	
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love . . .	341	riding . . .	1051
Spirit of truth! in this thy day . . .	323	The promises I sing . . .	134
Stand th' omnipotent decree . . .	981	The sacrifice of righteousness . . .	97
Stand up my soul, shake off thy . . .		The saints on earth, and those above . . .	616
fears . . .	536	The Saviour's gentle voice . . .	1010
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay . . .	329	The Saviour lives, no more to die . . .	220
Still in a world of sin and pain . . .	673	The Saviour! what a noble flame . . .	168
Stop, poor sinner, stop and think . . .	367	The spacious firmament on high . . .	58
Strangers and pilgrims here below . . .	544	The Spirit in his love . . .	379
Sun of my soul! my Saviour dear . . .	916	The Spirit of the Lord our God . . .	317
Surrounded by a host of foes . . .	533	The tender mercies of our God . . .	116
Sweet feast of love divine . . .	728	The voices of my beloved sounds . . .	186
Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace . . .	69	The world lay hush'd in slumber deep . . .	140
Sweet is the solemn voice that calls . . .	782	Thee, O my God and King . . .	41
Sweet is the work, my God, my King . . .	779	Thee we adore, the Sovereign Lord . . .	17
Sweet Jesus, when I think on thee . . .	473	Thee we adore, eternal Lord . . .	18
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . .	480	Thee we adore, eternal name . . .	947
Sweet was the hour, O Lord, to thee . . .	148	Thee will I love, my strength, my tower . . .	490
Sweet was the time when first I felt . . .	493	There is a fountain fill'd with blood . . .	267
Sweeter, O Lord, than rest to thee . . .	147	There is a land of pure delight . . .	885
Sweeter sounds than music knows . . .	287	There is a sacred hallow'd spot . . .	152
Swift as declining shadows pass . . .	760	There is a world we have not seen . . .	997
Swift as the arrow cuts its way . . .	949	There seems a voice in ev'ry gale . . .	328

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

HYMN		HYMN	
There was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying . . .	1080	To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul . . .	584
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love . . .	800	To thee, my God and Saviour . . .	288
This is not my place of resting . . .	983	To thee, my Saviour and my Lord . . .	293
This is the day the Lord hath bless'd . . .	799	To thee our wants are known . . .	806
This is the day the Lord hath made . . .	785	To thee, great God of love, I bow . . .	602
This is the day when Jesus rose . . .	796	To thy temple I repair . . .	776
This stone to thee in faith we lay . . .	904	To us our God, his love commands . . .	77
This, this, is the God we adore . . .	230	To walk with God, as two dear friends . . .	535
This world that we so highly prize . . .	936	To watch the morning's dawn . . .	636
Thou art, O Lord, the life and light . . .	58	Triumphant, Lord, thy goodness reigns . . .	72
Thou art the way, to thee alone . . .	213	Triumphant, Zion, lift thy head . . .	765
Thou blessed Jesus! let me think . . .	628	'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord . . .	489
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb . . .	271	Unchangeable, Almighty Lord . . .	632
Thou didst, O mighty God, exist . . .	59	United prayers ascend to thee . . .	1009
Thou, God, art a consuming fire . . .	106	Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb . . .	996
Thou God of hope, to thee we bow . . .	931	Vain, delusive world, adieu . . .	577
Thou God of power, and God of love . . .	781	Vilest of all the sons of men . . .	443
Thou great Jehovah, ev'ry land . . .	769	Vouchsafe, O Lord, thy presence now . . .	714
Thou hast been slain, O Lamb of God . . .	220	Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn . . .	146
Thou hidden love of God! whose height . . .	580	Walk in the light, so shalt thou know . . .	515
Thou hidden source of calm repose . . .	483	Watch'd by the world's malignant eye . . .	516
Thou holy Spirit breathe . . .	331	Watchman, tell us of the night . . .	257
Thou, Jesus, thou my breast inspire . . .	579	We are, Lord, a vineyard planted . . .	751
Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of peace . . .	618	We bid thee welcome in the name . . .	708
Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb . . .	564	We bless the Saviour's name . . .	796
Thou only Sov'reign of my heart . . .	91	We cannot always trace the way . . .	78
Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine . . .	562	We go with the redeem'd to taste . . .	546
Thou sov'reign Lord of earth and skies . . .	1024	We praise, we worship thee, O God . . .	30
Thou, the great eternal God . . .	9	We seek a rest beyond the skies . . .	626
Thou, whom my soul admires above . . .	506	We sing th' almighty power of God . . .	51
Thou, whose Almighty word . . .	857	We sing the praise of him who died . . .	279
Though high above all praise . . .	15	We sing thy praise, exalted Lamb . . .	264
Though my sins as mountains rise . . .	412	We sing to thee, thou Son of God . . .	301
Though troubles assail . . .	119	We'll sing in spite of scorn . . .	137
Thy ceaseless, unexhausted love . . .	79	We'll sing of the Shepherd that died . . .	226
Thy faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find . . .	378	We thank thee, Lord, for this our food . . .	923
Thy goodness, Lord, our souls confess . . .	73	We who in Christ believe . . .	839
Thy gracious presence, O our God . . .	100	Wearied souls, that wander wide . . .	407
Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song . . .	85	Welcome, sacred day of rest . . .	789
Thy presence, gracious God, afford . . .	812	Welcome, sweet day of rest . . .	797
Thy sacred influence, Lord, impart . . .	671	Welcome, thy gracious promise, Lord . . .	694
Thy word, Almighty Lord . . .	817	Welcome, welcome! sinner hear . . .	388
Through all life's dark and rugged way . . .	118	What a rapturous song, when the glo- rified throng . . .	993
Through all the changing scenes of life . . .	39	What am I, O thou glorious God . . .	88
Through Israel's land, the Lord of all . . .	898	What are these array'd in white . . .	989
Thus saith the Lord of earth and heaven . . .	56	What are these in bright array . . .	995
To Calvary, Lord, in spirit now . . .	844	What could your Redeemer do . . .	374
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, one . . .	364	What equal honours shall we bring . . .	305
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the . . .	365	What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone . . .	594
To God the Father, God the Son . . .	357	What is the thing of greatest price . . .	943
To God the Father, God the Son . . .	361	What is the world? a wildering maze . . .	934
To God the only wise . . .	124	What must it be to dwell above . . .	627
To him that loved the souls of men . . .	505	What shall I do my God to love . . .	496
To Jesus be praise without end . . .	768	What shall I render to my God . . .	985
To our Redeemer's glorious name . . .	174	What shall the dying sinner do . . .	1257
To rescue me from wo . . .	481	What shall we ask of God in prayer . . .	1257
To the source of ev'ry blessing . . .	326		

FIRST LINES OF HYMNS.

HYMN	HYMN
What sinners value I resign	585
What though no flowers the fig-tree clothe	483
What various hindrances we meet	639
When all thy mercies, O my God	114
When Christ, with all his graces crown'd	476
When'er in error's paths we rove	810
When survey the wondrous cross	183
When Israel through the desert pass'd	935
When Jordan hush'd his waters still	130
When, like a baneful pestilence	489
When marshalled the nightly plain	141
When on Sinai's top I see	191
When, overwhelm'd with grief	1036
When sins and fears prevailing rise	836
When shall the voice of singing	876
When soon or late we reach the coast	1013
When this passing world is done	466
When we disclose our wants in prayer	638
Where are the dead in heaven hell	953
Where, in this waste, unlovely world	513
Where shall my wondering soul begin	403
Where shall the weary rest	623
Where two or three together meet	693
Where two or three, with sweet accord	679
While all hearts, and all our songs	737
While in sweet communion feeding	737
While thee seek, protecting power	561
While through this barren wilder- ness wearily roam	1043
Whither, O whither, shall fly	696
Who are those that go with gladness	838
Who can describe the joys that rise	418
Why pour'st thou forth thine anx- ious plaint	798
	148
Why should our tears in sorrow flow	360
Why those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus With conscious weakness, prone to stray	553
With heaven in view, we tread the path	636
Worship, and thanks, and blessing	308
Ye angels round the throne	360
Ye dying sons of	392
Ye fair enchanting throng	945
Ye friends of Jesus lift your gaze	565
Ye heavens, send forth your song of praise	739
Ye messengers of Christ	705
Ye ransomed of Jesus	172
Ye ransomed sinners, hear	600
Ye servants of the Lord	708
Ye sons of men, with joy record	8
Ye that pass by, behold the	408
Ye virgin souls, arise	360
Ye who in his courts are found	378
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor	366
Yes, it was true, my Saviour died	448
Yes, my native land, I love thee	887
Yes, pilgrim, there will come a time	630
Yes, the Redeemer rose	162
Yes, will mourn, for us he died	193
Yes, we shall meet, we part in tears	637
Yes, we trust the day is breaking	877
Young and maidens, raise	360
Your harps, ye trembling saints	521
Your hearts and voices join	308
Zion, awake, thy strength renew	763
Zion, a mourner long	754

